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November Harpers MAGAZINE

Beginning in This Issue: MEAT, a Novel
By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE
"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh . . ."

The Chimera of Church Unity . . . . . *Herbert Parrish*
Diogenes Looks at the Ladies . . . . . *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*
Putting Business Before Life . . . . . *Jesse Rainsford Sprague*
Footnote on the West . . . . . *Bernard DeVoto*
Should Our Colleges Educate? . . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*
The Truth About Fascist Censorship . . . . *George Soldas*
Head-High-in-the-Wind . . . . . *Anna Louise Strong*
A Tale of Revolution in China
What Price Doctors? . . . . . *Louis I. Dublin*
The Great American Game . . . . . *Rollin M. Perkins*
Our Sporting Theory of Criminal Justice
Stories *by C. H. Grattan, M. W. Mountjoy, and Libbian Benedict*
Departments — THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR — THE LADY'S MOUTH — PERSONAL AND [illegible] — ABROAD AND AT HOME — IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

WHAT fascinating reading awaits the student of Conrad in *Joseph Conrad, Life and Letters*, by G. Jean-Aubry. (Doubleday, Page & Company.) Here are two big volumes filled with a memoir and hundreds of letters selected by the editor from about two thousand written by Conrad in his lifetime. There have been many essays on Conrad, but extensive studies are rare—the most widely read was *Joseph Conrad, A Personal Remembrance*, by Ford Madox Ford. Jean-Aubry makes no attempt to force his own views about Conrad on the reader. He is content to present all the information that he has obtained about Conrad's parentage and youth, his relations with his parents and kin in Poland, his first experience at sea, and his literary career. And we learn once more the truth of the observation that an author always writes himself down in his books, that if he is a great human being he will write great books. We find disclosed here much evidence of Conrad's close observation of human nature and his intimate knowledge of human psychology. We see him begin to write with much hesitation, trying laboriously to put his thoughts on paper. None of his books was ever dashed off. They came out of the heart of life, and his characters were men and women he had met, set down after he had carefully molded them anew in his mind. Jean-Aubry tells us much, but he has the good sense to let the letters speak for themselves, and this they do with eloquence. No lover of Conrad will be able to do without them. Here he tells how he developed his themes and, better yet, discloses his attitude toward his work.

He tells another writer that imagination "should be used to create human souls; to disclose human hearts, and not to create events that are, properly speaking, accidents only." To get that result he was willing to go into "the dark recesses of the heart" and squeeze every sensation, every thought, every image.

"It took me three years to finish the 'Folly'," he writes. "There was not a day I did not think of it. It took me a year to tear the 'Outcast' out of myself." Writing was always hard work to Conrad. "I crawl on with it," he wrote a friend about *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. He wrote when and as the spirit moved him, and he said, "I have no control whatever over the spirit." He wrote, "I am always myself. I am a man of fixed character." Conrad's letters were addressed to H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, R. B. Cunningham Graham, Sir Sidney Colvin, Hugh Walpole, Arthur Symons, Edward Garnett, and many others whose names are writ large in contemporary literature.

VAN LOON'S "AMERICA"

America, by Hendrik van Loon, belongs to that class of books which function like an alarm clock. They shout, "Wake up! You're asleep! Wake up!" In this book van Loon writes the story of the United States after the manner of *The Story of Mankind*. That book, you will remember, was a huge success because it was an informal retelling of the whole story of human life on this

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earth, freed from the mystery and abracadabra of historians who like to make man much more mysterious and strange than he is. Van Loon took his readers up a high mountain and pointed out peaks and valleys, forests and towns, and a long caravan winding across the plain. In *America* he goes back to American beginnings, which he finds somewhere in the dawn of history on the European continent. And as he has no patience with the "glory" school of history, he tries to tell what actually animated the pioneers who crossed the Atlantic and built a republic in the wilderness. Some came because they needed sanctuary, some were poverty-stricken and out of work, some were forced out of their homes by war and pestilence; others were adventurers, convicts, and thieves. Not a pleasant tale, but a convincing one.

America is a new interpretation of American history; it is seeing our country through new glasses. There is very little of our vaunted idealism in it. Van Loon is quite aware that according to the school histories America is always right. But he recalls that the stern Puritan, who put justice before mercy, administered it with a gun in his hand. Speaking of the growth of the West, he writes, "This chapter in our history is not very flattering to our pride. On every page we read the records of greed and cruelty and of broken treaties, and the entire episode is steeped in the contraband rum of the prairie saloon." He finds that a weak race had the West when it was coveted by "a strong race with rifles and cannon," and the inevitable happened. "But what are ethical principles pitted against the laws of nature?"

The growth of the United States is commonly laid at the door of opportunity. We say that men rise because the opportunity presents itself. Van Loon shows how the wilderness made every man realize that survival depended entirely upon his own efforts. Self-preservation, the first law, animated the heterogeneous population of the Atlantic seaboard. Perhaps the key to van Loon's philosophy is that he does not go in for ancestor worship. He has no respect for grandfathers. He knows that the time and place determine the viewpoint. "The buccaneer's cook who was hanged in the year 1600 has become the intrepid privateer of the year 1700, has been promoted to the status of that brave sea-dog of the campaign of 1812, and gets a monument in the year 1900 as one of the founders of a glorious colonial empire."

A. A. MILNE
With his son, Christopher Robin. The bear is the Winnie-the-Pooh of Mr. Milne's book. His new book is "Now We Are Six"

America is not a history in the sense that it is a chronicle of innumerable events, most of them military. It is rather a philosophical interpretation of the growth of our country. At the end, in spite of his distrust, van Loon seems to place faith in our younger generation, hoping that, disillusioned and practical, they will do something to save mankind from inevitable destruction in an industrial age. I do not follow van Loon all the way, but his book is interesting enough to make the reader pause and think—which is, after all, something of an accomplishment. (Boni & Liveright.)

MORE BOOKS ON FRANCE

For us France is surely no undiscovered country. There seems to be no end to new books on France, French history, French art, and, to some extent, French literature. Anatole France takes a whole section by himself, and some excellent comment by Frenchmen on France and on America is now being presented in translation. Books on the cathedrals of France are inevitable. Within

John Paul Jones

Man of Action

by Phillips Russell

Author of "Benjamin Franklin, The First Civilized American"

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM EARLY REVIEWS

"No one who has read his 'Franklin' need be told he does not fall short in intimate, vivid charm of narration." (*Phila. Ledger*)
"John Paul Jones holds your interest from the first page to the last." (*Baltimore Evening Sun*)
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"A fascinating story from beginning to end." (*Cincinnati Inquirer*)
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"A very complete picture of John Paul Jones." (*Chicago News*)
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Translated by Eric Sutton

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Among the New Books

the last few weeks has come *The Cathedrals of France*, by T. Francis Bumpus. (Stokes.) This author has always been highly esteemed. The present book is not a recent work and, since some of the cathedrals described here are no longer in the state they were when the author visited them, an appendix was necessary. *Undiscovered France*, by Emile Francis Williams, is a much more satisfactory book. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) The author finds his undiscovered country in the region of Angouleme, Toulouse, Clermont-Ferrand, Albi, and Poitiers. We have all read books on these regions in the last decade or two—the Pennells used to write engaging sketches for the *Century* of old on the quaint towns they found in Provence, and the books of T. A. Cook are prized by all who have been fortunate enough to find them. Mr. Williams's work is very carefully done and, although he is as detailed as a guide-book, his references to personal experiences give the writings a personal character. *The Great Days of Versailles*, by G. F. Bradby, portrays court life in the later years of Louis XIV. (Scribner's.) It seems to contain all the stories of this reign that you have ever read and a few more and, although uninspired, is most detailed. It may be read with profit by those whose lingering memories of Versailles will keep them interested this winter. *Cloud-lands of France* by Amy Oakley, with illustrations by Thornton Oakley, has much more of an impressionistic quality. (Century.) The travelers seem to have tarried chiefly in the Savoy region. Piedmont, Lake Geneva, Dauphiné, Nice, Grenoble, and the Haute Savoie, to the base of the Alpes Maritimes is the land portrayed in this book. But none of these authors catches portraits such as that of the Mexican peon in *Mornings in Mexico*, by D. H. Lawrence. There is still a great desire on the part of our writers on France to give all the information about a place that they can gather. This is obviously the natural course. They, as well as we, are making discoveries for the first time.

HELEN KELLER
Whose newest book is "My Religion"

"THE AMERICAN CARAVAN" ARRIVES

Some time ago the new steamship *Ile de France* of the French Line steamed into New York harbor, and those who visited her suddenly found themselves face to face with an accomplished fact in interior decoration—out of the thousands of contributions to modern art had come a period, as individual as that of Louis XIV or Victoria. And so it is with what we call the new attitude in writing. It is no longer an experiment, but an accomplished fact. In *The American Caravan* we have a whole book of prose and poetry by American authors, many of them already distinguished, which bears no relation to the prose and poetry of the eighties and nineties in the United States. American writing for years has been swinging toward that freedom of expression which is the vogue on the Continent. Pleasant books have given way to books dealing with life not as it appears in dreams, but as it is lived. There is no place here for generalizing on the why and wherefore. The new writer is frank, open, and unashamed. He deals with whatever interests him in life, and it is my observation that he does so not with salacious intent, but honestly. *The American Caravan* is a year-book edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld for the Macaulay Company. Their object was to give every writer permission to print what his heart desired. There was no taboo on the theme, nor on the length. The book runs to eight hundred and forty-three pages, and contains writings by seventy-two contributors. The best work seems to have been done

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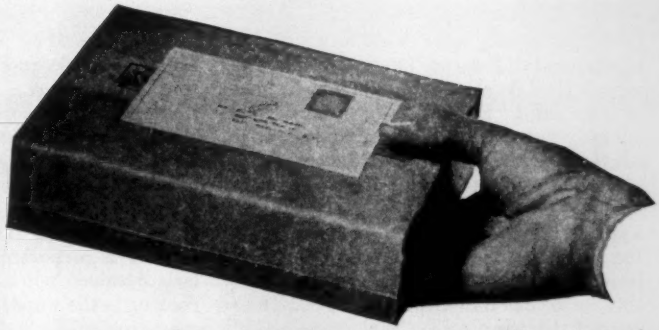

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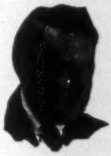

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OVER 40,000 of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it still seems to be misunderstood.

The average person *fails to read* most of the important books, because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized; *each month its subscribers receive the outstanding new book published that month—or some other book which they have the privilege of specifying.*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? The Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a majority vote, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals of such good judgment and such differing tastes, is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss reading.

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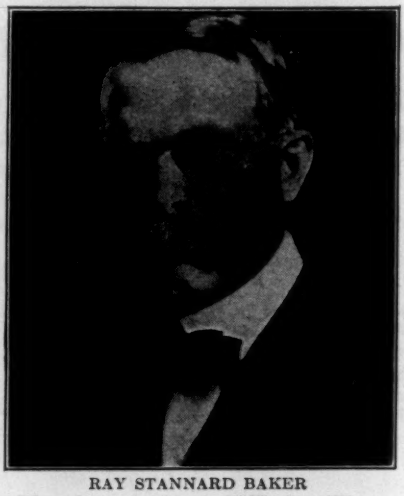
by writers already more or less established in reputation. "Lazarus Laughed," by Eugene O'Neill, is a tense play in which "men of little faith" are ironically disclosed. It is highly dramatic and colorful and shows to excellent advantage O'Neill's understanding of dramatic effect and his use of symbolic figures. Paul Green, on the other hand, has a drama taken out of the lives of negroes of the Cape Fear swamps in North Carolina. Here the dialogue is racy and original, probably an actual transcription. Ernest Hemingway, likewise an adept at dramatic effect in prose, has an ironic story with a touch of horror in "An Alpine Idyll," but like a true artist he lets the reader's imagination have full play. William Ellery Leonard contributes thirty sonnets that were culled from his long poem, "Two Lives." Eric Walrond, John Riordan, Nathan Asch, and several others draw realistic pictures of American life. Even art criticism finds a place, in an article by Thomas Craven; whereas Francis Fergusson has a well-balanced study of the "impersonal" theory of T. S. Eliot, and J. Brooks Atkinson presents an entirely different type of writing in telling the adventures of a naturalist. It would be impossible to name all the contributors in this space. The editors have provided a rich cargo for the reader who is interested not only in the direction of American literature, but in the product of its younger writers—men and women young at thirty and forty-five.



RAY STANNARD BAKER
Whose first two volumes of "Woodrow Wilson, Life and Letters" will be published shortly

FORD MADOX FORD ON AMERICA

Ford Madox Ford stayed rather a long time in the United States during his last visit—he may be here again now, for aught I know—and the result is a book of impressions, *New York Is Not America*, which will be issued on this side by the Frères Boni. Most of us have long suspected that New York is not America, and have been more or less glad of that—which you may interpret as you choose, depending on where you reside. Lincoln, I think, once called it the front doorstep of the nation. Ford seems determined to adopt New York City as his spiritual home. He is by birth an Englishman and by choice a Provençal, but he seems almost persuaded to adopt America, despite American cooking. I do not know that his strictures in this matter really count. Of course all American cooking is preposterous, due largely to the lack of trained help in the cuisine. And hotel cooking is the worst of all because the architects locate the kitchens at least three-quarters of a mile from the dining rooms so that no food can ever be served as it should be. But the examples Ford gives of American cooking seem a bit extreme—as if he had been lying in wait for an overdone eggplant merely to hold it up as a horrible example. Ford is death on the salads—particularly fruit salads—which he meets on his travels and which he detests. On the other hand, a great deal of his book is given over to proving that humankind acts much the same under similar conditions, and, for that matter, that there is bad cooking even outside of America. He sizes up American books and journalism; he comments on the high hopes of Chicago, and the antithesis between the Middle West and the seaboard. Primarily, however, he is engaged in an argument to prove that all men are brothers, susceptible of the same love and hate, prejudice and tolerance; that in the end all are food for crows, and that this is sufficient reason for them to bury their differences. Observations by Ford include the following: "Compared with the Americans of New York, American expatriates in Paris are teetotalers. Apparently in this country few people object to your getting far drunker than a lord at any social gathering. But in Paris if you get drunk at a party you are never asked to the house again." "New York is Babel without confusion of tongues. It is the city of the Good Time." "New

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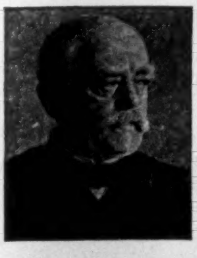

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The phenomenal popularity of A. A. Milne as a poet of childhood—which is not necessarily the same as childhood's poet—will not be changed by *Now We Are Six*, the latest of the poems supposedly "made up" by Christopher Robin. The decorations are by E. H. Shepard, too. Even the introduction is in Milne's favorite vein, and aptly describes the book: "We have been nearly three years writing this book. We began it when we were very young . . . and now we are six. So, of course, bits of it seem rather baby-ish to us, almost as if they had slipped out of some other book by mistake. On page whatever-it-is there is a thing which is simply three-ish, and when we read it to ourselves just now we said, 'Well, well, well,' and turned over rather quickly. So we want you to know that the name of the book doesn't mean that this is us being six all the time." Some of these poems have been published, and perhaps you have read them in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. There is "Sneezles," and "Busy," and "Furry Bear." There is the gorgeous story of "The Knight Whose Armour Didn't Squeak." Every now and then there is a reminiscence of *When We Were Very Young.* But the book cannot compare with the former for interest and quality, even when allowance is made for the fact that our surprise at dis-

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covering these rhymes is over. The first fine, careless rapture seems to have no equal. But you will enjoy *Now We Are Six*, nevertheless. Milne, strange to say, has now become a "collector's item." That means that very serious men with thick lenses in their glasses and deep furrows in their brows now buy these rhymes avidly, provided they are in the first edition, and place them under glass against the time when there shall be a rise in the market. The other writer for children so honored is Lewis Carroll. E. P. Dutton & Co. issue *Now We Are Six*.

RECENT REPRINTS

Among the books constantly called for in libraries is *The Education of Henry Adams*,

DENIS MACKAIL
Surveys the characters in his new book "The Flower Show"

which was first widely discussed when published under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1918. Houghton, Mifflin Company has now issued a new popular edition. Readers searching for good reprints of the classics will also welcome the two volumes of Poe in the Oxford Edition of Standard Authors, one dealing with poems and miscellanies and the other with tales of mystery. (Oxford University Press.) A much more extensive work is the reprinting of *Hakluyt's Voyages*, in eight volumes, by E. P. Dutton & Co., of which two volumes are now available. The text is given with the original spelling, and the first volume carries an introduction by John Masefield. The books will have sixty-four drawings by Thomas Derrick, as well as reproductions of old prints and documents. Most of us have read something "out of Hakluyt" either in college or elsewhere, but few men know the rich ad-

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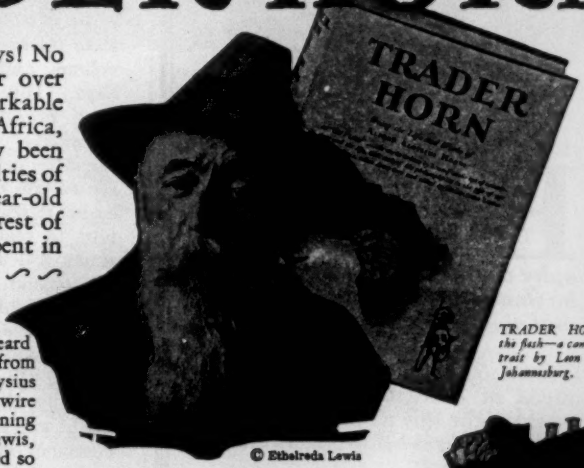

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TRADER HORN in the flesh—a camera portrait by Leon Larson, Johannesburg.

ALL the reading world has now heard how this best-selling book leaped from a peddler's pack—how Alfred Aloysius Horn, an aged hawker of home-made wire gridirons and toast-forks, one morning mounted the stoep of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the South African novelist, and talked so vividly of cannibals, of elephant hunts, of weird voodoo rites, that she encouraged him to set down his brilliant memories of his early days as a trader on the Ivory Coast.

But while the success of his book has spread, to use his own words, "a blazon of sunshine on an old man's path," and given much needed insurance of comfort in his life's evening, we maintain that the world is still Trader Horn's debtor—and that thousands of additional persons, who have not yet read his fascinating volume, will agree with Martin Johnson, the celebrated African explorer of a newer day, in his enthusiasm for it.

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Rarely, all the critics agree, have there been put between covers such enthralling and racy anecdotes of weird native happenings, such exciting accounts of primitive adventure, such moments of pure, poetic beauty. But get a copy of "Trader Horn," devour it yourself, and know why this volume is delighting and amazing lovers of the strong brew of life that is real literature.

Mrs. Lewis' now famous "stoep" in Johannesburg—up which Trader Horn unconsciously climbed to fame.

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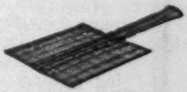

The home-made wire gridiron, bought by Mrs. Lewis out of pity, which brought Trader Horn and his waitress together.

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venture that awaits them in this chronicle of "traffiques and discoveries."

THE POOR MAN'S GALSWORTHY

The Grove Edition of the works of John Galsworthy moves on apace. Perhaps it is inept to describe it as a poor man's Galsworthy, but the reasonable price of the edition is a boon to any white-collar serf. In September, *Scribner's* added six titles to the edition: *Satires, The Inn of Tranquillity, Villa Rubein,* and *The Burning Spear* in one volume, and three volumes of *The Forsyte Saga.* This properly ends with *To Let;* the later Forsyte volumes will be published separately. The first of the three contains the introduction which Galsworthy wrote for the edition of 1922 when the Saga was first issued in one book. We now have opportunity to read again one of the first Galsworthys, *Villa Rubein,* published in 1900 as his second work. He began writing at twenty-eight. The essays gathered in *The Inn of Tranquillity* come ten years later. The Grove Edition, therefore, is not chronological. In his prefaces Galsworthy talks informally about his writings, so that these might well be gathered together sometime as comment on his aim as a writer, and his views on his own work. In *Villa Rubein* he writes, "This writer, certainly, confesses to having favorites, and of his novels so far he likes best: The Forsyte series, *The Country House, Fraternity, The Dark Flower* and *Five Tales,* believing these to be works which most fully achieve fusion of seer with things seen, most subtly disclose the individuality of their author, and best reveal such of truth as has been vouchsafed to him." In his preface to *The Inn of Tranquillity,* a book which houses, as he explains, work that has for its main object the rendering of mood, feeling, philosophy, and atmosphere, rather than the telling of a tale, he has set down something of his philosophy which may bear repeating here: "If I may be permitted for a moment to let fall the veil from the face of my philosophy, I would confess that human realization of a First Cause is to me inconceivable. I am left to acceptance of whatever it may be. Out of mystery we come, into mystery return; Life and Death, Ebb and Flow, Day and Night, world without end, is all I can grasp. But in such little certainty I see no cause for gloom. Life for those who still have vital instinct in them is good enough in itself even if it lead to nothing; and we humans have only ourselves to blame, if we, alone among animals, so live

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PHILADELPHIA LONDON

that we lose the love of life for itself. As for the parts we play, courage and kindness seem to me the only virtues, for they include all that is real in any of the others, alone make human life worth while, and bring an inner happiness." Readers interested in both Conrad and Galsworthy—and who that reads to-day is not?—will enjoy the letters of Conrad to Galsworthy in the book on the latter by G. Jean-Aubry. It will be recalled that Galsworthy met Conrad on a sailing ship when the former was not yet a novelist and the latter was still a sailor. Their friendship dated from that time, and neither allowed it to lapse.

DON RYAN
Author of "Angel's Flight"

"THE LETTER" IN PLAY FORM

W. Somerset Maugham is not going to let others make plays out of his short stories hereafter. He has made a play out of "The Letter," the story of infidelity published in *The Casuarina Tree*. The principal part, that of Leslie Crosbie, has been made memorable by Katherine Cornell. This is the story of the wife who shoots her lover and then lets her husband think that she did so in defending her own honor. The letter which she wrote asking her lover to visit her is in the hands of his Chinese mistress and betrays her. Maugham writes psychological melodrama as few others of the modern, practical theater are able to do. Students of the drama will profit by a reading of the alternative ending

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given in this book. In the first version Maugham relies on the telling of a story inside the play. This means that he must rely on excellent acting to "put it across." He submits another version in which the wife's narrative is put in the form of action, as it would be in a motion picture. In fact this indicates how much the drama is indebted to motion-picture technic. Most of Maugham's stories read like the script of a play, so that when he comes to the actual writing of the latter he can do so with little alteration. All those words usually applied to successful drama—"gripping," "tense," "emotional"—may well be applied to this version of "The Letter." (Doran.)

THE LIFE OF JOE CANNON

Either before or after reading Hendrik van Loon's *America* you should turn to *Uncle Joe Cannon: The Reminiscences of a Pioneer American*, set down by L. White Busbey, who was his secretary for twenty years. The book is published by Henry Holt & Co. Joe Cannon, representative in Congress from Illinois for twenty-three terms and forty-six years, was a typical party politician of the post-Civil War period. He adhered strictly to party lines and believed that disaster and misfortune befell all those who swerved from them. To many he was an evil influence in the House. He himself wrote, "I am one of the great army of mediocrities which constitutes the majority," and he always regarded himself as an average man. He was violent in debate, and his opponents thought him unscrupulous. This book probably presents as sympathetic a story as can be told of Uncle Joe. He was shrewd and well versed in the ways of men. We may smile when we read his view that Roosevelt "was more ready to listen to agitators and theorists with wild schemes than to take sober counsel of men of practical experience who preferred to let well enough alone rather than go tilting at windmills or chasing rainbows." But some of his plain observations read like conclusions by van Loon, as, for instance, this: "The pioneer broke into new ground not because he was an apostle of civilization but to benefit himself. It was profit, always profit, that allured him." Yet Cannon was also practical. In relating that he often disagreed with Roosevelt, he says: "Roosevelt had the outlook of the executive and the ambition to do things; I had the more confined outlook of the legislator who had to consider ways of meeting the expenditures of new departures and expan-

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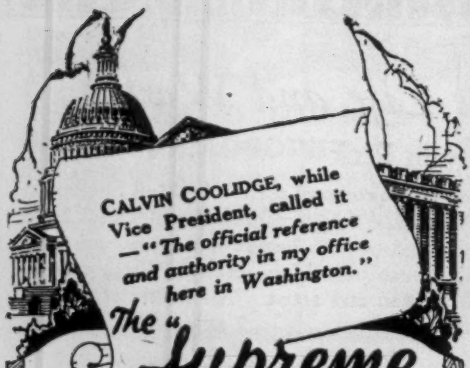

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sions in government." The book contains various reminiscences dealing with Uncle Joe Cannon's work as Speaker of the House, and gives his interpretation of certain controversial matters such as the fight of the insurgents to amend the rules, the battle for a bigger navy, and the dispute over the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation. There are amusing tales, such as the denunciation of Cannon by Samuel Gompers because Gompers was under the illusion that Cannon owned and manufactured "Old Cannon Whiskey," which actually was named after the weapon and manufactured in Kentucky. Uncle Joe Cannon was always in the thick of political battles, yet he could set down in this book that he was glad his life had been "cast in pleasant places." "It is the voice of the people at the fireside that rules," he concludes; "it is the people who rule themselves and govern the nation." Both Cannon and his biographer are now dead. Cannon was ninety-one years old when he died a year ago.

THE LIFE OF JOHN PAUL JONES

A biography such as *John Paul Jones, Man of Action*, by Phillips Russell, makes an American of to-day wonder what good is served by tardy honors to a great leader. Jones is regarded as one of America's great seamen, yet from the United States of his day he received nothing but ingratitude. Not only was he inadequately compensated for his services, but he was even deprived by Congress of prize money that was rightfully his and prevented by intrigue from taking command of the fine vessel, the *America*, that had been prepared for him, after his sea victories. Jones was not an easy man to deal with, according to this biographer, but his competence on the sea remains undisputed. He died in France at the age of forty-five, when he had tried desperately to serve both the United States and Russia. Russell's book is much better as a historical narrative than his story of Benjamin Franklin published last year. (Brentano's.)

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Druses, whirling dervishes, and Yezidee devil worshipers than any Arabian travel book of recent years. The author, who had been living in Greenwich Village in New York City after the War, fulfilled the ambition of his youth by visiting lands that had always been mysterious and full of adventure for him. And he is that rare individual—a competent observer. He is not writing in a spirit of braggadocio, nor is he playing the clown by making fun either of himself or the people he meets in Arabia; he is interested in the customs and habits of the people, and by judicious inquiry and watchful eye he

A recent photograph of Selma Lagerlöf, whose first full-length novel in several years is "Charlotte Löwensköld"

learns what superficial travelers so often pass by. Too often travel is regarded by the American writer as merely another opportunity for providing the public with a "feature story." Even some well-known travelers write the most superficial and obvious facts about foreign people, and draw conclusions from data seen from a car window. The essential information on Arabian folkways is given in this book. As the author traveled in Arabia "for the joy of it," and as he had been captivated by all things Arabian for years, his chronicle may well be regarded as sympathetic; the critical note rarely enters. The best travelers have written in this manner. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

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Children's Books

Children's Book Week is once again upon us, and we are faced with the increasingly serious problem of selecting the best from the multiplicity of books that confronts us. One can, indeed, scarcely see the woods for the trees. New names, both of authors and illustrators, names that have won fame in the past few years and tempt us to explore again, names that we have hitherto associated with books for adults and that intrigue us into wondering what they are doing among the children's books, and, perhaps most fascinating of all, old names, true and tried, dressed up in new garments, enticing, tantalizing. Why, oh why, will publishers persist in saving up their wares throughout the year and then dumping them all upon us in a few kaleidoscopic weeks? No doubt much that is worthy of keen interest and attention is lost in comparison with the glamorous trappings of other less meaty offerings.

Among the books for the younger members of the family there is the new series of old favorites—"The Pied Piper," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," fairy tales, tales in verse, and simple tales in prose, small volumes gay with color on every page, good print for untrained eyes, humor and gladness in every little volume—the Happy Hour Series, issued by The Macmillan Company, at an astoundingly low price that tempts one to invest in the whole round dozen.

And then there's *The Adventures of Andy*, by the inimitable Margery Williams Bianco (Doran), her first full-sized book since *Poor Cecco*. It is the delicious tale of the adventures and misadventures of a doll who, deserted by her mistress who has grown up and got married, runs away and is carried off by a handsome stranger in a balloon. She meets all sorts of companions in misery and in rapture—and the original illustrations by Leon Underwood add a touch of weird fantasy to the tale.

Speaking of fantasy leads one on to dwell lovingly on the mysteries of *The Magic Pawnshop*, in which the delightful, whimsical fancy of Rachel Field is given its perfect mate in Elizabeth MacKinstry's drawings. (Dutton.) It is the story of a little girl whose all-seeing eyes spied a sign telling that magic was to be had for the asking at a certain dusty pawnshop in the Village. Faced with the necessity of bringing about a miracle to save her beloved uncle, she signed up as an apprentice to the mysteriously delightful

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owner of the shop. And such an evening as she put in, trying to spread out the supply of magic so as to untangle all the tangled threads of life that came her way!

Perhaps the fascination of strange countries has clutched our friends the publishers by the throat this season. In any case, there are any number of books that give reality to out-of-the-way parts of the world, through stories that would hold the interest of the most difficult of children. There's *Saturday's Children*, by Helen Coales Crews, not properly a this-season's book, but too good to pass by. (Little, Brown.) Saturday's children are the children of many lands who work for their living. There's the bell hop in the London hotel, the little girl who delivers bread in the slums of Paris, and too many others to name here. The stories bring laughter and tears in quick succession, and they will give the grown-ups as much enjoyment as the children to whom the stories are read. And then there is *Italian Peepshow*, by Eleanor Farjeon. (Stokes.) The first half of the book is teeming with the color and sound and beauty of Florence, and interwoven are Italian folk-tales that make the city of the past as real as the city of to-day. We wish that the publishers had kept the Italian tales in a volume by themselves, for the other stories that make up the last half of the book somehow lack the glamour of the first. Possibly the best of all these stories of children of other lands is *Children of the Mountain Eagle*, by Elizabeth C. Miller. (Doubleday, Page.) It is a story of Albania; and when one has turned the last page with a sigh for more, Albania is no longer a spot on the map in that intricate section known as the Balkans, but a vital, throbbing place, with people who still live in the quaint way their ancestors lived before them. There is a real story, but the interweaving of the customs and the description of the building up of a pride of race is, to one reader at least, the best part of it. The illustrations by the gifted Petershams have caught the very spirit of the tale.

There's a little book of quite a different sort which we fear may slip by unnoticed, for it is not gaily clad nor is it important enough in appearance to demand attention. *After School*, by Laurie York Erskine (Appleton), is the story of Nathan Hale, that misunderstood patriot—a story told by a schoolmaster to his pupil almost one hundred and fifty years later. And the lesson of the story is as poignant to-day as it was then, and goes home to every red-blooded boy who reads it now.

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Among the revivals there is one that gladdens the heart of all who enjoyed it in their youth, *The Splendid Spur*, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Doran), a stirring tale of days when a gentleman won his spurs by the sword, when villains were truly villains and heroes heroes, when lovely ladies were more ravishing than ever before or since. The illustrations in color by James Daugherty have caught the glamour of the period in their richness of color and texture, and there is a virility about them too often lacking in portrayals of those chivalrous, adventurous days.

The Trade Wind, by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown) is a worthy winner of the prize offered by the publisher for the best juvenile to add to the splendid series, The Beacon Hill Bookshelf. It's a rattling good tale of seafaring days before the American Revolution, and shows a side of our budding patriotism that is seldom depicted—the part played by the merchantmen in making possible that incredible revolt of colonists against the mother land. A good story, well told, and admirably produced!

Another prize winner is *Smoky*, by Will James (Scribner's), winner of the Newbury Prize, offered each year by Frederic Melcher for the best contribution to juvenile literature. Looking back over the books chosen in past years, we are impressed anew with the extraordinary variety and catholicity of taste. There have been history, folk tale, fantasy, and humor, but almost always a certain recognition of the highest of literary standards. And this year the prize is awarded to a book written in the vernacular—a rough-shod tale of a cow pony, and not even written for children. Why this contrariness? Simply because here is given the very heart of one phase of our national life of universal appeal to young and old—a "human document," even if the character is a horse! One forgets the manner of the writing in the gripping vitality of the tale that is told. And the illustrations by the author are not illustrations at all, but

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are the very story itself unfolding before one's eyes.

We have saved till the last the book that of all others stands out as distinctive and unique on this season's list, *Gay Neck*, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, and published by Dutton. It is an amazingly gripping thing, this tale of the life of a carrier pigeon, the pet of an Indian lad, of his early adventures, of his heroic giving of the best that was in him to the War, of his struggle back after his spirit was broken. There is the philosophy of life packed into the story, an un-American philosophy, to be sure, but one that has much in it for all of us. And there is a poignant beauty in the way the story is told that makes a simple plot a radiant thing. The decorations—for they are that rather than illustrations—are one with the spirit of the tale, rather than the facts, and make of the whole an artistic entity only too seldom found. Perhaps it is not properly a juvenile—but it is good for man or child to strive for something a little beyond his ordinary vision. And here is something that must not be overlooked in the maze of tantalizing offerings the season presents.

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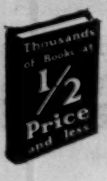

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Harpers Magazine

THE CHIMERA OF CHURCH UNITY

BY HERBERT PARRISH

"IF THERE were only one church in the world," President Dwight of Yale used to say, "I should feel that I had a call from God to go out and start another one."

In every department of human knowledge except religion the attainment of truth has now for a long time been regarded as progressive. In religion it was and is yet conceived as something long since fully revealed, fixed and final. There could be no progress. Newman, indeed, advanced the theory of development, but this was merely the explicit formulation of what had already been known implicitly.

It is only in comparatively recent times that intellectual religious men have come to think of religious knowledge as being in the same category with all other knowledge, a matter of progress. How far they so regard it, is still uncertain. But, since division is a necessity of progress, they feel suspicious of the movement for a united and highly organized church. Such a church would inhibit progress, limit freedom of thought, hinder investigation. That is always the tendency of intrenched and settled authority, both in church and state. Division, even organized division, insures greater freedom. You can turn the rascals out—or leave them.

With its hundreds of millions of followers it is surprising that there is as much unanimity of opinion in Christianity as there is. There are racial divisions and cultural differences, college presidents and savages, statesmen and jailbirds, intellectuals and masses of unwashed peasants, all over the green world, and all alike claim a share in the benefits of religion as their most precious heritage. To each individual his religion is what it is irrespective of what others may have. There are similarities, but there are also differences. Probably no two people have quite the same ideas on the subject.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that religion is not merely an intellectual attainment. It is also a matter of the heart, the feelings, the will. Probably chiefly that. Over and above exterior and formal unity there is the question of spiritual unity, of

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brotherhood, the love of man as well as the love of God. Within the ranks of the same organizations envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness may destroy the spirit of unity which is essential to the idea. A rift in feeling is more apt to create schism than any intellectual differences. While good men who disagree can manage to keep together, a parochial quarrel often starts a new church. The village choir, the lay popes, male and female, clerical professional jealousy, are divisive factors in Protestant churches, often more potent than theological debate. Browning's "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" illustrates the possibility among Catholics.

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

Not this side of Paradise, therefore—when the redeemed shall have attained to Ultimate Truth and walk in the white robes of irreversible charity—is church unity, corporate and spiritual, a possibility. Like communism its program implies a condition where men are as the angels of God. It is a Counsel of Perfection. How far are we moving in its direction?

II

Cardinal Newman, after his conversion, felt that truth was to be found not in the *Via Media* but in extremes. Certainly the extreme positions in the matter of religion are more readily stated and easier to grasp.

On the one hand there is the Roman Catholic position. This is, that unity consists in being in communion with the Bishop of Rome, commonly called the Pope—the title of all bishops in ancient times, from *papa*, "father." In the Roman Catholic Church the Bishop of Rome is the supreme authority. He is the Vicar of Christ. When he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is, as head of the church, his decisions are final and indisputable. If it happens that you do not agree with what he says on matters of faith and morals you must either change your belief, get out, or be put out. This applies quite as much to the laity as to the clergy.

It is true that there is some difficulty in determining when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* as distinguished from his opinions as an individual. For example the decrees of Pius IX on the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Papal Infallibility are universally regarded as *ex cathedra* utterances. But I am told by certain Jesuits that the bull of Leo XIII declaring Anglican orders invalid is not *ex cathedra*, but merely the opinion of one Pope as a theologian. And it is well known that the very definite directions of the late Pius X on church music are utterly disregarded by large numbers of Roman Catholic clergy, presumably on the ground that they are not *ex cathedra*.

Theoretically, however, the Pope is the supreme court and ultimate sole authority in the Roman Catholic Church. He is the voice of tradition, the interpreter of conciliar decrees, the expounder of dogma, the judge in all disputes. To be sure, he operates through an elaborate system of delegated authority, the College of Cardinals, the various courts, such as the Rota, the Congregation of Sacred Rites, the Propaganda, a diplomatic corps, legates (*legati nati et a latere*), Apostolic Delegates, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and priests. And decisions on most matters have long ago been made and are readily available. Only great and very important matters come before the Pope himself, but he appoints the officials and can reverse their decisions, as history shows, when he will. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, was a medieval proverb which still holds.

You will notice in this connection that one never sees nowadays in public

print, books, magazines or elsewhere, any speculative articles written by Roman Catholic clergymen. This is not because Roman Catholic clergymen do not write well. It is because it would be extremely temerarious for them to express themselves publicly on religious topics except in the way of panegyric or apologetic. For practically everything in that religion has been settled, and the cases of such men as the Jesuit Tyrrell and the Abbé Loisy, excommunicated a generation ago for venturing to say what Protestant scholars everywhere accept in regard to Holy Scripture, give the most venturesome reason to pause.

The Roman Catholic system has many practical advantages. It provides a living voice for all matters of dispute in doctrine and morals. As an authoritative system it is easily understood, simple, convenient, and effective. In a sense it is the religion of an individual. But that individual is the Pope, who theoretically merely pronounces the decrees of the universal church. For people of simple minds, for those who do not like speculative thought, for those who want problems in religion settled promptly and definitely, the value of Roman Catholicism cannot be estimated.

Moreover, the uniformity of the Roman Catholic Church, its almost universal presence, the dignity and variety of its services, the extent and effectiveness of its humanitarian institutions, the thoroughness of its organization add enormously to the attraction it offers to the masses of mankind. Its ideals of sanctity, of self-sacrifice are unexcelled. Its missionary enterprises are vast and effective. Its history is imposing. It is by far the largest of Christian sects.

At the other extreme stands Protestantism. But in dealing with Protestantism a distinction must be made. There are two types of Protestantism. There is popular Protestantism and intellectual Protestantism. The recent American names for them are Fundamentalist and Modernist. The historical and Fundamentalist Protestantism is quite as definitely authoritative as the Roman Catholic Church. It bases its authority, however, not in a living man but in a book, the Bible. The Bible, together with the rules and regulations made by Protestant assemblies, conventions, synods, and councils, from the Reformation period on, are the guiding rules of its faith and conduct. During its earlier period, often allied with the state, Protestantism, at least certain sects of it, maintained a severe discipline both of the laity and of the clergy. Of late years, since its dissociation from state control nearly everywhere, it has been able only to discipline its clergy. The laity do about as they please.

Unfortunately for Protestantism of the historical type, the Bible is subject to a variety of interpretations. In consequence there never was a united Protestantism. There were as many sects as there were interpretations. Whenever a religious leader arose who felt the importance of some special emphasis on some particular aspect of the Bible, he formed a new sect. And in modern times the higher criticism of the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments, has resulted in the division of most of the sects still farther. This critical attitude towards the basis of Protestant authority has, in fact, resulted in the creation of a new type of Protestantism, the Modernist or intellectual Protestantism of to-day.

Intellectual Protestantism has something to say for itself. Practically rejecting all prescriptive authority in religion, it places the whole matter of religious knowledge on a par with all other knowledge, historical and scientific. It accepts Scripture as it accepts any other writing, on its intrinsic merits alone. Much of the Old Testament it quite rejects as belonging to the category of legend and poetry. The New Testament it regards with critical intellectuality and discriminating study. Its

advanced scholars doubt the authenticity of any of the four Gospels. Still the figure of the Christ, his character and life, dominate its thought.

Intellectual Protestantism is profoundly religious, but not in the institutional sense. It still takes the old attitude that the Pope is a mere hold-over from the Imperial pagan ages, a medieval ecclesiastical figure. But it is not vituperative and negative. It is scholarly and constructive. It holds that spirit produces form; that form does not produce spirit. It insists that every individual must secure for himself the factors of his religion, and that nobody can do your thinking for you. Religion is not to be handed out to men on a silver tray, even engraved with the papal arms. Religion is a work for men to do for themselves, and there is no substitute for individual thinking. Protestantism believes in complete freedom for the intellect. Much that has been defined and measured by the ancient theologues it dismisses as beyond human knowing. It does not put its trust in external observances but in interior spiritual attainment. It functions in the spirit, not in the machine. It places human charity above correct theological ideas. Just how far it goes in the rejection of ancient values or in the feeling that the revelation of God is progressive, is uncertain. It is decidedly individualistic, and its adherents differ widely in knowledge and attainment.

The old type of Protestantism is a dying cause. It will wane before the advance of education. The new is not yet fully formulated and by no means organized.

But between the extremes of Roman Catholicism and intellectual Protestantism there is still the middle ground of Anglicanism and the Oriental Orthodox churches. Of these the second holds, as the fundamental background of the faith, to the seven Ecumenical Councils, those great synods of the early church, in which so many details of doctrine, discipline, and worship were settled. It interprets the Scripture upon that basis, conceiving truly that since the church existed before the New Testament was written and officially chose the books that compose it, the church is the sole authority and guide to its meaning, the creeds a compass in a sea of mystery. For the practical direction of its later affairs the Oriental churches have so much depended upon the direction of the emperors, tzars, kings, and princes of the nations in which they have existed that the Oriental Orthodox episcopate has virtually lost its autonomy and its structure is shattered in the event, as in Russia, of a revolution.

I shall hold no brief for Anglicanism, since that is my own position. But it may be said that the Church of England and the English colonies and the Episcopal Church in the United States represent that peculiar quality of illogical structure that is characteristic of the race. On the one hand the Anglican Church is strictly liturgical and prides itself upon having the episcopate, the priesthood, and diaconate. On the other hand it professes the Fundamentalist Biblical position for its final authority. It is a creature of the state in the mother country and is controlled by the laity elsewhere. But its scholars are for the most part liberally Modernist and, though it clings to tradition, it is alive to the most advanced critical theories and freely speculative.

There is little prospect that the world at large will accept the theory that Anglicanism is the middle ground appointed by God for the reunion of Protestants and Catholics—the *Via Media*. Its position is too vague and indefinite. Men are moved in history by clear-cut ideas, even when wrong, that can be easily understood and require little elucidation. A carefully balanced position, a yielding to both sides of the question, the compromising accommodations of diplomacy appeal only to the learned and the middle-aged. The *Via Media* is apt to become a line of cleavage.

The Orientals, separated from the Western world since the eighth century, are so remote and exotic as to be out of the question. When Pope Eugenius IV, at the Council of Florence in 1439, attempted to adjust the petty theological differences between Roman Catholics and the Orientals—differences of a slight wording in the creed, of the use of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, of the kind of images to be venerated in churches—the effort came to little or nothing. Orientals are very much set in their ways. And some of their ways are excellent.

III

Now if Cardinal Newman was right and truth is to be found in extremes, I confess to a bewilderment of choice in the extremes of ecclesiastical ideals before the world. There are many things about Roman Catholicism that make it a very desirable religion. For example, worship. At its best, Roman Catholicism presents a form of worship beautiful, symbolic, dramatic, rich in color and in meaning, hallowed by ages of use in devotion, supremely simple and dignified. Only the jaundiced eyes of race prejudice would hesitate to admire it, and only the tasteless and slovenly ministrations of a careless priesthood can mar it, while Protestant worship at its best is cold, colorless, dull, without inspiration. Why should it be expected, in an age when even the manufacturers of automobiles are compelled to include beauty in the structure of their machines, that people should be content to sit for an hour or more staring at the vapid pipes of a large organ, three impossible plush chairs, and an enormous open Bible on a commonplace stand, while a man in a frock coat tells God the events of the past week and preaches a sermon? Yet this is what the Protestant churches provide as the chief act of worship. And the jazzy, hearty type is even worse. It pushes vulgarity to the very extreme. Architecturally, too, the difference is all in favor of the Roman Catholic.

Protestants profess a holy horror of Catholic superstition, of idolatry. Something of this is probably inevitable among the masses of ignorant worshippers. It is not of the essence of the faith. But what is more serious is the general intransigence of the theological position of the papacy. Roman Catholic theologians seem to think it necessary to cling with pleadings and apologies to ideas in religion that no intelligent person at the present time can possibly hold. For example, the literal fall of man. The whole evidence of the study of biology is against the doctrine. Yet it is a matter of faith in that church. Just so, until the year 1829, every book that said that the world was round was put on the *Index Expurgatorius*. Why cling to old legends that nobody accepts as literal truths?

"With fullness of knowledge," says Lord Acton, the eminent Roman Catholic historian, "the pleader's occupation is gone and the apologist is deprived of his bread. Mendacity depended on concealment of evidence. When that is at an end, fable departs with it and the margin of legitimate divergence is narrowed." These words were written of history. They might well be pondered by theologians.

Religion may not be presented solely for the edification of the intellectual, but there is no use in alienating them. And the attitude of Roman Catholicism in this regard is perhaps the greatest obstacle to its success. The day is gone when religious obscurantism can avail to stop the free knowledge of mankind. It is due to the fearless and critical study of scholars defying ecclesiastical censure that nearly every advance in scientific knowledge for the benefit of mankind has been attained and given to the world. And this intransigence did not cease at the period of Galileo. It is still with us. The famous Eucharistic Congresses, held by Roman Catholics in some city of the world every year, began with an attempt on the part of Roman Catholic scholars to study the problems connected with

sacramental ideas. But what free discussion there was at the first was soon put to silence. The Eucharistic Congresses are now nothing but spectacles for arousing popular devotion and advertising the church. And if during them scholars read papers, they are lost in the clamor, or have become nothing but the most fulsome panegyric.

But after all what has all this theological clamor and ecclesiastical debate to do with actual religion? It is not religion at all. It has perhaps to do with the method of presenting religion, but religion itself is something infinitely greater than churches. It rises over and above them. It is invisible, like the Kingdom of God that cometh not with observation. It belongs to the infinite and the eternal. It is a matter between God and the human soul.

Protestants are right in declaring that spirit precedes form. And Catholics may be right in holding that if a man conforms to the ordinances of religion, the church will pull him through to the shores of salvation, though the devil works days and sweats nights trying to destroy his soul. It is all one. The man who is to be saved must in the end conform himself to the laws of God, for he cannot know that to which he has no resemblance. He must reach justice, mercy, and truth, or be damned. Whatever waits on the other side of life, it is certain that here at least the kingdom of God within us cannot be realized without our aspiration and desire. The particular theological tenets a man holds, the forms in which he participates, the church to which he belongs, count as nothing in comparison to the nature of his actual life in the everyday world. He is judged not by his creed but by his acts. His creed may inspire his imagination and affect his character. It must do that, or he is lost.

Unfortunately it is the curious infirmity of the human mind to substitute the means for the end. The institutionalist and the ecclesiastic always seem to emphasize the church rather than God. The organization, the machinery of religion, too often take the place of religion itself. Professionalism is substituted for piety. Loyalty is felt to be loyalty to the formulated systems of men rather than to the truth of God. The religious mind, like the medieval mind, looks backward. Progressive knowledge is strangled in a skein of meticulous and petty precedents.

IV

President Dwight—he lived in a day when college presidents were still scholars—was right. If there were only one church in the world, it would be necessary for somebody to go out and start another one. Ultimate Truth in religion lies far ahead, and we shall be a long time in attaining it. Centuries of patient labor. The clash of conflicting theories. The discovery of new ideas. The elucidation of mystical experiences. The blending of scientific truth with traditional religious emotion. An understanding of the psychology of sanctity. And such progress implies division.

To attempt a synthesis of the extremes of recognized theological positions, to unite in a single authoritative body the churches, is a dream similar in kind to the schemes to eliminate poverty, to create a universal language, to destroy capitalism, to perfect governments, to make democracy safe for the world, to determine taste, to reach Utopia. It is the delight of Secretaries, the despair of honest men. Clergymen, always incurable idealists on the lookout for sermon material, fall for it regularly. Its deficiency supplies the explanation for inefficiency. But it cannot be done.

The best that can be done is to aim at the ideal. It is well to remember that character is to be judged not by what it is but by what it tends to become. Let results take care of themselves.

The World Conference on Faith and Order, held last summer at Lausanne, was a gallant effort to bring about

corporate and spiritual church unity by a meeting of the religious leaders of the world for a discussion of the problem. Conceived about the same time as Mr. Ford's Peace Ship, it was destined to have about the same results. Always in the past such appearances of church unity as existed were the result of compulsion by the state. Either persecution, as in the Imperial ages, forced the churches to hold together; or the state itself, theoretically Christianized, as in the Middle Ages and down to modern times, made heresy and schism crimes. The old method worked badly. The thumbscrew, the rack, the faggot did not suffice to compel the church to keep united. Always there were new sects arising. The Emperors of old Rome could not stop them. The medieval kings, aided by the Inquisition, could scarcely keep them down. There were Waldenses, Albigenses, Jacqueries, rebellions. There were even at one time three popes. Finally, the rise of nations, the new learning, discovery, commerce, science brought about the Reformation and divided the church in Western Europe into the fragments we see to-day. Men began to dig up the sources of religion. They have been examining them with microscopes ever since.

But economic pressure, the falling away from religion of great masses of the population of the world, the confusion and dissatisfaction that exist at the present time, the inability of religion to control the waste and passion of life, to maintain peace, are exerting the same effect upon the churches as persecution did in the earlier eras. These things alarm and draw the churches together.

The World Conference on Faith and Order was an historical event of the first importance, though it passed almost unnoticed in the public press of America. The ecclesiastical historians a century hence will acclaim it as significant. It symbolized a need, a condition.

As was expected, the Conference accomplished no direct results. Its delegates, drawn from some eighty sects throughout the world, had no authority to commit their churches. They acted merely as individuals. What authority they had came solely from their individual positions as scholars and men of piety. The Conference was overwhelmingly Protestant. The Pope refused to go. He not only did not go himself, but it was reported that he ordered that no representative of the Roman Catholic Church, clerical or lay—with the exception of two "unofficial observers"—should even attend as a spectator the meetings of the Conference. The Pope knows his book. Why in the world it should have been expected that he would attend passes understanding. At Lausanne the meetings were held in a cathedral despoiled by Protestants at the Reformation, the Cathedral of Notre Dame consecrated in 1275 by Pope Gregory X, a place of papal memories. And who could expect the head of the greatest body of Christians in the world, outnumbering all the others put together, to heed the call to unity in an assembly arranged by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York and presided over by the Bishop of Western New York? If the commission had had the tact to ask the Pope to call such a meeting and to preside over it, the outcome might have been different. Certainly the world would have sat up and taken notice.

Such reports on Faith and Order as the various committees made were naturally also Protestant. For example, the recognition as valid of any form of ordination that makes it evident that a man is ordained to the ministry of any church could not fail to disconcert the high-church Anglicans and to draw a formal dissent from the Orthodox Orientals present. Here was a shock, indeed. For what is Anglicanism without the necessity of episcopacy? In short, as in all democratic assemblies, conferences, pourparlers, round-tables, and similar talk-fests, where the object is to reach agreement, there was the inevitable

necessity of compromise, adjustment, watering-down, concession, acceptance of the lowest common denominator of conviction.

To assert that the courteous spirit and restraint of the members of the Conference in their speeches was an evidence of prospective unity is surely a mistake. The disgraceful scenes of earlier assemblies, when clergy flew at each other's throats and anathemas were freely hurled, belong to the ages of barbarism. Civilization and the amenities of modern life sufficiently account for the better manners displayed at the meeting. But the tenacity of opinion, the unyielding convictions, were even at a distance apparent. The majority of those present were able to agree—to differ.

The assembly, being Protestant with the exception of a few high-church Anglicans and the picturesque Orientals, was, it must be confessed, rather gray, rather somber, quite lacking in the color, spectacular splendor, pomp and ceremony such as appeal to popular imagination. Its deliberations, couched in the language of esoteric sentimentalism, failed to register in the public press. And since it was a foregone conclusion that every delegate knew beforehand exactly what his own position and that of his own denomination was, as well as what each of the others held, the value of such a conference may be questioned, except that it gave in the heat of summer at a lovely place in Switzerland a gorgeous junket to the commissioners and the secretaries. The conclusions could have been as well arrived at by correspondence. Except for the interest of clergymen and the editors of church papers, the Conference passed without notice.

V

Any scheme of corporate unity, then, is beyond the diplomatic skill of even the most astute ecclesiastical leaders. It is not a matter of practical politics. If it is, as is so often asserted, the divine will, then it is on a par with the other great and ultimate ideals. "Be united" can only be compared with "Have all knowledge," "Agree on Ultimate Truth," "Sustain perfect charity," "Be devoid of every prejudice." It belongs to the eternal categories. It is an excellent aim, but a mystical attainment. The individual may have the feeling for it, but he cannot materialize or demonstrate it. To arrive even at the emotion as a spiritual experience is to transcend all the churches.

There remains, however, a practical aspect of the problem in America that ought to be undertaken, not by impractical idealists, but by ecclesiastical statesmen. For in this country we have listed some 167 varieties of religion, and at least 40 more not listed. Besides the main and better-known divisions, such as the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, there are many large communions of earnest Christians banded together and separated from the others, in competition with them. The divisions run largely along racial lines, it is true. The Lutheran, the Scandinavian, the Hungarian, the Greek, the Serbian churches witness to the importation of religion along with the national waves of immigration. And even in the Roman Catholic Church the same strains of race are found in the Irish, the Italian, the German, and other groups. But in addition to such divisions, which tend greatly to prevent the assimilation of the foreign-born, there are very many divisions among Protestants, based upon progressive or conservative theories or upon the special emphasis of some particular tenet, that foster discord and stimulate destructive competition. We have, for example, such sects as the Six Principle Baptists, the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians, the Duck River Baptists, the Pilgrim Holiness Brethren. There are two sects of Brethren, Conservative and Progressive, split on the question of whether a man's

coat shall have one button or two, the two-buttoners being Progressive. We have the Zarephath, the Holy Rollers, with a female bishop, the Pillar of Fire.

It is probable that nothing much could be done with the cranks who caricature religion by their extravagances. But with the greater and more respectable sects something in the way of unity ought to be accomplished. Their theological differences at the present time are little more than the differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Yet they divide the Christian heritage, split up the faithful, confuse the outsider, and engage in a wasteful and expensive competition for members and money that greatly weakens respect for religion and reduces the ministry of all churches to a condition of poverty and social inferiority. The enormous cost of upkeep, the extravagance of the missionary departments, the overhead of the boards, secretaries, field secretaries, archdeacons, bishops, presiding elders, and a swarm of paid officials who do no pastoral work but go about laying grievous burdens upon the ministers of all denominations in order that the competition may be kept up, are a few of the evils of the present divided state of the Christian churches in America. In most small towns a single church would suffice for the housing of all who desire to attend religious services. But you will generally find a dozen or more, where one would be fairly strong, struggling to pay their bills and cutting each other's throats in the effort to make one proselyte.

This condition is both disgraceful to America and injurious to our civilization. It presents religion without dignity. The very buildings, the houses of God, show by their inferior architecture the futility of the spirit within. The nation, in every other respect rising to heights of accomplishment, in this is failing wretchedly. Something practical should be done about it.

Some practical attempts to bring about greater unity among the various Protestant sects have in recent years been made in Canada, Australia, and among the English missions in India. Of these the Canadian effort to unite the Methodist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian churches is by far the most advanced. The union of these bodies has been only partially successful and is confined for the most part to the smaller towns, the larger city churches refusing to come in. But the United Church of Canada is at least an established fact, though it may still be too early to know whether it will absorb the greater part of the confederating churches or whether, as some of the secretaries of other movements declare, it but adds another sect to the already fissiparous condition of Protestantism. The movements in Australia and India are as yet not much beyond the paper stage. In these movements the Anglican Church has been active.

In the United States for the past twenty years there have been discussions, conferences, resolutions, and even some attempts to bring about at least some measure of reunion among Protestant sects. Little has been accomplished. Every business man interested in the subject realizes the economic value of a merger. The pastors, I think, would in many cases favor it. But the inherited nostalgia for customary forms and habits in religion of the laity, the vested interests, the suspicion and prejudice in relation to other aspects of Christianity, are seemingly irremovable barriers. The varieties of cultural standards and the divergences in moral theories also are obstacles.

There is still the possibility that at some future time the state, in spite of our boasted theories about the separation of church and state, may take over the matter of religion. America may yet have a state church established by law. The history of every nation in the world in the past has shown the advantages as well as the disadvantages of such an arrangement. The state can give a unity, a dignity, an authority to the church such as nothing else in the world

except the papacy can give. And since the same people who compose the state compose the church, the arrangement is convenient and natural. At the present time the churches are impinging more and more upon the province of legislation, insisting that the state put through their programs. The step may be easier than is commonly realized for the reverse process, in some emergency, to take place. The churches may some day wake up to find themselves a department of the state, rather than its counsellor and guide. This has happened before in history and may happen again.

THE WIND ON THE HEATH

BY SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that I would gladly live for ever."

THERE'S still the wind on the heath, brother,
And, oh, the wind is sweet!
There are light, white clouds in a laughing sky,
And grass for my tired feet.

I am sick of the ways of men, brother,
Where pleasure is drowned in pain,
Where souls are cankered by hates and lies;
I long for the sun again.

My soul that was proud is a broken thing,
My heart that was whole is torn,
The song on my lips is silenced,
I am weary and travel-worn.

I come with hands that are empty,
With heart of hope bereft.
My all lies lost in the ways of men.
Nothing, nothing is left. . . .

Only the sun and the moon, brother,
And the cool of the green earth's sod,
Day and night and the songs of stars,
And the wind that blows from God.

MEAT

A NOVEL

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

PART I

Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—I Corinthians viii:13.

WHEN Tomlin Flagg was born he had a horn, above and a little in front of his left ear. Such a thing was not unknown in his line; it had happened at least once before. The somewhat goatish excrescence lasted little more than a week before it was absorbed into the shaping skull. Thereafter it remained simply as a hairless spot on the scalp, the size of a man's thumbnail and of much the same consistency. By and by the hair could be so brushed as to cover it.

Tomlin was never strong. He was never, in ways, altogether responsible. What is one to make of it? With the exception of Tomlin and of that one other almost legendary instance of a horned Flagg, the line was a line of whole, strong, sane, comely and spirited people. Like Anne, his cousin.

Tomlin lived to be nearly thirty-one. Then he was killed by a policeman. The details were never aired. Happily the Flaggs, together with the Jeromes and the Indias, into which families they had married, had influence. It was fortunate for the policeman that they were willing to let the thing rest, for it was admitted that he had shot on impulse. Perhaps it was because they were able to guess at the nature of the impulse, and at how it could come about that he would not know in the half-darkness what it was he was shooting at.

No telegrams were sent, even to relatives. The news was conveyed by letter. ". . . Tomlin died in Buffalo on August eighteenth."

But all this about Tomlin Flagg is another story, and the story is ended.

That is what Anne Flagg India thought to herself. "Ended." She dropped the crumpled note into a hole on the beach, filled the hole up with clean sand, and smoothed it smooth. "That's ended, thank God!"

Anne India weighed more on the scale than Sam India, her husband. And yet, though he was taller than she and no skeleton, no one ever thought of her as large. She was too light on her feet, too agile in humor, too flashing. With her black hair, her dark eyes, her candid coloring, her full-shaped and shameless vitality, she was too truly beautiful. Looking at her in the open, on the beach of summer, under the blue sky in a sky-blue bathing suit, there was nowhere one could place her, somehow, short of mythology. If ever there was a mortal woman sprung from earth to dare traffic with the gods it was Anne India. And a traffic, one would say, which could never conceivably eventuate in anything less numerous than twins.

But Sam India was no immortal, and even if everybody took the children for it, Flagg and Fern were not twins.

"Twins! How adorable!" people would cry. "They *are* twins, aren't they?"

"Twins, yes." Anne could be incredibly patient. The partly wistful comedy of the wink she would give Sam never dimmed. "Synthetic twins."

It would have taken more pains than it was worth, you see, to explain that the girl-one was not born their own, as the boy-one was, but only taken in when its widowed mother, who had been Anne's bridesmaid, died in childbirth in the same week in which Anne did not die.

And anyway—"Lord knows I've done everything *but* borned her, Sam!"

Anne could be so patient, for one of her temperament. Flagg, the boy, and Fern, the girl, were two years, two months, and various days old; and since it was high August and they Adam-bare to the heavens they were very brown all over. No one passing along the beach could fail to look at them, washing around in the sea-suds all by themselves, gulping, screeching, blowing bubbles, and getting spanked by combers eight inches high.

The passing females were the worst. If there was one there were twenty scandalized. "Those babies! Who *can* be looking *out* for them? What perfectly criminal *care*lessness! Lady—excuse me—but are those your children down there, by any chance? Well, I don't suppose it's any of my business, but if they were *mine*—"

If once, a score of times Anne explained. Very gorgeous in her crimson beach-robe and very supine on the sunny sand, she must have seemed distressingly unspiritual to the troubled ones had it not been for the dark light of earnestness in the upturned eyes.

"But you see, I've asked the life-guard about it, and he assures me it takes quite a long while for very young children to be drowned at all permanently."

Sam was a fit mate for her. Very lean and leggy, very prone, his high brown forehead wrinkled with his pains to make things clear, he would elaborate: "And besides, something has got to be done. You see, we haven't been able to make up our minds yet which one of the two we ought to keep."

But there were things about which Anne could not be patient at all.

One happened to-day. The proprietor of the bath-houses at the Point came two hundred yards up the beach to them. He was a young fellow and he was embarrassed. He avoided Anne's eyes and addressed his own to Sam's. He opened his mouth fruitlessly several times, growing redder and redder. Sam finally had to help him.

"What's on the mind?"

He could not look even at Sam then, but had to gaze back over a shoulder at his umbrellas and his customers.

"There's a lady—well, I mean, I've had a complaint. I wouldn't for the world, myself, you understand—but this lady—it's about your young ones—about their not wearing—not having a stitch on."

Anne sat bolt up. "Those *babes?*"

"I know, ma'am, but what can I do? This lady, what she says is, she's got young children of her own, and she can't keep them from playing up and down the shore here, and she says she doesn't want them to be seeing—she says they're just at an impressionable age, and they're—"

"*The dirty thing!*"

Sam looked around at her and grinned.

"Bite 'em, girl!" But then his grin faded a little. "Listen here, old thing; don't let 'em get the goat, not really."

Anne turned over on her stomach. Her face averted, she made a dagger of her fingers and attacked the sand. She dug a terrier's hole deep into the dampness where the smelly things are. She had to do something blood-thirsty until she could get her proper voice back again.

Poor bathing-beach man! "I know, ma'am, but what am I to tell her?"

Anne got her voice back. "Tell her that God and I are sorry, but the world was made for *well* people to live in, first of all."

Norine, the nurse, who had come all the way from home by the electrics, descended the grassy bank with the mail. It was a godsend.

Anne had a letter. After a minute with it she said suddenly, "Oh!"

There was something about it that made her husband turn from his affairs to blink at her. "News, Anne? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Nothing in the whole good, clean, big, bright world is wrong, not any more. Oh, Sam! Cousin Tomlin—"

But then she jumped up. Casting the robe off like a crimson cloud she ran down to the water. She leaped over the babies. She threshed out, wide-armed. She dived.

The letter lay where she had dropped it on the sand. Sam would have given his right eye to know. What about that unappetizing cousin of hers, Tomlin Flagg? What the devil! to send her off this way, transfigured and galumphing? Sam would have given *both* eyes.

All Anne wanted was that one dive, deep through the bitter cleanness of the sea. Hands arrowed above her red bathing-cap she sailed up and out. She came back splashing the water white. She caught up a twin in either arm and held it high. Perilously balanced, clutching, laughing, shining, she bore them through the warm, golden wind.

"Aren't they beautiful! Aren't they gorgeous, Sam! Did you read?"

"Read what? This?"

"You wouldn't. . . . But look at 'em, Sam! Look! Aren't they thrilling? Isn't the whole round earth, the sea, the sky, the wind, the sun— Oh, Sam, my dear! Wait, Norine; catch! Hang on to 'em, idiot; don't you dare let 'em get all sand again. . . . You haven't read it, Sam. I'll tell you. Tomlin Flagg is dead."

There was already the hole she had dug. Crumpling the note she dropped it in with the smelly things; then she filled it up with clean top sand and smoothed it smooth.

"That's ended. Thank God!"

Stonebridge, Connecticut, where Indias have lived for five generations, is as truly a state of mind as Boston is said to be. But whereas Boston, in the saying, is the state of a mind that is made up, Stonebridge is the condition of one pulled four ways by four geographies. North and south the pulls are equal only because they are equally feeble; if the Berkshires are not much as mountains, the Sound is a mild sort of sea. East and west is the tug-of-war. Stonebridge is still New England, yet it is already New York. The cream in the coffee the Wall Street broker gulps down in time to catch his "eight-fifteen" is brought in through the woods by a man who plows with oxen and says "haow."

There was a time when the fit ones cleared out of this section and headed for the fatter west. At least most of them did. Sam Henry India, 2d, on the theory that the region which is emptying is the one where the elbow-room is going to be, remained. He farmed a large tract of bottomland, improved the local turnip, imported and acclimated a Rhineland grape, built a brick house in the Georgian manner on a hillside overlooking the Danbury road, and entertained therein visiting singers, New York and Boston merchants, western politicians, at least one prince of England and one president of the United States. Before he died, at a good age, he had founded two institutions, one of them the most New England of the New England colleges, and the other the finest wine-cellar north of Philadelphia.

Come of a line which had given at least one son in each generation to the church of the great dissenters, he was endowed with a strongly dialectic mind. The trouble was that he used it. He took the dogma of his fathers and looked at it. God, they said, was omnipresent and eternal. God had been present, therefore, everywhere, always. Everywhere and always, Sam Henry the Second decided, there had been good minds and true spirits, "one with the

Light." But no sooner was this assumption stated than it had raised the devil with the accepted codes of moral practice. Looking back, looking abroad, he could find hardly a Connecticut sin which had not been considered a good act by some body of these good minds and true spirits. His intelligence, compounded of shrewdness and humor, refused to accept here-and-now too overwhelmingly as against then-and-there. But then morality became a matter of usage, standards of righteousness multiplied and mutually canceled one another. Anarchy remained. Sam Henry the Second arrived at the wilderness where many men have been lost.

But he was not the kind to stay lost long. He still believed in God. He got back to that. He propounded a question. "Has God given me anything at all, then, to go by?" He unearthed an answer. "God has given me an intelligence with which to decide between a given right and a given wrong, and a will with which to act upon that decision. *But*—he has given these things also to my neighbor."

He caused to be carved in the oaken beam above the fireplace facing the door in his big front hall these words: I AM NOT MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

New England, the western cradle-place of a rigid and hard-disciplined sect, has had perhaps more than its share of these intense individualists.

From him, through an intervening Grant India, Sam Henry 3d, who was his grandson and the husband of Anne Flagg, inherited the house above the road to Danbury, its rebellious carving, and its peerless cellar, together with a share in a New York publishing business in Union Square, and a capacity for living at once with gusto and with moderation.

The view from the upper veranda of the India house had changed in seventy years. Towns grow, even in New England; what had once been the sleepy village of Stonebridge on the Boston post road now reached an arm of mills and mill-workers' homes up the valley where Sam Henry the Second's fields had been.

It was lucky he had built his house high. Up here toward the ridge, with remnants of elm and nut woods around it, it still kept something of an illusion of room, of unhurried living and of air to breathe. And still it had its little river to look at, no matter if it was cut by chimneys standing here and there against it, lean and black.

Under the sunset this evening, deep in York State a cloud was rising, whitened now and then by summer lightning.

Lights had been on in the children's room, the south one facing the gallery. Now they went out, and there was the sound of Norine closing a door inside, with care. Almost immediately then there were rustlings, stealing feet; the dark rectangle of a window framed two whitenesses, hands and noses pressed against the screen.

"We see you," said Sam, from near the railing outside.

"Horrible, horrible children!" said Anne.

"We want to stay up," said Fern. "We would not go to sleep when Norie said."

"All right." Their father was reasonable. "But if you're going to stay up till all hours you've got to be bright awake. I'll take you both to the bathroom and give you cold showers, and then it will be all right."

This was a flat failure.

"Yes," said Flagg.

Giggles.

Fern said, "Come and do."

Anne paid no attention. She gazed at the darkening sunset, rapt, her hands clasped behind her. "One, two, three, four," she mused aloud. She counted very slowly. "—five—six—" There was in it something eerie, gloating, disconcerting, a kind of pixy cheer. "Seven—eight—nine—" But at nine there was a sound of whispery squeals and the frame of the screen was empty dark again.

Anne stood for a moment, her ears "laid back."

"Peace descends," she said.

"Isn't it wonderful, Anne, when it does?"

"And it isn't as if I didn't love 'em awake and ramping, either."

"Love 'em! It's not the word."

"No, and that's really true, it isn't. Because that's the word I've got to use for the whole world to-night. I love the whole world and everything that's in it, since that letter this afternoon. I mean —like this."

She spread her arms, her hands palms up. Lifting her face to the darkening sky she floated away toward the far end of the veranda, pirouetting on her toes. Lightly, lightly.

A flare from the distant cloud-bank came and whitened her, and Sam, watching, saw her for a wink as something strangely separate, something pure as stone, pitiless, exultant, pagan, the woman of Hellas who should have been the mother of the West and was not, because an Asiatic Mary was.

"I had no idea," he said, "you felt like this about your cousin Tomlin."

"It's going to storm, Sam. How good it feels in the air, coming."

"Because you've never said much about him."

"Dance with me."

"But hang on a second." Sam was mystified. "Why?"

"They never dared let Tomlin dance."

"I see."

"I wonder if you do." Night was coming, pressed on by the rain behind. Anne watched it. "I would forgive you for thinking it strange of me to act this way, after a death in the family. I know it wasn't Tomlin's fault that he was Tomlin. I know too that he would have been happier dead long years ago. I'm not thinking of him; I'm thinking of the things that healthy people are fond of, like loving, and playing. Like dancing. Tomlin did something to dancing that made it for me, for years— Sam, it's so hard to make it clear in words. He took something away from dancing that ought to be given back to it. Am I silly, dear?"

Her husband was staring at her. "Lord God, but you're beautiful!"

"He took something away from all our straight desires, Sam. He never knew what it was to love anything, take pleasure in anything, savor anything. He only knew what it was to shudder and grab, grab and gulp. And that's another thing. Sam, I think I'd like a glass of wine."

"I'll go down."

"Go away down, down to the cellar. Is there anything there that's been hoarded and treasured—anything that's grown priceless—anything that there's only one of left in the world?"

"I see. He did something to wine then, too?"

"What he did to it, what it did to him, poor weird fellow, and what he did—yes, wine too wants something given back to it, Sam."

India returned presently with a bottle and thin glasses.

"I've got it, the very thing, Anne. But that squall's coming fast. Shall we duck inside?"

"No. Here."

"That thunder's going to have a crack in it all of a sudden."

"Tomlin was afraid of thunder and lightning. Stay here. What do you mean, the very thing? What have you found that's rare enough?"

Sam held up the uncorked bottle. "It's too dark to see, but it's a darned beautiful thing, the way the years have bitten it and the spiders written. I wish Grandfather India could see it himself now; it would give him more of a thrill than he ever got even from his '60' Burgundy."

"It's not the '60' then?"

"No, nor the 'China Market,' nor any of the museum pieces. It's humble. Hold the glasses. I wish you could— there, did you see it by that flash? The blood of the land. '*Laid down in 1858*,' in the old boy's own handwriting, '*from*

the new vines east half Broken Hill.' The blood of Connecticut—"

"Shed for—"

India laughed, impressed. "Funny sacrament." Before he drank he spilled a little from his glass over the railing to the distant soil.

It was a wine! Savoring it slowly, even so little, it ran into their hearts and into their veins. The summer lightning had taken shape; thunder fell down the sky behind it in zigzag crackles. Black and white, erect, apart, unwinking, the woman came and went in the man's sight.

"Anne!"

"Yes?"

"You're—I don't know what I mean."

"When I was a child, Sam, I remember there was only one thing of which my father and mother made a mystery, only one truth they evaded with an awkwardness plain enough for me to feel. The thing they would never explain to me was their reason for wanting me to keep away from my cousin Tomlin on our visits there. Whatever that evasion did to me, I've had to fight it all my life ever since. And to-night it's finished. Tomlin's dead."

"Anne, I thought I knew you. And now I'm not altogether sure I do."

"Come and find me."

Huge raindrops, spinning on themselves, began to fall. They ran for the door, got through, and closed it. In the dark of their room they found themselves in each other's arms.

"Yes."

"I love you, Anne. But wait, wait."

"No, lover, don't wait. Nothing matters any more."

The hill up in the woods behind the house was not more than ten yards long, but to Fern and Flagg on their swooping sled it was like the bottom falling out of half Connecticut; you can't hold your breath forever.

Flagg considered himself a splendid steerer, but sometimes he was not. Every time things went wrong and the pair vanished in the bordering snowbank, sled and all, Norine would break the path still a little wider for them, chunking patiently up and down in her elephantine arctics.

Then she would look at the sky, where in the west the early sunset of February began to yellow the cold blue, and then inquiringly up at the children's mother, seated bundled in furs on a log at the top of the slide.

"You don't think, ma'am? It grows nippy."

"Oh, give them another minute; don't be such a worrier, Norie. Look at 'em! Cold? Not they!"

"But you, ma'am. Mr. India laid it on me that I should make you—"

"But I'm *warm*, I keep telling you. And anyway, you can wash your hands of me; there he's coming now."

India, in his city clothes, a brief case fat with manuscripts under an arm, turned away from the side door below when he heard the coasters' racket and came climbing with long steps. The first thing there was was a collision, the immovable object met by the irresistible force.

He picked them and himself up out of the drift.

"Hey! where do you think you're going? The idea, running me down!"

"You got *into* our way, you did."

"An innocent pedestrian. Of all the outrageous!"

"You did it *purpose*, you *know* you did."

Plastered with snow and infants he came on up to judgment.

"Woman, you saw 'em. Justice is all I want."

Anne's smile, these months, was luminous and museful. She shook her head at him in mock despair. "And here you are nearly thirty-three."

He put the kids down. "Scat!"

"And you," he challenged, "what are you, nearly? I'd say about six. Out here in the snow, and the sun gone down, and you *sitting*."

"I'm not cold, dear, not a bit. And don't scold. I've been so good all

day. I've watched my steps till I look silly, not lifted things, not reached." She put out her gloved hands to him. "Sam, it's going to be a good baby."

They went down hill behind the nursery mob, much more slowly. The sky at dusk was the green of ice. In the valley strings of lights glittered, as hard as cut diamonds. The pines on the hillside were turning black.

In a pocket between two of the pines Anne stopped. India looked around at her quickly, for under his hand he had felt a shiver along her arm.

"There, you *are* chilled."

She shook her head and tried to turn her eyes away, but he had seen them.

"Anne, what's happened? Something's happened to frighten you."

"No."

"Yes."

"It's these trees, I think, the black cold that comes out of them at this time of night. How can they be so—? Oh, nothing, nothing. Come along. I'm so hungry I could— I'm so ha-ha-happy—"

She was against him, her teeth chattering, her fingers winding into the stuff of his heavy coat. Sobs racked her, but there were no tears. Her face was white and twisted. "H-h-hold me, Sam! Put your arms ar-ar-around me! Tighter! Keep everything away, away, away!"

"Females are ridiculous," she told him by and by. It was when they had got down to the level, under the shadow of the house, where the yellow rays from windows fell across the snow. It was the first time in a long while he had heard her laugh aloud. "Ri-ri-ridiculous, Sam!"

In Connecticut, not even a day in June can be so rare as a morning deep in May. Nothing about May is solid or warranted or certain-sure. There is still a gossamer grayness through the green, still a note of arrival and restlessness in the song of the bird. Sunshine is gambler's gold, not yet safely won; rain-clouds put their heads over the horizon and look around. Children cannot walk but have to run, cannot talk but must make a hullabaloo.

Norine had been told to keep the children away from the house, and she did her best. But Norine too was at the end of her strength after a night that had seemed as long as any year, and the "twins," nearly three now, sound-slept and swollen with spring, would have been a handful for Norine at the top of her best. If it wasn't Flagg chasing Fern, it was Fern chasing Flagg, out of sight and out of bounds down the hill. From moment to moment their miscreant voices, shrill as pirates', descended through the hangings of the wood, entered the windows, and stabbed at the knots in India's nerves.

"Damn 'em!" He walked from end to end of the long downstairs room, pressing the heels of his hands to his temples. "Oh, be quiet, be quiet, can't you! For God's sake, what's happened to that fool, Norine?" He hardly knew what he said. "Children, have a little pity. Go away! Be still!"

Doctor Blakeley watched him. The physician had taken off his white things and put on his black coat again. His attitude seemed to be saying: "My dear excited fellow, what a rotten time you're giving yourself, and all over nothing—perhaps." At last he protested out loud. "Why bother so much about those children, India?"

"But it was you, doctor, who said she *must* have quiet."

"I know, but I didn't mean that we should make the birds stop singing or the wind blowing or children running and laughing in the woods. Of all the sounds on earth, those won't hurt Mrs. India. Let her hear them all she can."

For at least the tenth time since Anne's baby had been born at three that morning, India lowered his head between his shoulders, knotted his brows, and addressed himself to the physician in a tone compounded of misery, distraction, and belligerence.

"Doctor, you don't get this. You don't seem to understand."

A door opened and a nurse stood in it, white and cool.

"Doctor Blakeley."

"Yes, is there something? The mother, or the infant?"

"The infant's respiration—"

"I am coming."

"He is coming, can't you hear?" There was an unwonted sharpness in India's tone. "Directly. Please shut the door."

When the woman had obeyed, he faced the medical man, feet wide, arms folded. He was wretchedly conscious that what he must say he could not say. All his training, all his inheritance, stood up against him. Deep color flooded his face. But there was the extremity of his need.

"Blakeley, I want you to listen."

"I'm listening."

"The—that—in the other room—"

"The infant?"

"It's not going to live."

"You don't know, India. It may. I should say, if we're wise enough, *and* lucky enough, there are at least two chances in three—"

"Blakeley, there's no chance at all. Get that through your head."

"You're tired, India. Will you simply take my word for it that the things you're making such mountains of this morning are no more than—"

"Doctor Blakeley, let's stop talking at cross-purposes. You know as well as I what I mean when I say it won't—*can't*—live."

It was the doctor's turn to widen his stance a little, harden his neck-muscles, and narrow his eyes.

"I'm beginning to be afraid I do."

"A moment's negligence on your part, or the nurse's, one humanly justifiable let-down, one humane mistake—"

"India, if you'll stop short there, perhaps I shall be able still to misinterpret the thing you're floundering around trying to say. I'll be glad."

The other shook his head fiercely, as if there were a wasp on it.

"Don't be blind."

"If physicians hadn't been 'blind' enough to keep on saying, 'It shall not die!' there would be no physicians to-day."

"Doctor, if a child were born with three legs, and you were attending—"

"Please!" Doctor Blakeley's eyes went down to the floor between them. "I've a right to say that I won't discuss it."

"The trouble is, you *will*. You don't realize what we're up against."

The doctor shook himself. Then he broke out laughing. "Quit it! Good Lord, look at us; you nearly had me going too, be darned if you didn't. As if I hadn't seen overwrought parents times enough before. As if I hadn't seen enough hundreds of funny-looking newborn babies in the past twenty-odd years. Man, what you need is your breakfast. Brace up!"

"What I'm trying to tell you, doctor—two or three times before, in my wife's family-line, babies have come into the world with horns like the one—"

This time Blakeley had to slap his thigh.

"Oh, *that!* Now please! If it's that bit of a bulbosity over the ear that's set you seeing ghosts! My dear man, I wish you could see *some* kids. The knobs and twists, the monstrosities and discrepancies that the human infant can iron out in the first few weeks of its life, given a tenth of a chance. Oh, India! If I'd known it was *that!* I'm sorry for snorting—but you fathers!"

India gave up. Where he could have met anything else, mirth found him helpless. After the doctor had gone to follow the nurse he went and leaned against the frame of an open window and stared out. Seeing nothing that was not green, salubrious and mocking, he closed his eyes. He wished so he could fall asleep.

Voices, like slim, gay little birds of life, flickered through the new leaves up-hill.

"Fla-aaag! I found a hop-toad, a teeny-weeny baby one. Fla-aaaag!"

"Fooooling! You can't find me-eeeee; I'm up in a tree-eeee."

India groaned. "Children, don't!" He thought of the room beyond the ceiling heavy over his head, where Anne lay, her windows open on that hill.

How long he stayed there by the window he could not have said. But at some time the white-starched nurse returned. "If you would care to go up now, sir, Doctor Blakeley thinks you may."

India followed her. He walked through a room and a hall and up a flight of stairs. He had been born here, and here he had lived for thirty-three years, yet this morning it was as if he were being guided through the ways of some other person's home. Some old contact had been snapped. It was not the case, of course, but he would have had the same feeling if someone had been through the house and turned all the pictures with their faces to the walls.

Anne lay on her back, her head in a deep hollow of the pillow.

As she closed the door the nurse said: "In a few minutes, Mrs. India, I shall be bringing the baby in."

Anne might not have heard. She might not have realized that her husband was there in a chair near the bed. Her eyes were wide open, fixed on the ceiling. Though the skin of her face was waxen, it was unlined.

India, in a confused, groping way, had tried to arm himself for them both, against anything. He had not counted on embarrassment. From moment to moment it deepened. He said to himself: "I ought to talk. I've got to break this ice, somehow. Otherwise, very soon, it will be too late."

He realized that the same thing had happened here that had happened between him and his house. Some familiar contact was broken. A picture was turned to the wall. . . . Panic began. Recollecting the doctor's strategy, he wet his lips and uttered a strained chuckle.

"Anne, silly girl! Look at the pair of us. No wonder Blakeley has to laugh. Here we are, making all kinds of mountains out of a chance little molehill that anyone in his senses would know—"

His larynx quit working. Crimson overran his face.

What a thing to do! What a thing to *say!*

But the worst of it was that not even his hideous *gaucherie* had succeeded in reaching the woman there on the bed. A new mistrust began to grow. Last night, when the pains grew too bad, he had kissed her; there had been the shadow of a chance that it would be good-bye. It was a queer thought now. Was it, after all, good-bye?

"Anne!" He couldn't help it.

"Yes?" It wasn't like Anne's voice; it was like someone's else.

Joy sang in the wood on the hill:

"I'm a lion, Fern, and you're a trav'ler and you don't s'pect I'm here."

"Shhhh! Mother's trying to sleep, and we're to be quiet."

By and by there were other sounds, footfalls loudening on the stairs.

The doctor came in first. "There are always two ways of doing things," he said. "When the odds are anywhere near even I'm inclined to bet on nature. I think we'll have a try at nursing, Mrs. India."

The nurse entered and approached the bed, a flannel bundle in her arms.

"Mrs. India," the doctor repeated. "Mrs. India."

The nurse tried. "Mrs. India, it's the little one, the little boy." All the while she busied herself in pulling down the coverlet and laying back the soft swathings of her bundle. The doctor spoke dryly:

"Put him to the breast, Miss Ball."

Presently there came a sound of tiny trouble, a series of obstructed smacky noises. Blakeley nodded to the nurse. "Adenoids." Then, with a hint of haste, to India: "It's not rare. Small need to worry there."

The difficulty ceased. In its place there arose a wail, weak and gummy, mingled of choler and distress.

That reached Anne, at last. Asleep with her eyes wide open, she awoke and closed them so tightly that for an instant the lids turned blue. Reopening them she looked down across her chin into the little cave in the bedclothes. Beneath the clothes there was a convulsive movement as she took up her arm that had been lying dead and put it around the crying thing. Blood sprang to her cheeks.

"There-there! No, here, over here, little one. Try, my baby, try. Oh, try again. You can, you know. There-there-there-there."

The sounds of suckling were to be heard once more.

Anne turned her head in the depths of the pillow. Her eyes found the nurse and passed on, found the doctor and passed on, and came to her husband's. There they remained, fixed. Their light was beyond his comprehension. It seemed to say, indeed: "There's no use in your even trying to comprehend."

"What?" he asked aloud, as if she had spoken aloud.

Still it was all in her eyes, clear, ruthless, possessed, fanatical.

"Hands off of us!" they seemed to say. "Stand aside!"

It came to India that this was not Anne any longer, but a woman he had never known. It came to him: "After all, then, it *was* good-bye."

Sometimes India almost forgot that.

As for the "twins," when they were nine or ten they could not remember as far back as a time when they had had no little brother Rex. So they had no recollection of a mother any different from the mother they knew now, a mother in some abstruse way more particularly mother to the youngest, the weakling, just as father was more particularly father to them.

A large, brooding, omnipresent, uncannily-watchful woman they knew her, her hands and face of an opalescent pallor, and her eyes as quiet as a nun's, save at those rare, never-to-be-forgotten moments when, at something gone amiss with the fortunes of her awkward one in their three-cornered play (a stumble or any small defeat, fault of his own more often than not) they kindled with a cold flame that left the two older children confused and trembling and stricken in conscience for uncomprehended sins.

But sometimes even Sam India himself was near to forgetting. Or if he remembered the Anne of those first few years, more and more as workaday time went by the memory came back to him not as clear pictures but as a shadow of nostalgia to lie on him a little while, a mood colored less by sorrow than by the oppression from which he was never quite free, which grew out of his inner sense of his failure toward his younger son.

He had always supposed that a father loves that which he begets as inexorably as grass grows from the seed where the sun has shone and the rain fallen. Anything other than this seemed a perversion of natural law, entailing shame. That he had to school himself in every word of tenderness, study every gesture of sympathy and protection he made toward the one who needed these things most, ate at his self-trust like a secret honeycombing worm.

There were moments when he flayed himself: "I deserve it all." Once, in his heart, he had committed a murder. Perhaps that was why he was to be forever ridden by this queasiness, this sense of guilty constraint, in Rex's presence, he who hated duplicity and all masks.

If from time to time there were elements of comedy in it, it was the kind of comedy that is salt on a hidden sore. One night in the child's fourth year when the rickets had got what Dr. Blakeley called "the jump on him" and it looked as though Rex might go under before morning for want of his very bones, India walked the floors of his house, driven by a panic as old as the race, praying prayers to anything for the safety of the least of his young. And then when he

came to the long room at the rear downstairs he remembered another day there, heard an echo snickering, and realized that the joke was on him. "Doctor . . . you know as well as I what I mean . . . a moment's negligence on your part, or the nurse's. . . ." Always he had hated double-dealing, and here he found it making of his own man two men.

Physically, by the time he was six, seven, Rex was beginning to get the better of the enormous odds against him, making a good fight. Although his limbs were still thin in shank and big in joint, Anne's pitiless care of them through the years of the rickets had kept them fairly straight; already he was within an inch of his age's height; there was an increasing probability, Blakeley told them, that he would be up with it by the time he was twenty-one. To strengthen India's faith, Blakeley pointed out how right he had been in his other prognostications; prompt removal of the adenoids had done magic for the piggy noises; the small, slightly goatish exostosis of the cranium, which had bothered the father so acutely, had been so far absorbed that it persisted now only as a corneous bald patch, almost entirely hidden by an overbrushing of the straight black hair.

Mentally and spiritually it was harder to say whether he was doing well or not. What does one mean by "well"? It is so much easier to say of a limb that it is straight or that it is not straight.

Bring it down to the very question of gusto. Was there anything in life, including life itself, for which Rex was as vibrantly eager as other children are? It would be easy to say no, and this because of the fact that the boy's face never "lighted up." Narrow across the temples and full-jowled, with close-set, lead-colored eyes, a full lower lip and an especially finely cut nose with sensitive nostrils, under its cowl of damp black hair and flanked by its outstanding ears, it gave in its bloodless repose an illusion of an indifference to childish pleasures and treasures amounting almost to an emotional hebetude.

It may have been illusion only. If his face never "lighted up," for desire and expectancy he had symptoms to show that were peculiarly his own. A swift dilation of the cloudy pupils, a distention and fluttering of the wings of the nostrils, these were two. Then there was the sudden and really pitiful aggravation of his bodily weakness and ineptitude. Immediately the feet wanted to run toward the object of desire each was an enemy to trip the other; the fingers he reached out all turned to thumbs. When as a baby he was learning tardily to creep they soon found that the immemorial trick of putting a coveted thing a little way ahead of him would not serve at all. For if they did this he was immediately stricken helpless, did nothing but pivot on his belly, and by and by was sick on the rug. He was never known to cry either in plaint or in rage for a thing that was denied him. But the growing seriousness of the disorders that followed such denials, putting him to bed for days sometimes and throwing away the gain of months, became a problem to which there had to be found some radical solution.

Anne found it. She formulated it with the peculiar ice-bound calm of finality which was hers in everything touching Rex, and which was like a nun's inverted ecstasy. She abandoned a whole philosophy without a wince.

"If it won't hurt him, let him have it. If it will, keep it out of his way. That's simple enough, Sam."

Here was something for the grandson of Sam Henry India, 2d, to look at, privily, keeping his mouth shut and hiding as much as he could of his dismay. His own mind hopelessly divided these days, he felt the odds that would lie against it in meeting a mind as single, a goodness as self-immolating, as Anne's. Moreover, abeyant as it might rest for long periods of truce, he was still aware that the almost mystical hostility he had

seen born in her eyes on Rex's birth-bed was still a condition of their lives; it was not the least part of the strain of playing the loving father with Rex that he felt the eye of Anne's distrust always seeing clearly through him, just as an uneasy intuition told him that in his kobold heart the boy knew, too. Bit by bit it had succeeded in dominating him. He dreaded the resurgence of this enmity, dreaded the moment when the white light of zealotry should be rekindled to make Anne and him armed strangers again.

Still, he was an India. And though he uttered it casually, one day after luncheon in the sun-porch, he did utter it.

"I'm having Doctor Coward out one day next week, dear."

"Coward? Coward? Ought I to know him?"

"Oh, I supposed you knew of his place—his—it's like a school." He had the pamphlet, thumbed for weeks, where he could get it out quickly. There was a cut of the building on the front. "See, it's a fine looking plant. Above the Hudson, grand air." India talked rapidly, his eyes on the picture held at arm's length. "And of course Rex would have the day-to-day care there that only specialists can give. And so I suppose, now that he's getting old enough, hate like the devil to face it as we may, it's perhaps the thing."

When he looked up, having had no answer, he was surprised to find Anne studying him with a thin and acrid smile. She shook her head slowly.

"I never realized till now that you felt that way about Rex."

"Felt what way?"

The boy was on the gravel path outside one of the glass doors. She turned and called to him. As he entered, with his set face and his characteristic shuffle of obedience, she put her hands out toward him in a queerly vivid gesture, the arms coming away at a tight angle from the elbows. But before he had reached her his father was on his feet. He darted and caught up the lad and held him in savage chancery.

"Feel what way? *What way?* Don't you suppose somebody is just as dear to me as ever he is to you, Anne? Don't you suppose it would be as awful a wrench to me as ever to you? Don't you suppose if I were thinking of anyone's good but his own, I'd sooner die than think of it?"

For the moment India really meant the words that came from his mouth; it was authentic indignation. His hand ran fiercely over the boy's head and pressed it into the hollow of his cheek.

The corners of Anne's lips still held their ferine curve as she watched it.

"Of any but his own good, Sam? And so you would give someone the care of specialists in place of the care of love. You would give someone the weak and sick to play with in place of the strong and gay and well."

India dropped his eyes. He felt humbled and conscience-stricken.

"That's true," he said. "You see more things than I do."

It was the beginning of his defeat.

On the night of the day Wilson was nominated in Baltimore it was dead hot in Connecticut, and Fern and Flagg did a scandalous thing. At least it would have beeen scandalous if it had ever been discovered. But it was not, so it was not.

The escapade was like a chain of fortuitous links, lacking any one of which there would have been no escapade. The heat, to begin with. Overlong naps in the afternoon, and consequent wakefulness. The house's being painted and the painters' carelessness about where they left their ladders. And poor brother, poor little fellow, practically sick-a-bed these three days past from overdoing in the sun.

"He does have such a horrid time with things, doesn't he, Flagg?"

"And if it makes *us* fidgety, hot and sticky like this, in *here*—"

"Yes, because I think it must be even hotter there in mother's room."

"Oh, yes! . . . Fern, I wonder if maybe it isn't getting cooler outdoors."

From her bed, with her chin over the edge, and from his, with his cheeks between his hands, the children stared down at the pattern of moonlight from the window on the floor between them. In the stillness, with its brightness, it was like something trying to hypnotize them, not to sleep, but to a more incorrigible wakefulness.

"I wish it would be just a little cooler for Rexie, Flagg."

"I wonder. I wonder if it isn't getting cooler outdoors, now."

"I think—I think I'll just go and see."

"If you're going out on the porch put on your moccasins. I am."

Stealthy as red Indians, white as little ghosts. So it began.

It was extraordinary what the moon rays, sliding down through a windless air opaline with humidity, did to a world they knew so well by day. The top veranda was still substantial to their feet, but all the scene below it was spider-spun and fairy-woven, distances were magicked out of all reason, mountains stood where hills had been, and in a silver valley as big as space a city of satin reared its pinnacles beside a river of silk. Even the flower garden, close as it was beneath the southern railing, had grown fabulous, groves hung with velvet shadows from behind which hamadryads beckoned to adventure, and broad savannas where bold pigwiggens stood waist-deep in jewels, hallooing: "See what the painters left—it's all the wicked painters' fault—come play with us—come down!" And sure enough, just there (if one wanted to look) were the black sticks of a ladder thrusting above the rail.

"Ooooo, no!"

"No! No-sir-eee! Mother *would* be—"

"But, still, just to climb down, just to the bottom, and back quick. If I go first?"

"No, but I'd go first, though. You're a girl. But Fern—wait."

"I know. Poor Rex. It *is* a little weency bit cooler out here. I think if mother *realized* how much good it would do him. Still, I suppose—and I don't know exactly how we could—"

"I do."

Under the moon-silvered crown of his sandy hair, in the shadow, Flagg's eyes had turned to poet's eyes, fixed a million miles away on nothing. There was a zest of the triumphant dramatist in his whisper. "Ssshhh! Come along."

Led, followed, they stole along till they came to the open window of mother's room. Mother's breathing they could hear, slow in sleep.

"Rex!" Flagg called in. He knew he had called, because, eyeing Fern, he saw her nod as much as to say that *she* had heard it at *any* rate. So he elaborated. "Come out in the cool, Rexie. Put on your moccasins, mind."

It was working wonderfully. No wonder he adored this sister. To the tips of her excited ears he saw that she heard the soft patter of slippers coming; to the bottoms of her starry eyes he saw that she saw when Rex was there in the tangled web of the moonlight with them, amazed.

"Fly, Fern. Take his other hand."

"You go first down the ladder, so if he should fall. I'll help above."

"Help! I like that! As if he needed help. That makes me laugh, doesn't it you, Rex? Look at you flying down the rungs, as good as a fireman. The trouble is, Fern, if you were only half as strong and quick as Rex you'd be glad. Here we are, bump, all safe on the ground."

"Ooooo!" Fern showed the whites of her eyes as she gazed back up the ladder. "And now I suppose—"

"What's that, Rex? I see. . . . Rex says, Fern, it's so *wonderfully* cool out here, if we'd only just steal over just only as far as the bird-bath—?"

The grass, at least, was cool. As for the dew, dew mixed with moonlight

can be a divine and fearsome medicine. Fern and Flagg had to trade glances of wonder at the fashion in which, between very leaps, Rex's legs grew round and comely before their eyes—the same eyes growing mistier and mistier with exultation, affection, and pride. If mother would only ever understand that Rex was theirs to worry over and shield and cheer along as truly as he was hers. If only she could see, now they had stolen him away to themselves, what curative enchantments *they* knew for a little brother, enchantments that she and father and the doctor perhaps had never even guessed.

If she could have seen them in that race from the bird-bath to the Forest of Rhododendrons. She would have said, beforehand, that Flagg would be first, Fern second, and Rex only tagging on. What would have been her confusion to see Rex India, then, hair flying, shoulders flung back like a soldier's, chest out, legs going like oiled pistons, eyes flashing, cheeks flushed—what would she have said to see him racing head for head with that champion, Flagg? She would have been so dumbfounded, at least, as to have forgotten completely that they were all in their pajamas and should have been in bed.

But *what* would she have said to Rex and the deer?

The deer had come into the Indias' garden in the days when Garfield was President. Its antlers were so magnificent that it had to lie down most of the time, and by daylight it rang hollow to thrown stones, and looked as though it might be iron, painted. But midsummer nights are other things.

Strength piled on Rex so fast that he beat them all to smithereens in the course to the deer. He beat them so far that he had time to laugh for joy before he threw a leg over the couchant creature's back, sat equestrian, and put commanding heels into its flanks. What would mother have said to see that stag arise, docile and tall in the argent night, arch its neck, a little like an Arab charger, wheel soundlessly, and bearing the boy through striped light and shadow, trot away?

Through light and shadow. The light in taut ribbons, ghostly pale. The shadow rough-hewn in big blue-back polyhedrons. Olympian groves. Elysian glades.

The night was no longer hot, neither was it cool. The stag's pace was neither fast nor slow. Or was it both? Distances were nothing to that gait, sweeping, elastic, full of verve, yet stately. Mountains were but hillocks, shining rivers but longer leaps. Yet Fern and Flagg, running on either side, were never troubled to hold the pace; they might have been dawdling at a walk for all their breathing; their feet scarcely ever touched the ground.

Wizards had their minds, witches their wills; they neither marked nor cared where adventure led. (Flagg found a burr in his pajama pants next morning that could have come from nowhere but near the spring above the vegetable garden.) Their eyes were not for their feet, but only for their brother, riding like a wild brave prince across the sky above them there.

Mother would never have believed. Father would never. They would never, themselves, if they had not seen him, Rex come swiftly into his own, Rex bending the mettlesome stag to his will with strong hands on its antlers, Rex with the wind of flight in his hair, his eyes shining, looking ahead, his face transfigured with an unguessed beauty, Rex with really imperial legs.

Proud Fern. Proud Flagg. Because it was they that had known, they that had dared and done.

"See!" they kept calling to each other, kept commanding, imploring.

"Only look at the big fellow, will you!"

"Nobody else could ride so, could they? Faster, Rex!"

It hardly seemed, when they came back to the foot of the ladder, that they could have gone in a circle. It was

entirely possible that they had gone right away around the world.

"He must climb up first, Flagg."

"No, last, so he can catch us if we fall."

On the porch above they stood for a moment in leave-taking, arms over shoulders, making a tight ring-around of arms. Then the two let Rex go, calling after him that he should sleep tight. So, with a wave and a smile, the new-made fellow stole back in through the window-screen into mother's room—from which, of course, poor hot little big-kneed Rex had never *really* come out that night at *all*—never, that is, in any flesh more substantial than Flagg's fantasy, Fern's faith, and the glamour of the midsummer moon.

"You're so perfectly perfect to make-believe with," Flagg protested from his bed, when, teetering like burglars, they had got back in again.

"Mmmmmmm . . ."

"You're not asleep *already!*"

He popped out and crossed the floor where the beam from the window had been. But the beam had moved while they were out; it had climbed up to lie on Fern's pillow. She *was* asleep. Oh, what a beautiful! What a wonderful! He lay down beside her quietly, not to awaken her. He slid an arm under her neck, so that her head would lie on his shoulder, and he kissed her temple again and again. What would it be without Fern!

It had really grown cooler. A little breeze moved through the room. All Flagg's fidgets were gone too, and he slept.

They slept so late that Rex, truant from mother's room in the morning, came in without awakening them. He stood for a moment beside the bed looking at them, enwrapped there in each other's arms. He stood for moments longer, his pupils widening and widening. Mother found him pawing clumsily at their shoulders.

"Can't you wake 'em, old man? What is it?" Then she spoke more quickly, with a catch in her throat. "What is it you want, Rex?"

"Want to get in there. *'Tween* them."

She grabbed him up and carried him toward the door, but had to pause.

"Rex, look at mother. What did you mean—try and tell mother—you wanted to get in between them?"

Questioning made Rex sullen, always. "I didn't know."

Turning her eyes over her shoulder Anne studied the sleeping "twins."

"Flagg!" she cried in a harsh, choky way. "Fern! Children! Get up! And how often have I told you—"

They sat up, startled, rubbing their eyes.

They remembered. The fidgets. The wicked ladder. The shameless deer. Confusion upon confusion—*mother knew!* Whatever else could have made her face as set and inclement as that? Their cheeks flamed. Their guilt stood in their eyes.

But it was queer; mother went whiter than ever at this sight. "Why, children, what on earth makes you look at me like that? What's wrong with you two? All I was going to say was, how often have I—"

All she had been going to say was: "How often have I told you two not to get into each other's beds, especially in summer, as hot as this." But suddenly now she thought better of it. Assailed by those memories of Tomlin Flagg from which she was never these years quite able to free herself, all her reckonings distorted and even innocence suspect, she could see nothing for the moment but the ear of this other Tomlin in her arms, cocked in who-could-know-what-avidity of waiting. What chain of darkling, precocious fantasies might not those innocent words set linking up in the queer, tight little black-haired head? What chain, indeed, was already linking? "Get in there between them."

It seemed impossible that this woman could ever have been brave or straight-thinking. Terrorized, there seemed nothing for her to trust but silence.

Smoothing her brow and pressing her lips together she carried Rex away.

In the half-hour before breakfast Anne started to do a score of things around the house, and completed nothing but her decision. She waited till after breakfast, when she was alone with her husband, to put it into words.

"Now that the painters are here, I think they might as well do over the twins' room. Don't you?"

"What will you do with the twins?"

"Fern can tuck away in the southeast room. As for Flagg—Sam, when Flagg goes back I don't believe I'll have Fern—I believe I'm going to put Rex in there with him after this."

Sam laid down his paper to study her. He smiled, as much as to say, "Now, now, my dear!"

"Don't smile. Do you realize that Fern and Flagg are nearing *ten?*"

"Pshaw!"

"Very well. But if we're going to decide to keep Fern here with us—"

"If we're—*what?*"

But then India picked up his paper and began to read.

More days of stifling weather, and another escapade.

But no, this was not, in the sense the other had been, an escapade. The whole thing, the children supposed, was prearranged and understood. For what happened it was hard to see how they could be blamed.

"Father, mayn't we all go down to the beach this afternoon, bathing?"

"A day like this? On the sand? What do you want to give us, Fern—a whole family of sunstrokes? No, I should think the best thing for us to do is to laze up through the woods by and by, if we feel like it."

"Well, then, in that case, how about the brook up there?"

"You mean, to go in? Ummm. For the life of me, I don't see why not."

So there!

Father had said "laze." It became apparent that he and mother meant it. Snails could have given them a head-start up the ridge. Even with Rex on their hands, Fern and Flagg could never throttle down to a pace as dawdling as that. And why should they? Of course it was nice to be companionable—sort of keep in touch—by an occasional hail.

"Moth—er! Fath—er! Hoo-hooo!"

"Yes, children, coming. Don't let Rex go too fast, Fern. Mind!"

"Rex is all right. He's the best of any of us. Aren't you, Rexie?"

But meeting Flagg's eyes across the youngster's head then (they had him between them) Fern half flushed, half winced.

"He *is*, though!" Flagg protested, darkening and jutting an obstinate jaw. He, too, remembered a brave, supple fellow astride a moonlit stag. "You are, aren't you, Rexie Buster? Over this log you hop now, a mile high."

White Brook, brawling through the hollow beyond the first fold of the ridge, must have been named that because it was so dark a brown. In some of the pools where the shadow of the arching trees lay heaviest the water looked almost black, and this made it look cooler than any other water anywhere.

Nearly the best part of anything is the looking-forward. It was heavenly.

"It makes me shiv-viv-ver," Flagg played as he kicked off his clothes.

"My t-t-teeth are ch-ch-chattering," Fern gloated from the middle of the blue balloon of her smock.

Rex had to protest, poor fellow.

"Flagg, or one of you, I can't get my shoes untied. Do you hear me?"

It was Fern that heard him. "There, old fellow, there's one done; give me the other foot now. . . . Flagg, though, d'you think Rex ought—"

"Hi-hi! I'm first in, Slow Poke! Woooo!" A flop and a spatter. Bubbles. A dim green frog-flight. A head popping out, shiny as a seal's.

Fern apostrophized it: "Flagg *India!* Won't you listen! Should Rex go in before we know whether mother—"

"Mother'll be here before he gets undressed. Pokey, you! You don't dare dive."

"I don't, don't I? Oh, I *wish* these buttons— Don't, don't I? Here goes for your toes. . . ."

Frog-flights. Bubbles. White mounds erupting seal heads. Blowings. Spray fights. Beatitude. . . .

"Look at Rex, he's all undressed."

"Rex, no! You wait for mother."

"*You* didn't. *Fern* didn't."

"No, but you see father told *us*—"

"Flagg, hush. Rexie Buster, you wait, and brother and I'll come right on out, right away. . . . Flagg, you *must*. . . . Now, darling, see, we're none of us in, are we? Not till mother comes. . . . Moth—er? Fath—er? . . . Hear that, Rex? They'll be here any minute now."

"Well, jimminy, let's do something then. Not-it, for tag. But Rex is not-it. Well, I'll be it. Look out for me, Fern. There, *you're* it."

"All right. Rexie, I'm after you. What's the matter, Rex? Can't you run? Don't want to? All right, Flagg, I'm after you then, Flagg."

It's queer about twigs and pebbles; if you tread on them carefully with your bare feet they hurt like anything; but if you scorn them and jump on them, run like the wind on them and dodge like the rabbit, then they never hurt at all.

Among the dark rough tree-trunks, spattered with driblets of sunlight here and there white birches glimmered. It might have been a fairy tale, when the wicked enchantment is broken, Fern was so much like a shining birch turned back into a princess, and Flagg another, a shining prince. If only there could have been a magic for Rex too (like an iron deer).

They always had Rex on their consciences. Now, with his clothes off, standing rapt, glum, and a little knock-kneed in this summer greenwood, he did look ramshackle. Even though it allowed Flagg to tag her, Fern had to falter as she raced past.

"Oh, come on, Rexie, play. Please! I'm it now. Skedaddle!" She clapped her hands and jumped up and down. "There! You did want to, didn't you? No, silly, not *after* me. Run the *other* way, I'm after *you*."

She wanted to laugh, but she knew she ought not. It was funny how, sometimes, Rex could be absolutely deaf and dumb, and blind too; for the bigger his eyes got the less you somehow felt they saw. As he persisted in thinking himself "it," coming on for her at a pace that would not have caught a turtle, but doggedly, stiffening his knobby knees and gnarling his clumsy fingers, she appealed to Flagg. "*You* tell him." There was a catch of the breath in it. The thing was absurd, yes, but it was eerie, too.

Flagg came back, bellowing gaily.

"No, Rex, you don't understand. You and I run; Fern chases *us*." But then he said quickly, studying his brother's look: "Oh, what's the difference, Fern? Yes, all right, Rexie, you *are* it."

"Yes, Rex, catch sister. Catch sister. No, sister can't get away; you're too fast for her. Don't stumble, though, silly. There you come!"

"Fine for you, Rex! You've almost got her. There, tag her quick."

"No, just tag me, that's all you need. Here, on my arm."

"Rex, just *touch* her. Don't *grab*."

"Please, brother, it's tag, not wrestling. You're hurting. Please, I don't understand. What is it? Want sister to carry you, is that it?"

"Rex, quit it! Cut it out!"

"Oh, R-R-Rexie—Flagg!"

Then the things happened. One thing was hands coming down out of Heaven to snatch Rex up and away. The other thing was a voice from on high.

"*Fern!*"

They had seen their mother's face like that, but never *quite* like that before. And the worst of it was, you couldn't explain, couldn't defend yourself.

"Sam," mother said, hardly moving her mouth, "take Rex. And take his clothes that are there."

Father, who had come up behind, did as he was bidden, cheerful but mystified. "What's up, dear? Here we come, sonny; what's wrong? Ooo-oop! The old tummy again, is it?"

There was the sound in the background of Rex being sick on last year's leaves. But mother never turned her bedevilled eyes.

"*Fern,*" she said, "*put on your clothes. Immediately.*"

Father must have understood what it was that was so bewildering to the children in the way she said it, so frightened and frightening, so horrid. For he cried sharply: "*Anne!*"

"*Flagg,*" she said, "*put on your clothes. Straight away!*"

Poor children, they wanted to obey. But somehow, of a sudden, they had grown as inept as ever in his life their brother had been. Boy and girl, their glances met, fumbling, imploring. What is it, Fern? What, Flagg?

It was the first time they had ever heard their father speak in anger.

"What you're doing, Anne, is an abomination."

Abomination! Neither the boy nor the girl knew that word, but simply the sound of it did something they were never to be able to forget. Between two winks their eyes were opened and they saw that they were naked, boy and girl.

Cringing, Fern caught up her garments and ran away into the undergrowth upstream.

His eyes down, his face as red as murder, Flagg fumbled into his things.

For a full half of the way home, husband and wife said nothing. He was too angry; she was too far away. That she could be so far away, so buttoned-up and cold-blooded, only deepened his anger. It was a pity her instinct ran that way, and that he could be hoodwinked by it, and never guess what a shambles lay beyond the smooth white wall she reared.

Anne spoke first, but not to him. There was a rustle of a body moving through brush down the hill fifty yards to their right, and she lifted her voice to call, "Flagg, dear, is that you?"

"No," India told her, "it's Fern, sneaking home. Flagg's behind us as far as he can keep, like a whipped pup with its tail between its legs."

"Poor twins. I'm sorry."

"*Sorry!* . . . Rex, run on ahead. . . . Anne, if you were sorry, how could you do to your own children a thing so abominable, so devastating?"

"Did you see Rex?"

"Are you sure, whatever it was that happened, that Rex was not to blame?"

"I know, as you know, that, whatever happens, Rex is not to blame."

"Who was, then? Was Flagg? Was Fern?"

"Neither. But it seems to me that we who can afford it have got to be willing to be hurt a little, hurt even a lot, now and then."

The maddening thing was that India felt that everyone would feel that he ought to subscribe, ought to bow his head, play the saved sinner to her saint. To keep from doing it he had to whip himself on.

"I know one thing. You were wrong once, and I was right. Then we could have taken our time. Now the break has got to be violent. The business of going away has got to be—"

"Going away where? To school?"

"To school, Anne."

"Yes."

He shifted a quick glance to her, surprised, and found her looking at him, or rather on through him, as she had looked through the ceiling on the day when Rex was born.

"Yes," she repeated. "This fall."

"No, now."

"Schools aren't open in the summer. But I know of a good camp for girls of Fern's age up near Stockbridge."

"*Fern's!*"

"We'll wire to-night. I can have her ready to leave, I should think, by Saturday."

India was tired. He was so much more than tired. It was late at night. Since coming down hill that afternoon nine hours had passed. When a man has beaten his fists for nine hours against a wall that, far from crumbling, shows not so much as a mark of his hands on its vitreous white surface, he is more than human if he doesn't want a chance to rest.

He was so worn out now that he would find that for moments past he had forgotten Anne, forgotten the argument, and even where he was. One of the ornaments of the library was a terrestrial globe. From where India stood, its shadow cast on the screen in an open window looked like a fat head with an enormous sniffing nose. A moth outside the screen was the eye in the profile; two others made the mouth. It was not only a head, but it was the head of Tubby White, the "Cicero shark"; India had hardly thought of the fellow since his prep-school days. Tubby White, heaped in his chair, smiling his gloating smile as the tidbit of a subjunctive drew nearer to his maw along the ranks of the incapable. Smiling not with his lips alone but with his very eyes (for all three moths were creeping) till it grew a grin, a fantastic, demoniacal, Latin-lecherous leering.

India had to shake himself, had to pull himself out by the boot-straps from this pusillanimous wool-gathering, and double his fists for the wall again. There remained one blow in them. It had never occurred to him as a man of honor that he could be brought to use it against Anne.

"I wonder if you realize, Anne, how tremendously you have changed."

Anne's eyes, across the table, never offered to waver.

"Do you remember a time on a beach," he asked, "when something made you furious, and you put all you had to say about life in one furious sentence? 'Tell her that God and I are sorry, but the world was made for *well* people to live in, first of all.' Remember?"

He had known he would feel small for having shamed her. He did feel small, but it was because he saw he had not shamed her in the least. Being sensitive to shame is a luxury. It's a piece of baggage that can be done without, when one has to travel a narrow road, and travel light.

She could even afford to smile. The stir at the corners of her lips seemed to say, "*You* have *not* changed. You've not been down where I have been. There's no use, after all, in your ever trying to understand."

India was done; he had to catch at something. He caught at that. What if it was true that her eye *was* clearer than his? Her mystical pitilessness—what if it was only that, having passed through a deeper valley than he, she had seen a higher mercy than such as he could know. . . . Doubts multiplied. He grabbed at them greedily. What if this that he took to be the right was only his selfishness in disguise? What if it was simply that he liked to have Fern near him better than he liked to have Rex?

Tempted too far, he took the easy way, the primrose path, of self-abasement. "Well then, all right. Perhaps it will be the best thing for Fern, too. You're better and you're wiser than I, Anne. I guess women are."

A figure in the rug looked like a man catching a small animal by the tail. Just so, when India was a boy, Ben the gardener had caught a woodchuck. The woodchuck had doubled and bitten him. How Ben had sworn!

Fern and Flagg were tired. They were tired of asking "Why?"

They had given up. Fern, as a matter of fact, had not asked it out loud at all. For the three days since that afternoon at the brook she had been nearly wordless and had kept to herself as much as she could. Now, sitting out in the new touring-car with her new bag in her lap, ready to go to the station, she seemed to be much more interested

in the shiny dials on the instrument-board before her than in the group in the arch of the boxwood gate—father, mother, Rex, and Flagg.

Neither would Flagg look at her. He would look at no one. He was taking a beating, but they would get no whimper out of his mouth, no water out of his eyes. And one thing certain; he would not again ask "Why?"

But there was one that would. Rex, who alone had managed to get through the past three days without any trouble, appeared to realize now for the first time what was happening.

He began to tremble from head to foot.

"Father, is sister going away?"

"Yes."

"But why is sister going away?"

India reddened. He had thought that that at least was finished. He had done so much stammering, pretended not to hear so many times, drawn so many red herrings, he had made up so many half-answers these days that it seemed to him now he would rather be damned than make up another one.

He turned his eyes to Anne, an ember of old mutiny in them.

"I'm all out of evasions, dear. You tell him why."

"Evasions, Sam?"

Rex tugged at her hand. "Mother, why is my sister going away?"

"Because she's not your sister, Rex, not your really, truly sister. Fern is an—you can't understand, but I'll explain it all some day."

India wheeled and ran for the car. He racked the door open and slammed it shut, cried to Hames, the gardener, to crank the engine and set it roaring—anything for noise. But noise, he knew in the heart of his bitterness, that came too late.

The little girl beside him had on a big straw hat. All the way to the station he could see nothing of her but the top of that.

To Be Continued

DIOGENES LOOKS AT THE LADIES

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

OUT of the mouths of men comes forth the claim that women are without a sense of honor. Only the other day I heard a man remark that "women never have had any honor in them—since the time of Eve." I might have reminded him that men have had none too much—since the time of Cain, and that Diogenes failed in his search for a wholly honest man. Surely the tales of corruption in American politics and business should make any man blush for his sex. As one of their own sex—H. L. Mencken—points out, "Man, for all his boasting about honor, seldom displays it when he has anything of the first value at stake. In his wars and his business he invariably hits below the belt."

It must be remembered, too, that there are many conceptions of honor, and countless variations of those conceptions, depending upon racial culture and social training. The Anglo Saxons, for instance, are said to be the only race of people who have set up truth-telling as a prime virtue. Yet even this conception has not survived as an absolute one with us, for a man can lie and lie and be a gentleman still—depending upon the motive for his lie.

Is one to label as honorable or dishonorable the boy who lies to his mother about a misdeed but confesses to a judge rather than let his pal be punished in his stead? The man who takes advantage of a legal technicality in a contract, and yet rises in righteous wrath to denounce a club-member who cheats in a bridge game? The woman who finds a pocketbook and makes no effort to locate its owner, although she is most scrupulous about paying her bills? The man who is an accomplished liar about little things, but who has a strict code which obliges him to tell the whole truth to anyone who has a right to know it? The able-bodied woman who mulcts a man for alimony and yet is so fastidious that she would not think of accepting money from a lifelong friend? And lastly, the man who juggles his income tax, although he is uprightness itself in all of his business relations? Since it is well-nigh impossible to label an individual categorically, it would seem equally rash to make any sweeping comparison between the sexes. There have sprung up, it is true, certain aphorisms which may have more or less significance, such as, "A woman will lie about little things, and a man about big things." If this holds, does it prove that women are more upright? Then again, the fact that there are practically no professional women criminals in this country (with the exception of "junior partners" who work with their lovers and menfolk) would suggest at first blush that women are more honorable than men; yet a sounder deduction might be that they are merely less bold and are more naturally subservient to authority.

Of more significance than any aphorism is the fact that our sex can boast of no word to correspond with "gentleman." As Katharine Fullerton Gerould pointed out not long ago, the word "lady" suggests merely a person of gracious manners and gentle breeding, while "gentleman"—at least in this

country—means a man who can be relied upon to treat other people honorably, no matter what his station in life. Assuming that language mirrors the social development of a people, would not this distinction in Anglo-Saxon etymology indicate that there is a parallel difference between men and women's sense of honor in so far as their relations with other people are concerned? And if such a difference does exist, if women do palpably lack a sense of fair play, is it because they have a blind spot in their make-up, or because society has hitherto assigned to them a far different role in life than it has to men?

II

Anthropology tells us that the individual's standards of conduct are influenced not so much by sex as by culture and social tradition. A man or a woman who wants to keep the respect of his or her fellow tribesmen will avoid doing the thing that is tabu. He or she is not likely to say to himself, "I will be honorable," but rather, "What I do will please the gods and justify me with my people, whereas if I sinned against the laws they would cast me out." Indeed, it is doubtful whether honor originally derived from anything more than social and economic compulsion, which was eventually translated into the tradition of the tribe.

The women of the Zuni Indians, a tribe of the Pueblos now living in New Mexico, play the game with their menfolk very differently than do the twentieth-century American women who come to visit the settlement. Not long ago a Zuni man married a daughter of the Cherokees and brought her home to his people. In time he wearied of her and went to live with a Zuni woman, who bore him a child. The Cherokee woman stayed on, angry but implacable in her insistence upon her rights. Now it is a custom among the Zunis that man and wife shall divorce each other at will, and that it is not fitting to force oneself upon one's spouse. The Zuni women, therefore, were amazed at the obduracy of the Cherokee. The man did not want her, so why did she not go home to her tribe? The few white people in the settlement were outraged by the man's actions and tried to force him to take his wife back. The Zuni women for their part were actuated by no conscious sense of fair play but rather by a conception of personal dignity growing out of their own economic independence. For the Zuni culture is a matriarchy to the extent that the women inherit all the property, and merely allow their husbands to stay in their homes, although the latter contribute their labor to the household. Furthermore, if a man builds a house for his bride, it is hers for all time; and even though she may divorce him the very next month—by the simple expedient of putting his bundle of clothes on the stoop—there will be no question about her right to the house. It is apparent that these primitive people, even like their more civilized neighbors to the north, have hardly gone so far as to evolve a logical code of fair play between the sexes. But it must be admitted that the women, by virtue of their economic freedom, are much more independent of their husbands than American women are, and as a consequence are fairer to them in that they do not attempt to hold them against their wills.

Psychology, in its turn, has failed to detect any fundamental difference in the moral capacity of the male and female, just as it has failed to discover any difference in their mental capacity. Messrs. Hartshorne and Strayer, of Teachers' College at Columbia University, have recently tested the moral traits of 1,500 children in both private and public schools, grading them as to truth-telling, honesty in written examinations, and fair play in games. Their results are not yet analyzed and ready for publication, but in general they report that they have noticed no marked difference between the sexes.

John Dewey, the eminent philosopher

and psychologist, dismisses as absurd the idea that girls are born with a lower sense of honor than boys, although he points out that they fall heir to a very different social heritage in this respect. "Girls are brought up much more subjectively than boys," he explains. "From the beginning they are encouraged to have more personal interests, and as they grow older their families and society make very different demands upon them."

The Child Study Association, in the course of its research work among children extending over a period of twenty-five years, has failed to discover any fundamental difference between a boy's and a girl's sense of honor, although they have noted that in very early years a differentiation appears due to suggestion and training. For instance, a little girl is taught to love and cherish one doll or a family of dolls. The experience may absorb her imagination for a number of years, so that the doll becomes her *alter ego* for all intents and purposes. A boy's interests, on the other hand, are rapidly shifting from giants to grasshoppers to football—all purely objective experiences.

When little girls are not nursing dolls they may be playing house and mimicking their mothers by formally calling upon one another. Or if they are invited to a children's party they will come home to tell who wore the prettiest dress, and who gave the nicest parties —matters of much less consequence than a boy's pride in being able to lick a bully who attacks a little fellow. Now it is quite obvious that such activities will teach a child nothing about the principles of fair play. So, unless a little girl has a very wise mother who insists upon the scrupulous observance of other people's rights, or unless she is a tomboy who plays with the boys, she is in danger of growing up with little or no sense of sportsmanship. One hears, however, that more and more little girls are now playing the rough-and-tumble games out of doors.

Furthermore, as boys and girls mature, very different demands are made upon them at home. It is true that girls are required to give more of their time to their parents, but in return they have the assurance that they will always be supported—if their father has any means at all. It is a rare father indeed who will throw his daughter out on the world after she has graduated from finishing school or college. Unless her college education has inspired her with sufficient ambition and zest for adventure to make a career for herself, she will eventually marry some man whose duty in turn it will be to protect her. It is not surprising, therefore, that such a woman expects to be given special consideration her whole life long.

III

"But men enjoy giving women special consideration," a young lady from the South insists. It is true that the average American male likes to protect one woman or another—not only because he has some affection for her, but because he thereby gains special privileges over her. And the little courtesies which he performs for women in general gratify his sense of superiority. But he is not so pleased if the special consideration they demand seriously interferes with the pursuit of his business and pleasures. Ask any man how he feels about turning out for a woman driver who monopolizes a narrow road. Ask him what he thinks of the woman who carries on a protracted conversation over a public telephone while a line of people are waiting to use it. Ask him whether he respects a woman who drops out of a bridge or a poker game just at the moment when her earnings are the highest—or the one who loses with such an aggrieved air as to reproach her partner. And ask him, finally, whether he likes to transact business with women.

The executive of a large department store tells me that his concern has to write off a large annual loss due to the

extraordinary service which they are obliged to render to a good share of their customers. A woman will buy a child's suit that is guaranteed to wash, and six weeks later bring it back tattered and torn, complaining that she has laundered it only a few times and that it is "all faded." Numbers of women will take gowns out on approval in order to copy them. And others will purchase a fur or an evening wrap to wear on a special occasion and some days later blandly telephone the store to call for the merchandise. As everyone knows, a charge account can cover a multitude of sins. No wonder the stores which do a strictly cash business can afford to sell at considerably lower prices.

Not long ago I heard one woman say to another on a street car, "Oh, do you like this hat? Well, I don't at all. You see I bought it early in March and then didn't wear it for six weeks. When I put it on and discovered that it was too tight, I went right back to the store with it. But the saleswoman had the nerve to say that they don't return hats which have been worn. I made her call the floor-man, but he said I had kept it out too long. Considering the amount of business that I give that store, I think they were real mean not to take it back."

Another day in a store elevator I heard a woman crowing because she had been given a refund at the regular price, instead of the sale price, when she returned a pair of shoes which she had bought at a sale several days previously. In her triumph she never stopped to think that the clerk might suffer personally for his mistake, and that in any event the money hardly belonged to her.

Countless women "shop" just for the luxury of looking, when they have neither the intention nor the money to buy. They will paw over hundreds of pieces of merchandise while the clerk patiently assists them and misses the chance to make a commission on a real sale. Most of the women who thus offend have never been in business themselves, and do not stop to consider what trouble and expense they may cause the department store. Or they may figure that the concern is so much richer than they that it is rather smart to get the best of it occasionally. The same reasoning, no doubt, has led more than a few women to take advantage of their health-insurance policies, with the result that a number of the large companies have discontinued writing such policies for women.

Yet when it comes to debts, a large surety company tells me, women are generally more scrupulous than men about paying them. The explanation may be that society has definitely tabued the debtor, and the law holds him or her liable. It is rather in borderline transactions, where the client or customer can hide behind a misstatement, or can take advantage of a concern's policy of service at any cost, that women show a regrettable lack of fairness.

It is well known that in Wall Street women have the reputation of being "pikers." Very few brokers welcome their accounts, and a number refuse point-blank to take them. A broker who has had as many as fifty women clients over a period of years told me of one disillusioning experience after another.

There was a very well-to-do woman, for instance, who had been in the habit of singling him out for special favor at every social affair where they met, because he had helped her make so much money. But there came a day when she turned against him. He had invested $15,000 in a certain stock for her, and it had gone up thirty points, giving her a potential profit of $40,000. He advised her to sell without delay, but she was greedy for still larger profits and insisted on holding on. In fact she wanted to buy more, and when he refused to handle the order she placed it with another broker. Not long afterwards the stock started going down swiftly and he had to ask her for more margin. She promised to send a check day after

day, but never sent it, with the result that the broker himself advanced $2,000 and finally had to sell her out. When she saw all of her money gone by the board she criticized him bitterly, and has ever since been broadcasting aspersions on his reputation as a reliable broker.

Even more amazing was the following story of a widow who was a neighbor of this gentleman's on Long Island. At dinner one night she asked him if he wouldn't help her make some money. He refused to let her speculate, for he knew that her income was none too large; but he consented to buy some stock outright for her and, as it happened, was able to net $1,000 on the transaction in a few weeks' time. Overjoyed, she now insisted that he take the money and speculate with it. At first he flatly refused, but finally gave in when she mailed him a check. As luck would have it, he invested the money in a stock which immediately started going down. When it had gone down nine points he was forced to sell her out. She was so wrought up over her loss that the broker saw there was nothing to do but give her the $1,000 out of his own pocket. He did so, and at the same time wrote her that he preferred never to speculate for her again. She took the money without so much as a thank-you and shortly placed it with another broker, first inquiring from the first broker's wife what stock he was buying at the moment. She bought the same and came back for further advice, asking the wife to find out, as a great favor, whether her husband was going to sell or to hold that particular stock. She followed his suit, and sold. Then the next week it went up ten points, so that she would have made $1,000 more if she had not sold. As a consequence she has never forgiven either him or his wife. When she meets any of the family on the street she looks in a different direction, and furthermore she has announced to mutual friends that she considers the broker liable to suit inasmuch as "he advised her to sell at the wrong time." The truth was that she had solicited the advice at second-hand from his wife, and furthermore she had been gambling with money which he had literally given her!

The broker admits that this widow is an extreme example, but he claims that he has known a number of women who are only less unfair. They are the well-fed kind who crave more spending money and can think of no easier way to make it than by trading on the stock market. Naturally they adore a broker friend—so long as he makes money for them. And they think it's very sweet of him to hold the bag for them when they fail to put up additional margin. "It's just one of those things that a man likes to do for a woman," they say to themselves, while they blink the fact that he is actually giving them money. But if they are forced to suffer a loss themselves, big or little, they never let the broker or anyone else in the community forget it. Whereas if a man loses money he drops the subject, and rarely mentions it to his broker when he meets him at luncheon or on the golf course.

One does hear, however, of a few women who have proved excellent sports. The same broker recalls three—out of a total of fifty—but they were all self-supporting women. One was a stenographer who, when she lost $1,000, which was all of her savings, wrote him that she knew it was not his fault and that she was going to save some more for him to invest. The second was a telephone operator who likewise took her loss without turning a hair. And the third was a widow who has had to support herself for a number of years, but who is promptness itself when it comes to putting up additional margin.

In betting, too, women have shown themselves to be very poor losers. There is a statute in many states which makes gambling contracts unenforceable. It is, therefore, possible for a person who has bet and lost a large sum on a horse race to sue a bookmaker for the return

of the amount staked. Such suits have been numerous, but ninety-nine per cent of them have been brought by women. I am told this by a lawyer who not long ago had occasion to read all the cases on record in American jurisdictions. He was defending a bookmaker in a suit for $12,000, which a woman claimed should be returned to her, despite the fact that she had in the past made much more than that amount at the expense of the bookmaker.

One is tempted to infer from such stories that it is the women who have never had to earn their living by the sweat of their muscles or their brows who damage the reputation of their sex in financial transactions. There are, of course, numerous exceptions to the rule —women who have been born not only with a gold spoon in their mouths but also with a fine sense of justice; and others who have been taught by their parents to respect the other person's rights. But in the absence of such influences there would seem to be a dangerous tendency among the idle daughters and wives of the rich to say to themselves, much as spoiled children do, "To us who have should be given more."

IV

"But it is when women bump up against each other that their true feline nature comes out," proclaims man, the detractor.

Women's organizations, it must be admitted, are notorious for the squabbling that goes on within them, and for the scandals that actually defeat the aims of the group. Paid workers in philanthropic organizations are in the custom of calling their board of directors, "The Board of Lady Damagers." Many a club, too, is riddled by intrigue. A large association, for instance, was conducting an ambitious campaign and had employed a number of paid workers, including an ineffectual woman who had a little social standing but no income. Finding her job a very comfortable sinecure, she was so indiscreet as to suggest to the women working under her that they one and all relax their efforts a little so as to prolong the campaign. Two of her subordinates were so shocked that they reported the plan to the woman in command. They were rewarded with dismissal, on the ground that they had been guilty of insubordination!

Many women like to hold office as a fillip to their vanity, rather than through any genuine interest in the work of the organization itself. Then when their vanity is wounded their actions are childish, to say the least. A friend of mine not long ago attended the national convention of her particular organization, and consented to share a room at the hotel with one of the older members from her own city, a professional woman who had outdone herself to be nice to her. In the course of the first day's business my friend was elected—through no efforts of her own—to an office which the older woman coveted. The latter was so piqued that she took the next train out of town, leaving my friend high and dry with a large double room on her hands. No great harm was done, of course. But one is struck by the pettiness of such an act, coming from a professional woman, at that. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a man's choosing just that form of revenge, no matter how much he coveted the other's honors.

Yet I know of several groups of women, mostly college-trained, who function together with admirable harmony, for they maintain a professional attitude toward their task, and they have learned in college to work shoulder to shoulder with other women. Surely the women's colleges are doing this one thing at least: they are teaching women to live and play and work together with a fine *esprit de corps*.

Let it not be forgotten, moreover, that men themselves are often guilty of pettiness. It is a matter of common knowledge, for instance, that one of our greatest professions—the one which does the most talking about ethics—is

marred by strife and jealousy which seriously affect its contribution to the public. Furthermore, the tale of intrigues which were rife in the army training-camps are none too flattering to the reputation of men. But, taking it all in all, it would appear that women do more bickering in their organizations than men do, and that they get much less joy and relaxation out of their clubs.

It is well known, too, that women find it hard to get along together in business. In fact their greatest drawback in this field is their suspicious and jealous attitude toward one another. An added illustration, however, may be to the point. In one of the big corporations down-town there were two young women doing stenographic work for the vice-president, a very busy man. They were supposed to be working on a par, and one of them, a self-respecting, very intelligent girl, was content to leave it at that: she would rest on the merits of her work. But the other planned a very different campaign. First she brought her "sex appeal" into play, with a fair degree of success; then from time to time she let drop slighting remarks about the other girl's occasional tardiness, her outside telephone calls, and so on. Once she went so far as to go through the other's notebook when she was away from the office, and to report to their employer that she had found some of her notes in longhand! The other sensed what was happening, but was too proud to fight her rival with her own weapons. In the course of time the plot worked and the self-respecting girl was discharged summarily by her employer, much to the regret of the other officers of the company who knew that she was far the more capable one of the two. The clever one now rules the roost, with an assistant whom she keeps well under her thumb.

Let us match this story with one about two men in business which came to my ears only the other day. One of the men, the older, is a bully, and he is in charge of the other. He gives him practically no credit for the excellent work that he is doing even though it has been praised in other quarters. One day, emboldened by a word of commendation from the president, the younger man goes to the mat and tells the older exactly what he thinks of the treatment he has been getting. To his amazement the other agrees that he has been unreasonable, and promises to change his attitude. So they sign a peace pact, and part friends—ostensibly. Four hours later this executive goes to the president of the company, complains of the young man on a number of grounds, and succeeds in having him discharged forthwith. Here is a flagrant example of dishonorable conduct on a man's part. But I am inclined to think that the girl who scotched the other was a bit more of a cad. War had been declared openly between the two men, and the younger one must have known that he was risking his job when he took issue with the other, while the girl used her power to oust her co-worker before the other had even taken up arms.

It is said, too, that women are not loyal to one another in the domain of friendship. But is not this because so few of them have learned the meaning and the possibilities of friendship? For many centuries woman's attention was centered first on the man-hunt, and then on the home, with the result that her association with other members of her sex was a secondary experience that did not enter into the warp and woof of her life. Even to-day the average married woman who is able to afford any social life at all is seldom conscious enough of her own interests, or sufficiently immune to the conventional dictates of community life, to choose her friends when and as she pleases. Instead, she aspires to membership in a certain group on account of the prestige that attaches to it; or she willy-nilly accepts the wives of her husband's business associates. In either case her social contacts can be neither very sincere nor very spontaneous. She is not likely to have any

genuine affection for the women with whom she plays bridge, or those whom she entertains at dinner along with their husbands—to a chorus of "my dears" and effusive though empty protestations of friendship. Husbands who insist upon mixing business with social life are often to blame for this state of affairs. I have a friend, the wife of a banker, who is one of the most forthright, charmingly frank people whom I know. Yet she frequently entertains a woman whom she positively despises as a "snake in the grass." "But *why* do you bother with her?" I demand. "For the simple reason that her husband is in a position to do a great deal for my husband," she answers. What travesties are committed in the name of friendship!

Another friend of mine had an opportunity recently to test the sincerity of her women friends when she went through a very harrowing experience. With a worthless husband who had to be divorced, two small children, and a diminished income, she was faced with as difficult a problem as anyone could imagine. When she came to close up her affairs and sell her property in a California city she found that the outstanding men of the community were anxious to give her the benefit of their advice and help. She accepted their kindness for her children's sake as well as her own. Imagine, then, her indignation when one of the women of the town, who professed to be her friend, took pains to warn her that she ought to be a little careful because the wives of these men might object! Far from being a "man's woman," she has a deep capacity for friendship with other women; yet out of all her acquaintances in the town there were only three women who proved staunch friends in the crisis, as compared with nearly a dozen men who came to her aid.

"But whoever heard of any woman's being loyal to another when it came to a show-down?" It was an Englishman who was asking the question, a man who has gone up and down the ways of the world and known many of the men and women in it. He swears that he has never found a woman—no matter how fine her mettle or her breeding—who has played fair with a friend when there was a man in the case. As an example he told of Lady K., who undermined a man's affections for an absent and sick fiancée (who was also her friend) by retailing false stories about her. Lady K. had a husband herself and only wanted the young man for a plaything. It is an old, old story, one which has been enacted time and again and will be re-enacted many more times by the woman who is so uncivilized that she will stop at nothing to win and to hold the man she wants.

It is probably true that men are a little fairer with one another when they are competing for the favor of a woman. A man who has been brought up in the gentlemanly tradition may even lay his cards on the table and play the whole game aboveboard, never once taking an unfair advantage of his rival. Men may have been able to establish such a tradition, for the reason that women have never been the chief end in their lives. It makes small difference whether the knight loses or wins the beautiful lady of his heart's desire; he will ride off again to his business or his wars.

Women, on the other hand, have felt through the ages that their security, their whole life's happiness, depended on their winning and keeping some one man. And it is to be feared that our sex as a whole has not yet passed that stage of incomplete development.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a wife will take desperate measures to hold her husband. Yet I have known a few women who refused to strike back. I am reminded of a high-strung, nervous type of woman who might have been expected to turn on her rival when she found that her husband was slipping from her. But as a matter of fact she swallowed her jealousy and scrupulously refrained from blaming the other woman, because she was clear-eyed enough to

see that the attraction between the two was a very natural thing. She even gave him his choice between the two of them, for she was too proud to hold him against his will—illustrating that pride or self-respect lies at the root of any woman's sense of fair play.

But what of the woman who allows another woman's husband to fall in love with her? Has she violated the rules of fair play? I should say that she has, if she has used all of her feminine wiles to attract him and make him dissatisfied with his wife. But if she has good reason to believe that his affection for the former is dead, or that he is not getting all that his nature craves in the way of companionship and love, then she may feel justified in continuing the relationship, provided that she owes no fealty of friendship to the wife.

Let our gentleman critics observe, then, that there is a type of woman emerging who lives by her reason—and her honor—rather than by her primitive instincts. To this type of woman, friendship with her own kind is a very vital thing, for it gives a strong, steady current to her life which offsets the whirling eddies of emotion stirred up by the opposite sex. Furthermore, such a woman knows that her friends would, if necessary, do a great deal to help her, out of the wealth of their experience, just as she would do a great deal to help them, no matter whether the problem involved a man or a job. In this connection a visiting Frenchwoman paid a very pretty compliment to the American women whom she had met when she said, "*You* are friends with each other, while we would not trust one another for a minute."

V

Finally, men complain loudly and bitterly that they can never trust women to play fair with them. And herein, one is tempted to think, lies the reason for most men's aspersions on women's sense of honor. But let them remember that they have only their own sex to blame. Surely it was not to be expected that a social system which circumscribed women's lives and gave men proprietary rights over them would inculcate in women any deep sense of honor toward men. For the latter through the ages have exercised these rights to the full, and have taken every advantage of women that society, having made laws for its own preservation, would allow them to take. What have they done, in fact, to encourage fair play between the sexes?

It might be answered that American men have done a good deal, for they have on the whole been very generous to their womenfolk, although they have not been particularly logical in their attitude toward them, and the broader-minded ones among them have helped women emancipate themselves.

In any event we must recognize that here in America there has come a remarkable change in the status of women—a change which challenges every self-respecting woman to cast aside the old men-and-women concepts and go about creating a standard of fair play which will be as new to men as it will to women.

Consider the change. Within the span of one generation women have been admitted to the business and professional world where they can at least earn a livelihood; they have been granted the benefits of education; and lastly, they have been relieved of their full share of responsibility in producing for the home. Our grandmothers made the family's clothes, kneaded the bread, churned the butter, spun the wool. How different the life of the city-dwelling housewife of to-day, especially that of the woman who has no children or who has plenty of servants to take care of the few she has. A drone among drones, she whiles away her time shopping for clothes and playing bridge, and woe be unto her husband if he cannot provide her and her daughters with as elegant clothes as the other women of their set wear.

The heroine of Somerset Maugham's play, "The Constant Wife"—a part

beautifully interpreted by Ethel Barrymore—is such a parasite, but is honest enough to admit it. She argues very frankly as follows: "Just because my husband fell in love with me some years ago and was obliged to marry me in order to satisfy that love, is that any reason why he should be expected to support me forever?" She argues further that, even in the face of her husband's patent infidelity, it is only fair for her to remain faithful to him so long as she continues to eat his bread and honey. It was illuminating to listen to the comments of the women of the audience as they filed out of the theater. One was heard to explode, "Why, they should not allow a play like this to be produced: it will put bad ideas into men's heads." While another woman, in my own party, turned to her husband and remarked, "You know, Bob, it is all appallingly true, and yet to be perfectly frank with you, I don't want to be anything but a parasite!" He patted her arm and murmured that he didn't want her to be "modern" and that he liked her just the way she was. But I happened to know that this woman was not exactly an old-fashioned wife. She likes her dates *intime* with other men—the cocktail parties and tea-dances at which Mrs. Grundy no longer raises her eyebrows. And she likes the immunity from responsibility for her children which her husband's income makes possible.

The members of our sex who enjoy all the prerogatives of the emancipated woman—and none of the responsibilities—are not truly modern: they are merely opportunists. There are women, for instance, who will go out and get a job because they are bored or because they want more clothes, but who will keep all of their earnings for themselves while their husbands continue to support the household. I heard of one young woman who got a job and banked her earnings while her husband applauded her as "a square-shooting kid." But he changed his mind when she sued him for divorce, keeping her savings and asking for plenty of alimony in addition.

The woman who rants about being "modern" is often more unfair than the conventional wife. Like Dickens' Mrs. Jellaby, she races from one meeting to another, where she agitates for "women's rights," or she busies herself being "creative" while her house remains in disorder and her children ill cared for. It would seem never to have occurred to her that if her husband supports her she can do no less than maintain a home in some degree of comfort and order, and train her children in the way they should go, if she is capable of doing so.

Another ultra type manifests her modernity by going in for "free love," which usually means that she—but no one else—shall be free to do exactly as she pleases. A woman of my acquaintance who inhabits Greenwich Village, some time ago explained to her husband that he did not satisfy her sexually, and that she needed a lover to boot. Being a very liberal man, he consented to her plan. But he now discovers that he is allowed no such privilege in return; in fact if he becomes even mildly interested in another woman his wife makes life very disagreeable for him. The reader may be tempted to call him a poor nincompoop; but what choice has he, if he is a peace-loving individual who cares for his children and is loath to break up his home?

When the unmarried woman goes in for "free love" she often turns out to be as possessive as the original cavewoman, for her affections are liable to become more deeply involved than those of the man. An educator who lectures on ethics to groups of college students tells me that he has had a number of young women come to him and beg him to persuade their straying lovers to do the "moral" thing and marry them. The educator admits that these girls have not as strong characters as they should have, but he is inclined to condone their actions on the ground that they have come out of the experience different

women from what they were when they went into it, and that they therefore have not the power to keep the bargains which they originally made.

In a similar fashion John Erskine would seem to condone—or at least not to regret—the actions of Elaine the first, depicted in his recent novel *Galahad*. The reader will remember that Elaine falls in love with the fascinating Launcelot, and—in the newest manner—commandeers him for one night, vowing that she will never again ask aught of him, for he has told her frankly that all of his affections are engaged by Guinevere. When the inevitable happens—as it invariably does in the best fiction as well as in the movies—Elaine faces the world with the child in her arms and exhibits admirable *esprit* and courage. Splendid—if she had stopped there. But no, she finds life so insupportable without Launcelot that she follows him to court and tearfully beseeches him to come home to her and her child. So, instead of the fearless young woman who thought she could shape her own life, she turns out to be the immemorial female. A sympathetic male will argue that she was in the grip of her passions and that she had not the free will to act otherwise; also that men themselves have never been honorable in the game of love. True enough, but is that any reason why a high type of woman—as Erskine represents her to be—should not place honor and self-respect above her own desires?

For those legions of women who want to have and to hold a man—whether he will or no—marriage is a highly desirable state, since our domestic relations laws have not changed from the days when women were helpless outside of the home and therefore needed every protection which society could give them. To-day it is not a question of whether men would take a similar advantage of women if they found themselves in a position to do so. It is a question of whether women are going to seize upon the opportunity which the century offers them to win dignity and self-respect for themselves, and to establish for the first time in the world's history a basis for fair play between the sexes.

As we have seen, there is no congenital difference between men's and women's ethical sense. Honor, furthermore, is a relative thing which depends almost entirely upon the dictates of the racial and social group. Diogenes, no doubt, would have as weary a search to-day for the completely honest man—or woman—as he did twenty centuries ago. But it would appear that social and economic forces working through the ages have dowered men with a code of fair play which, imperfect as it is, is superior to the standards of women, whose lives have been more circumscribed. But the fact that there are a few women, comparatively speaking, who have consciously evolved a standard of fair play for themselves, and the fact that numbers of women have made fine records in amateur and professional sports, would prove that the female of the species is perfectly capable of fair play. It is to be hoped, therefore, that in the course of time women's wider activities in the business world, their increased participation in sports, and their college training will breed in the sex as a whole a true sense of fair play. But that will hardly come to pass so long as society in general, and husbands in particular, continue to condone their lack of sportsmanship in the various walks of life.

PUTTING BUSINESS BEFORE LIFE

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

THE National Bank of Commerce in New York has recently published a booklet in which the Bank's clients are warned against a new enterprise that is being advertised by a "well-known concern." The enterprise is intended as an aid to salesmanship. For a reasonable fee the promoters offer to place manufacturing corporations and others in touch with a hitherto neglected class. The advertisement to which the Bank refers is as follows:

OLD MONEY IN NEW HANDS A SERVICE

Here's a service that will interest you,—that is to say, if you are seeking prospects comprising individuals who have been left cash in amounts from $25,000 to millions of dollars.

Through this service we give you daily reports of beneficiaries of Wills for Manhattan and the four other boroughs. We give you full names, addresses, and amounts received.

The writer of the National Bank of Commerce booklet satirizes the advertised service as evidencing a "unique spirit of enterprise," and comments on the modern American tendency to accept anything as legitimate in business that produces gainful results. He intimates, in effect, that salesmanship has overstepped the bounds of propriety, and that there is a tendency in certain quarters to claim for business the right of way over life.

Are these legitimate charges? Does modern American business tend to reduce the citizen to the status of a "prospect"? There have always been certain individuals who push their commercial activities beyond the bounds of taste and who think of people only as consumers. There may be more such individuals now than there used to be. Yet the important question raised by the National Bank of Commerce booklet is this: How far have those who believe in the theory that business has the right of way over life been able to enforce their standards upon the general public?

A fair test of the progress of any movement is the openness with which its sponsors express their ideas; and it must be admitted that an examination of the business press of the country shows a surprising number of journals which editorially advocate the most arbitrary methods of salesmanship. From a multiplicity of examples I will present the following: The publication, *Selling News*, offers weekly cash prizes for winning sales ideas, and recently an award was made to Mr. J. L. Crenshaw for this fact-story:

I started out on Saturday morning with three appointments with the Torrington Electric Cleaner. The first place I went, there was no one home; the next, a lady was sick; the third one postponed the appointment until the following Monday.

I was determined I was going to demonstrate that cleaner before I gave up. Turning the corner after the last disappointment, I saw a lady shaking a rug out of a second story window. The door leading to her upstairs rooms was open. I went right in and up those stairs without knocking, greeting the lady with the remark, "Well I am here right on time. What room do you wish me to start in?"

She was very much surprised, assuring me that I had the wrong number. But during

my very courteous apologies, I had managed to get my cleaner connected and in action.

The result was that I walked out minus the cleaner, plus her contract and a check for a substantial down payment.

So a day starting with nothing but disappointments ended a perfect day by not giving up to those disappointments.

Certainly one wishes Mr. Crenshaw well in his career as a never-say-die salesman, and trusts he will enjoy the money he earned on his sale of a Torrington Electric Cleaner, as well as the prize money offered by *Selling News*, the journal for Salesmen Who Want to Grow. Yet interesting as is the actual sales exploit, one's imagination is inevitably more intrigued by the personality of Mr. Crenshaw himself. Did he dart up the stairway blithely, light-heartedly, or did he have to force himself to a distasteful task from a sense of duty toward his employers? Just what were Mr. Crenshaw's mental reactions when the lady assured him that he had the wrong number, and how did he word his very courteous apologies while he was getting his cleaner connected and in action?

Of one thing we may be sure. Mr. Crenshaw believes business has the right of way over life. But whether Mr. Crenshaw was born to this belief, or merely came to it through a period of intensive study and training, is a matter for further investigation.

Much as one would wish to give Mr. Crenshaw full credit for originality of thought and action, there is strong evidence to the contrary. It is quite possible that his beliefs merely reflect the opinions of men in more authoritative positions. We know, for example, that the editors of *Selling News* believe business has the right of way over life. Otherwise they would not have awarded Mr. Crenshaw a cash prize for his salesmanship exploit. Similar ideas are expressed in many articles appearing in other business journals. Perhaps a glance at some of these editorial utterances may give us a more clear appraisal of Mr. Crenshaw's mental background.

II

Some editors recommend fear as a stimulus to salesmanship. In a business journal of national circulation there appears an article entitled, "Make Your Salesmen Worry a Bit," with the subtitle, "It Will Keep Them on Their Toes."

The text of the article is based upon an interview with the very successful district manager of a "sales organization . . . covering the entire country," and on the subject of inspirational salesmanship the district manager is made to say:

> The man who goes to work for me does so with his eyes open. I tell each of them very frankly in the beginning: "I am going to assign these three or four counties to you, and I *hope* you will produce enough business out of it so that I won't even have to think about sending anybody else in to help you out. But I warn you right now that whenever you begin to fall down on the job, I am going to come in myself or send one of the other men in to get the business which we must get out of that territory—and I notify you now that you won't get a cent of commission out of this particular business, no matter how many calls you may have made on these prospects without closing them."
>
> Another of my stunts is to twit one man about the good work of another until he is almost sore enough to be ready to fight. . . . A few weeks ago I decided that one of my salesmen had spent quite enough time on a group of large prospects in his territory so I laid my plan to bring him into action. One of the stenographers in the office writes a hand very much like that of another salesman who is this man's pet aversion. So I had this girl write these six names of prospects on a card and opposite each name she put a date two or three weeks in advance. Then we placed the card in the pigeonhole assigned to his enemy where the salesman couldn't help but see it.
>
> I was watching him out of the corner of my eye when he visited my office that day and examined the memorandum card in the other man's box. His face turned white as his mind grasped the purport of the memorandum. Then his jaw set and he was strangely silent during the rest of his visit. But in less than a week he sent me signed orders from five of these delayed prospects.

One hopes that Mr. Crenshaw's prize-winning exploit of salesmanship was inspired by no similar fear-inspiring intrigue on the part of *his* salesmanager. Fear is a weapon to be used only toward slaves; and Mr. Crenshaw is, one feels sure, a one hundred per cent free American citizen. Yet there are weapons other than fear that may inspire to super-salesmanship. No free man, for example, will willingly lay himself open to ridicule; and perhaps it was in desperate defense of his natural dignity that Mr. Crenshaw invaded the home of an unoffending householder and attached his electric cleaner. One reads in another journal of country-wide circulation how the management of a prominent corporation recently stimulated the members of its sales force by cleverly planned ridicule.

There was a banquet, to which thirty of the corporation's salesmen were bidden. At one end of the banquet hall hung a chart showing their names and salesmanship records, and

at the other end was a small table for the officers of the company. Then, stretching away was the table with thirty places.

Place cards corresponded to the names on the chart. The best men sat up next to the officers and the poorest was at the foot.

Then the meal was served.

The man who ranked Number One was served with oysters, roast turkey, and a most elaborate ice. He had a special waiter placed behind his chair.

Salesman Number Two had no oysters. Number Three had soup and roast beef and ice cream.

And so it went on. Farther down the table there were plates of vegetable and beef stew, bowls of chili con carne. The man at the far end had a small plate of boiled beans and a couple of crackers, with only water to drink.

It was an inexpensive contest, but nevertheless full of real meaning. . . . Toward the conclusion of the meal the four men at the lower end of the table put in a request that the contest be renewed for a month so that they might have a chance to work their way up the table and be able to gloat over some other poor chaps eating boiled beans and drinking water.

One begins to suspect that Mr. Crenshaw's peculiar technic of salesmanship was not entirely God-given; that he possessed originally a mere germ of talent for go-getting, and that this has been nurtured and brought to full flower by astute executives of corporations by which he has been employed. When Mr. Crenshaw saw the providentially open door leading to the upstairs apartment it is likely he had no thought of self, but acted upon impulses that reflected the teachings of a long line of salesmanagers, and the earnest study of journals devoted to the interests of Salesmen Who Want to Grow.

III

One thing we do know, definitely. High-powered salesmanship is a modern product and the theory that life exists for the benefit of business has come into being since the turn of the century. In my own business experience I recall a remark made by one of my employers during the Mauve Decade which now seems vastly significant. It was in the city of Greenville, South Carolina, where I chanced to have employment as third assistant salesperson with the firm of Snider and Greer, leading merchants of watches, jewelry, and chinaware. In itself the incident was trifling.

As a matter of custom one of our great Main Street show windows was always decorated with a display of china soup tureens, teapots, silver-plated tilting ice pitchers, castors, and other popular items of the period; but also, according to custom, this display was seldom changed, and in the course of time the beauty of the various items became marred by accumulated dust and sometimes, I must confess, by fine-spun cobwebs. On the occasion of which I speak our display had reached a state where action was deemed necessary; and another young employee and myself offered to return to the store of an evening to effect a change.

Captain Greer, a fine and courteous

gentleman, touched by our willingness, volunteered to keep us company. The armchair that he frequently occupied during business hours, tilted against the store front, was brought inside, and from this temporary throne he lent moral support to our activities. At length the soup tureens and tilting ice pitchers had been removed from the window, cleaned of dust and set upon a table to be distributed upon the store shelving. The question arose as to a new window display. We asked Captain Greer as to his wishes.

Then came his observation, so redolent of a civilization which the events of thirty years have all but driven out of America. He looked about the establishment in a harassed manner, endeavoring to decide the question. Finally his glance fell on the impedimenta we had taken out of the window and placed upon the table for redistribution in stock.

"You might as well put those things back again like they were," he said genially. "No one pays attention to what's in store windows. If people want to buy anything they come in here anyhow, and it isn't good taste to try and make them buy what they don't want."

Let us pass graciously over the unworthy thought that Captain Greer's orders may have been dictated by disinclination for energetic action rather than by sheer ethical bias. The significant fact is that his attitude reflected the prevailing spirit of the times. It *was* considered bad taste in Greenville, South Carolina, and all the other Greenvilles of America, to coerce people into buying one's merchandise. The Mauve Decade was, indeed, no period for high-powered salesmanship. One hesitates to imagine what might have happened to the ambitious vendor who darted up a private stairway of Greenville to demonstrate his electric cleaner. Even though he survived an angry citizenry, it is certain that no Magazine of Salesmanship would have awarded him a cash prize for his exploit. One hesitates still more to imagine the fate of any corporation organized to sell names and addresses of Greenville widows and orphans who had been left cash in amounts from $25,000 upward.

Decidedly, life took precedence over business in Greenville; yet on the whole both life and business went forward prosperously and pleasantly. We boasted a population of ten thousand souls, but there was no Chamber of Commerce; and the Luncheon Club idea was still fifteen years in the future, with its well-worked-out theory of Salesmanship and Service. No journal of business described the methods of corporation executives who inspired their traveling salesmen to superhuman effort through fear or shame. The drummers for New York or Baltimore wholesale houses who came to Greenville did not have to make a "quota." They put up at the Mansion House, called in a friendly way upon their merchant customers, and accepted with polite thanks any orders that were given them. I assume this sort of salesmanship to have been profitable to their houses, for the same drummers came year after year. In the stores along Main Street retail matters were conducted in similar fashion. In the Snider and Greer emporium there were no rules save the unwritten one that each person who entered was to be treated as a valued guest. If any of us had been detected in trying to sell a client something he did not wish, I imagine we would have been discharged; though as such a thing never happened it is impossible to aver this with authority.

Greenville in those days had, I regret to state, something of a reputation as a "bad" town. It was the rendezvous and play-city for the adventurous spirits of a number of factory villages and a wide stretch of mountain country, and during my year of residence we averaged almost one shooting scrape per week. Yet I think none of these shootings occurred over a matter of business. The nearest approach to commercial crime occurred

in a gambling house one Saturday night when two gentlemen engaged in a game of California Jack. The score reached five points each, and on the next hand each gentleman made two points and each claimed the pot. It became then a question as to whether *high-game* or *low-jack* carried greater authority. In the ensuing argument the gentleman who had won *high-game* shot and unfortunately killed his opponent. He was later exonerated by a jury of twelve men, good and true, who doubtless believed *high-game* really to have been the winning hand and the homicide, therefore, justified.

Although this affray bordered on the commercial, all the other shootings that I recall were absolutely free from any taint of venality. A man drew his pistol over affairs of the heart, over family feuds, or sometimes merely to prove himself a devil of a fellow. Life and business were two distinct matters, and life came first.

But, surprisingly, business did not suffer under such conditions. It was, in fact, quite the reverse. The drummers who came from New York and Baltimore wholesale houses were ordinarily genial fellows, chosen for ability to hold friendships rather than for cleverness in persuading prospects to sign on the dotted line. One would have a strong imagination indeed to conceive of one of the drummers of the nineties cringing under the threats of his salesmanager or shamefacedly eating beans at the end table on the occasion of a corporation banquet. Yet the absence of high-powered salesmanship had its advantages. As every business man knows, more commercial failures occur through overbuying than any other single reason. Because there was so little salesmanship pressure, merchants seldom overbought. Wholesale houses rarely lost money through bankruptcies of their retailer-customers.

There was even a sort of left-handed business acumen in Captain Greer's theory that people must not be tempted into buying through too-attractive displays in shop windows. We did not excite the public to enter our store, and so there were scarcely any "lookers." Practically every person who came into the store was a purchaser if we had in stock what he wished. For that reason Snider and Greer required a smaller sales force to vend a certain volume of merchandise than would be the case to-day when two people out of three who enter stores do not buy. Another economy lay in the fact that there was practically no law-breaking for the sake of money. Is it an exaggeration to suggest that this happy state of affairs obtained in Greenville because there was little salesmanship pressure and people therefore did not crave the possession of goods to the extent that they would commit crimes to get goods? Perhaps this is too much to say; yet it is a fact that in the slow-selling nineties no Greenville merchant had to go to the expense of insuring his merchandise or his pay roll against theft or hold-up.

IV

The foregoing fairly represents the country's composite Main Street of thirty years ago. How does it come that American life has so changed in so short a time? There has been no such radical change in Europe. If our Mr. Crenshaw were an English salesman, or a French salesman, he would no more think of darting up a strange stairway to demonstrate his electric cleaner than his father would have thought of adopting such a course in Greenville, South Carolina, in the eighteen-nineties. It is, indeed, our recent tendency to confer abnormal rights upon business to which European writers and statesmen allude when they speak of "the menace of Americanization."

Let us see if there may be some peculiarity of American tradition or character by which high-powered salesmanship has developed here, but has not developed in other countries. There is one particular tradition in which we differ

from Europeans. In Europe it has long been recognized that everyone cannot have a fortune, and people adjust their lives accordingly. Our popular viewpoint is precisely opposite. We speak of America as the Land of Opportunity. We believe every American can be rich, has a right to be rich. Some years ago an editorial appeared in the Hearst newspapers, written by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, containing the statement that there were at the time fifteen million automobiles in the United States. "But this is not enough," Mr. Brisbane went on to say. "There will not be enough automobiles in the United States until every American family has its own car in its own garage."

I have no idea that Mr. Brisbane himself believed this statement except in an ideal sense. Yet the editorial not only served the cause of high-powered salesmanship, but doubtless enhanced the value of the Hearst newspapers as advertising media. It gave a sense of security, of optimism, to thousands of readers who were consequently turned into more liberal spenders than they would have been otherwise. Its high moral tone subtly conveyed the impression that ownership of a car and a garage was a patriotic duty. In the minds of those who took the editorial seriously salesmanship became linked with love of country.

It is interesting to note how frequently, of late years, business and morality are linked together. In his message to the Eucharistic Congress held last year in Chicago, the Chief Executive of the United States wrote:

> Our country has long been under the imputation of putting too much emphasis on material things. Perhaps we have been the subject of that kind of criticism not so much because we are really more interested in material prosperity than others but because in that direction we have been more successful than others. . . .
>
> If America is advancing economically . . . it is because of the deep religious convictions of its people.

Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, states in a recent magazine article:

> I am more and more convinced that business is one of humanity's most promising instruments for its emancipation; that business . . . is to-day writing a new Magna Charta for the race.

Perhaps it begins to be clear why pure salesmanship has attained greater authority in the United States than in Europe. Europeans have learned from long experience that mere ownership of goods has little to do with morality or the reverse. But in America, so recently emerged from hard pioneer conditions, it has been comparatively easy to confound goods with morality. When to this is added the natural predisposition of a sympathetic and intensely patriotic citizenry, it may readily be conceived that many people will be willing to sacrifice something of independence in order that business may be unhampered in its good work.

High-powered selling in America has had another ally in the great capacity of the people for human sympathy. Americans *are* sympathetic. A story of hard luck here wins instant sympathy and relief. This is a heritage of pioneer days when men had to be mutually helpful to live. Because of possibly quicker sympathies than Europeans we have allowed salesmanship greater privileges. Even though salesmanship verges upon the impertinent, we see in the salesman a human being who is trying to get on in the world, and we overlook his forwardness.

Let us visualize again, this time from a psychological standpoint, the situation wherein Mr. Crenshaw suddenly appeared in a strange lady's apartment and proceeded to demonstrate his electric cleaner. The lady's first impulse was, doubtless, to order Mr. Crenshaw out. Had she been an English lady or a French lady, she would certainly have done so, and reported him to the police besides. But being American, the sym-

pathetic thought at once crossed her mind that here was a fellow human being wistfully eager to get on in the world, and as an American entitled to his chance at happiness. It did not occur to her, as it would have to one of her European sisters, that Mr. Crenshaw might have chosen the trade of street-cleaner or hod-carrier and still be a reasonably happy man. Moreover in the back of her mind was the conviction, planted by the splendid sayings of eminent men, that no patriotic or religious person should stand in the way of business. It was the lady's psychological background, one thinks, as much as Mr. Crenshaw's salesmanship skill, that won him his substantial down payment and his later reward at the hands of *Selling News*, the journal for Salesmen Who Want to Grow.

We have wondered what sales arguments Mr. Crenshaw may have employed while attaching his electric cleaner. As an earnest salesman he doubtless studies the columns of the trade press for constructive suggestions in salesmanship. Did Mr. Crenshaw's shrewd glance detect a hint of egotism in the lady's bearing? If so, his course was clear. Recently a leading corporation, the National Lead Company, has conducted a series of advertisements in popular American trade journals that give explicit instructions as to the handling of egotistic prospects. Although the National Lead Company's counsel is primarily for salesmen of paints, yet Mr. Crenshaw could easily apply its principles to the sale of electric cleaners:

> Flatter him on his standing in the community. Tell him that a man in his position cannot afford to neglect the appearance of his house. Take the stand that his neighbors look to him to have a well-painted, attractive home. It is surprising how effective such a line of attack can be.

But what if Mr. Crenshaw, upon entering the lady's apartment, realized that she was not the person to be impressed by appeals to vanity? No matter. He has learned from influential journals that the church is also an effective ally to salesmanship. Perhaps while attaching his electric cleaner Mr. Crenshaw spoke of religious matters. The idea is explained in detail by Mr. Hugo A. Hahn in a recent issue of the *Farm Journal Merchants Supplement:*

> One of the most negligent things the business man does is not attending church on Sunday. . . . The church is the common meeting ground of all mankind. It is the greatest institution of the community. . . . Suppose that next Saturday you say to Farmer Brown when he comes in, "John, bring the family in to-morrow; come in about 10:30 A.M. We'll all go to church, and after church the Missis wants you and the family over to dinner." . . . Now what would that mean to your business? It would create the closest feeling between you and the farmer. With this you will gain a confidence which will be so strong that it cannot be shaken. You will find that your churches will thrive and throw out the radiant light over the entire community.
>
> Along comes a man from a neighboring state to buy a farm-home. The real-estate dealer gets hold of him and starts to work, and what does he say to him? "We have the best little town on earth, four live churches." Will he buy? Of course he will, and won't even mind paying a few extra dollars for the land.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Crenshaw is a strictly one-price salesman and that he did not add a few extra dollars to the price of his electric cleaner in case he employed the methods recommended by the *Farm Journal Merchants Supplement.* But it may be that Mr. Crenshaw appealed neither to the lady's *amour propre* nor to her spiritual nature in putting over his sale. He may have resorted to physical violence. Extreme as this may appear, physical violence is considered a legitimate sales approach in certain quarters. Under the title, "How to Make a Dent in the Consumer," the editor of *Printer's Ink* recently lampooned this modern invention of high-powered business. The editor had

> recently read the report of a speech of the advertising manager of one of the oldest

wholesale drug companies. This man said that his company had been offering to the trade a small table, with a railing around its top, to be used to display "specials," at a point where it will be directly in the path of customers, whose attention will be attracted to the articles upon it when they fall over it, bump into it, knick their shins on it, or otherwise come in contact with it. . . . Impractical as it may seem, the advertising manager declared that these tables were in heavy demand and had been added to the catalogs of other wholesale druggists.

After all, Mr. Crenshaw's exploit does not seem so wonderful when one comes to know all the efforts that are constantly being made to establish the dictatorship of business. The wonder is that the Magazine of Salesmanship considered it of enough importance to have awarded Mr. Crenshaw a cash prize.

V

Life was, it must be admitted, a bit more dignified in the days when salesmanship was less glorified. The impression will not down that the selling of merchandise is accomplished at too high a cost when it is necessary to frighten or shame employees, to enlist the aid of the church, or to employ the stimulus of flattery on a country-wide scale. Let us see if these things are good business.

During the preparation of this article I interviewed a leading executive of one of the most powerful banking institutions in New York City and in the course of conversation asked: "Do you, in scanning a corporation's statement with view of making a loan, take into account the corporation's methods of securing business? If the corporation, for example, has attained its position through what is termed high-powered selling, would that influence your decision in extending credit?"

I am permitted to quote the banker's reply verbatim:

We go further than merely withholding credit. I might mention the name of a very prominent corporation from which this bank has recently declined to accept an account. Yet the corporation's financial position is at present absolutely sound. Its debts are not too much for its capital. Its volume of sales has shown an increase from year to year. It is paying substantial dividends.

But here is the fly in the ointment: The corporation has built its business on extreme high-pressure salesmanship. Each year it has decreed a certain volume of sales far in advance of the previous year and compelled its dealers to dispose of its excess product under every sort of condition. It has forced its salesmen to make public nuisances of themselves. I think I am not unduly critical when I say the corporation has lowered the tone of American life.

Some day the corporation will pay for these things. Already it has a healthy competitor that is doing business along lines of reasonable conservatism and making fair progress. The older corporation is in no position to meet competition. It has no organization worthy of the name. Secretly, the people who have done its high-powered work resent the things they have been compelled to do. If events ever begin to turn against it, the corporation's decline will be sensational.

These are the reasons why this bank declined the corporation's proffered account. If we accept its business now when it is prosperous we can hardly refuse to come to its aid in case of adversity. We have thought best to stay out of the corporation's affairs altogether.

Admittedly, supersalesmanship makes for a shabby sort of civilization. In the last analysis, moreover, it is not even good for business. Perhaps my old friend Captain John Greer of Greenville spoke more wisely than he knew when he averred that it was poor policy to sell people what they did not want to buy.

SIX EASY PIECES

A STORY

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

THE violin lesson scraped along:

Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle—squeak;
Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle—*squawk!*

In his study adjoining the living room Andrew pretended to labor at his unsubstantial task of authorship—a task of spinning straw into gold, or thistledown into silver—since, as he reflected, the material was of the lightest and the product, at best, none too valuable.

Ethel, he was aware, was playing out of a thin, red book entitled *Six Easy Pieces*. These compositions began deliberately on *do* and, after a few modest ventures up and down the scale, duly arrived at *do* again.

They were like the futile little excursions his mind was making. One began thinking with a certain mild expectation of getting somewhere, and then one said, "What is the use?" and returned to one's previous state of mind. What was the good of thinking the same old thoughts about a wife who miraculously embodied one's ideal, who had intelligence enough to know what was expected of her, and yet perversely wouldn't play the part? Of what use to go on thinking about a daughter who was quite capable of uniting in herself the subtle excellencies of a seraph and a "chum," and preferred to be a flapper?

That was Elizabeth; Ethel didn't count. Of course, she ought to count! "Very nice," he thought, "if I could be the sort of amiable dotard who consoles himself for his disappointment in every other member of his family by idolizing his youngest child! But . . ." The bare, unlovely truth presented itself to his mind: he did not like Ethel. He could not even feel sorry for her, except in the impersonal, theoretic way in which one pities children who are spoiled. Her mother made it impossible for anyone to feel sorry for Ethel.

Easy enough to blame it all upon the "younger generation" or upon the degeneracy of the times! His mind revolted at such banality. In order to save one's mind alive one had to be, in these days, tolerant, or—curse the phrase!—"broad-minded."

Elizabeth would come home when it suited her—not sooner, and she would not tell him where she had been or promise not to do it again. The stage of promising not to do it again had passed with her along with the stage of being interested in fairy tales. What a beautiful phase that had been! There was nothing sweeter than Elizabeth's interest in fairy tales when she was little. And how inexhaustibly inventive a story-teller he had been! Then, as she grew older, his creativeness had inexplicably waned—merely, it seemed, because she was older. It was really he who, through some mysterious compulsion, had broken the elfin spell.

No use in thinking about old times—not so very old, either, but irrecoverable. Better present worry than old regret, even if one had worry in its acute, pernicious form, as Andrew incurably had it. On the contrary, any sort of senti-

ment was human and wholesome as compared with this insanity of worry. Or was it? Launcelot Gobbo's alternatives, exactly! Either way, the fiend awaited him.

The violin lesson wheezed along:

"All ready, now: *one and two, one and two. . . .*"

"Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle," said the violin—and then, as usual, "*squeak!*"

Stories were impossible under the circumstances—at least, the delicate, polished, faintly optimistic affairs that were Andrew's characteristic product. Stories written now would have the see-saw rhythm of a violin exercise and the feeling-tone of a soul that suffers without dignity.

Suppose that just for once, instead of poetizing life with his wonted delicacy, he should write about what really interested him. That seemed simple and sensible, as commonplace advice usually does. In point of fact, however, it would be easier, he perceived, to tell what did not interest him than to particularize his enthusiasms.

"Adventure? No, no; I haven't the faintest taste for it—never had. The younger generation? Emphatically not! Marriage? No, for obvious reasons. Ironic view of life? A silly, superficial, too easy pose. The simple life? Hell! Daughters? Oh, dear! Can it be that artificiality offers the only escape from the too personal?"

Well, genius was said to ooze up from the subconscious, and this present bank and shoal of time gave as favorable an opportunity as any other for testing the theory. Foolish, of course, but it is a literary instinct to try to make use even of one's own foolishness. Why not write whatever came to him, in whatever style Providence, Ethel's fiddle, and his own aching nerves permitted? He drew a sheet of paper toward him and scrawled at the top of it, "Six Easy Pieces."

Once there was a man (his pencil moved almost automatically across the page) *who set out to travel across the continent in a flivver. As he was attempting to cross the railroad tracks just inside the corporation limits of his native village his car was struck by a freight train. He escaped with his life, but never left the township afterwards.*

Andrew eyed the screed scornfully. "Did I write that?" was his inner query.

Again he set his hand in motion. Facilely it wrote:

Once there was a girl who desired to become a movie actress. So she dressed in her nicest clothes, rouged her cheeks, painted her lips, and obtained a position as waitress in an ice-cream parlor. Later she gave this up, married a young farmer, and led an estimable but excessively dull and laborious life.

"This," thought Andrew, "can scarcely represent what I really think about life! Or does it? Well, no matter. Let's see, you fool, what else you have in you."

The next story wrote itself without hesitation:

In former times the old brick house near the school-building was inhabited by an excessively good and puritanical man who secretly desired to have an adventure. Not possessing the native gift to plan wickedness, he built up a romance about the village dressmaker, a spinster. The result was that she married him. His last days were melancholy.

"Now what," he asked himself seriously, "is this infernal *do* to which I so invariably return?"

A little variation of the subject matter, he subconsciously felt, would be desirable. Something rural suggested itself —an idyl.

Obedient to the suggestion, his hand wrote:

You know the steep hill about a mile north of the village, and the meandering brook which eventually meanders across the road at the foot of the hill. Once a farmer accidentally upset a load of hay in that brook. The man who lived in the house with Doric pillars on the top of the hill suffered from profound ennui. So he

swathed one arm in bandages, put it in a sling, and going down to the brookside gave the sullen farmer superfluous advice as to the recovery of his hay.

"The same note, essentially," he mused, "though in this particular random sampling of my brains, there seems to be a slight trace of wry humor—something no one hitherto has discovered in me." The experiment was really diverting him. "Come, come," he encouraged himself, "a little more of the purpose and color of life!"

This time his hand wrote more slowly, as if under the constraint of a conscious idea:

In my youth I was acquainted with a man who devoted all his intellectual energies to playing checkers. On this one subject he was truly erudite. His bearded dignity expressed the inward peace of a mind consecrated, despite the trials of a storekeeper, to the pursuit of truth. His recreation was growing peonies. He was happier than you are, my friend.

There was a confused noise at the door—the kind of inarticulate sound that keeps the nerves taut with expectation when one is waiting for the arrival of a too long absent friend. Not the stir of the music teacher's quiet departure, for the rhythmic squeaks had ceased long since.

The door banged inward. He heard Elizabeth's voice in offhand greeting to Ethel.

So she wasn't dead or lost, this time. The sense of life as worth living came flooding over him; bright paths for a moment appeared. He started to his feet. No hurry, though! His eye rested on his recent scrawls, and he had for an instant the somewhat vertiginous sensation of being about to think what he had had no intention of thinking.

"The trouble with those things," the strange thought pronounced, "is that there is not a particle of *heart* in them."

Then the thought, or the impulse that prompted it, flickered out, as a lighted match held in the fingers of one who gropes aghast in a dark passage is puffed out by some chilling draught that comes from God knows where, leaving only the charred match-stick in the fingers and a bright image on the retina. Andrew no longer felt like an inexperienced smoker who has inhaled a cigarette too deeply.

The door slammed outward. The sound of gears being shifted became audible—then the definitely departing sound of wheels.

He noticed that he had made his way into the hall, and that the words that seemed to have been uppermost in his mind for some time were incongruously enough, "Open Sesame." That was a story which the little Elizabeth had never wearied of. And now had he, like Ali Baba, forgotten his talisman?

"Of course," he said aloud, "I don't know what on earth I mean by *heart*. If I haven't it why do I suffer?"

Retiring once more to his den, he seized his pencil and wrote quite rapidly:

Once there was a man whose daughter was stolen from him by the fairies. With the aid of a wise woman he recovered her, but he was discontented because nothing seemed the same. So he asked the wise woman to help him. But she laughed him to scorn, saying, "'Tis fairy ills have fairy cures. The sorrow you've got is not real sorrow—for there's no heart in it—better for you if it were; and real joy you'll never have. You're not a bad man surely, but what do you want at all? The devil himself couldn't cure you of being yourself." So he went on living.

"Oh, nonsense!" he muttered. "Life is life, and I have wasted a whole morning."

Resolutely he applied himself once more to his endless literary task of spinning thistledown into silver.

FOOTNOTE ON THE WEST

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

ANYONE can tell a New Englander from a Southerner by his speech. An expert phonetician can name the State from which a man comes, and usually the county, frequently the city, and sometimes the very street as well. There is, however, an enormous geographical division of this country which has few dialectical peculiarities and none that the layman can distinguish. An expert, hearing a native of these parts, must listen attentively in order to classify the subject. The native will eventually betray himself by a few inconspicuous signs. He will say "laig" for "leg," though he will not say "aig" for "egg." He will say "jest" instead of "just," though he will not say "jestice." There is one sound which he will invariably butcher, the sound of *au* in such words as "haughty," "naughty," "daughter," and "August." And, whatever his words, he will speak them in a tune that is just a little different, too little for untrained ears to identify, from that sung by any other group of Americans. It is a sort of *rubato* rhythm that retards the utterance of certain key-words in any sentence and, without stressing them, gives them the emphasis of prolonged time-intervals. This is the drawl, made notorious by one kind of fiction. The Southern drawl is a chant, but this drawl is a hesitation. And that, apart from differences of vocabulary, is about the sum of speech peculiarities in this vast portion of the country. It is a much smaller sum than that of the Middle West, New England, or the South.

Now there may be significance in this fact. It may indicate something about the natives of these parts—may be an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual identity. There are two ways of looking at it. One may remark that a people so barren of speech idiosyncrasies must be a dull and unindividual race. Or one may observe that theirs is probably the purest English spoken on the continent. As a native of this section, one who faithfully flattens the *au* to this day, I have never decided which point of view comes nearer to suggesting the truth about the Intermountain West.

We are undoubtedly a race, we Westerners, though mostly we fail to understand the implications of our unity. If you are a Bostonian to whom Cincinnati seems so far west that it must be a Pacific port, or to whom Omaha is a State, you can offend us by lumping us as Westerners with Chicagoans, with the electorate who keep Senator LaFollette in office, and with the Ku Kluxers of Indiana. It is a graver offense to speak of us as Westerners along with Kansans, Nebraskans, and Iowans. But the outrage we will not permit is your bland impulse to call us Westerners and then, without a filter, to apply the same term to the people of Los Angeles. If Californians are Westerners, then, be assured, we live in the State of Maine.

Not the least hope that inspires this essay is the hope that I may help to attach to the word West the geographical implications it has in the part of the country to which it properly applies. Briefly, then, the West is the Intermountain West, the land that is domi-

nated by the Rocky Mountains. The fact that there are no ranges called the Rocky Mountains is only a minor paradox in this wholly paradoxical land, and need disturb no one. Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah are West. Nevada is West by attraction. The eastern fringe of Washington and Oregon is West, but the rest of them is something else—littoral, or Pacific, or what you will, anything to indicate that the life lived there differs in fundamental ways from that lived within the shadow of the Rockies. California is not West, oh, decidedly and emphatically and with all the insistence of our nature, California is not West. To our sorrow, Arizona and New Mexico are not West, for they are Southwest, and Spanish and Indian civilization separates them from us. We should like to claim them; we regret them more than any other part of the country, and much more (I cannot courteously point out how much more) than we regret California. The lines of this demarcation are sharp and the land that it sets off is an entity; it once had a separate civilization, and remnants of that civilization are part of us to-day. Actually, Cheyenne is not much farther west than North Platte, but spiritually, in thought and civilization, they are unmistakably distinct. Cheyenne is West, whereas North Platte is Middle West. And, we must patiently insist, there is a difference.

What is that difference? Perhaps I am no fit person to explain, for the necessities of the two professions I practice have forced me, the West being what it is, to spend a large part of my life elsewhere. Of the last twelve years, I have not spent a total of three in the West, and those three are the aggregate of temporary stays. And, it is only fair to confess, a number of newspapers in the West have accused me of intolerably misrepresenting my native land; and a number of organizations, of the kind that adopt Resolutions, have whereas-ed me half deaf with condemnation on the same grounds. But that is a custom of the country and must not be thought of as heartfelt. And anyway, it is time that the Easterners who understand us, good folk like Mr. Struthers Burt, Mrs. Gerould, and Mrs. Rinehart, had some native annotations, and mine will do as well as any, pending the appearance of someone more acceptable to the luncheon-clubs.

II

It happens that, while I write this, I am at the easternmost corner of Cape Cod, where the fog has not lifted for a total of twelve hours in four weeks. The last five years I have spent in Chicago, where, by local admission, there are two seasons, August and winter, the former occurring every fifth or sixth year, and where sunlight is as much a matter of rumor as the Southern Cross. The four years preceding the Chicago ordeal I spent in Boston, and the climate of Boston need not be more than alluded to. When I think back over these years of exile from the sun, I invariably conclude that such punishments are visited on Westerners who were tourists in previous existences, and Kim's Lama would understand them.

The glory of the eagle, you will remember, was looking at the sun. The West is the land of the eagle, for the sun shines there. Our sun is not an occasional visitor, for the unpoetic fact is that it shines on us thirty days (and from May to December, one more) out of thirty-one. Still less is it a reluctant luminescence veiled with mists. It is instead a vital, penetrating influence, a physical and a metaphysical immanence. It is a living element. As the elder god, it has been everywhere worshiped far oftener than any other, save in purely Nordic climates where as an absent god it has had an anonymous altar, and this vital principle moulds us Westerners from the moment we are conceived. Sunlight is bred in us. There is little chiaroscuro in our lives. We perhaps lose something in subtlety, bearing in mind that crepuscular, mist-born attenuations of mood

are well thought of by the more correct intellectuals. But on the other hand, as sun-worshipers, as folk whose lives are swayed by the elder deity, we have moods that are distinctly pagan—and paganism, I understand, is championed by the same people. I have sometimes wondered how a hearty paganism was attainable in Manhattan, where the sun is mostly a mere nimbus in the sky. No doubt the will is accepted as the deed, and a good fearless talk in Somebody's Stables will do as a substitute for such orgies as the Moquis or the Utes or the Blackfeet, or we Westerners, their vicars, indulge in at seasonable times.

In the West, too, we have seasons. In the last twelve years I have seen but one spring, and for that heaven sent me back to the mountains. Here in the West the four seasons are distinct and they come at the appointed time. Life, literature, and art are all bound up with the seasons, and folklore attests their importance. In the spring, for instance, the earth proverbially makes the sunwise turn, sap runs upward, nature germinates all about one, one's blood leaps with the reawakening, and desire looking toward birth rises with the warming earth. Folk festivals acknowledge the mystery of reawakening, whether as Easter or the Passover or the earthy frankness of the rites that Frazer discusses in *The Golden Bough*. Think now of spring as it comes to the fog-bound coast of New England, or, through sleet and chill, to the Great Lakes. There is no sun in it, no warmth, no budding of an inner fire, and I wonder that maids are ever married in these climes, or children ever begotten. For how can life make the sunwise turn when a chill wind is blowing black clouds off Lake Michigan to crowd the smoke pall still lower over Chicago? Jazz and hooch and peripheral stimulation, I suppose, must supply the place of the vital principle itself. Well, in the West we are a responsive people, having spring to respond to. So with the other seasons. You will find in our blood vestigial impulses that may mean to puzzled Easterners that we are emotional folk, but are really the promptings of the Beltane Fires and Allhallow Summer.

Above all, the West is a beautiful country, even when it is hideous. It is, one must understand, both mountains and desert: they merge into each other, and you can step from one to its antithesis in three strides. At one hand will be a spruce forest or a field of melons, and at the other the ground will be corrupt with alkali and greasewood. You may choose either element or a blend of both. It takes a certain hardiness to choose the desert, for one who is not habituated to it is oppressed by desolation. But the choice is repaid. No other life is quite so rich in colors or perfumes, and none is so intimately aware of the basic rhythm of the earth, the blueprint plans of creation. In the West we say that when a man has once lived in the desert, he will come back to it again. He will.

But the mountains are more lovely still. It is no part of my purpose to describe them, for I have never been able to deal seriously with those who have not seen them. It is enough that nowhere in the West are you out of sight of them. Men are impelled to love the countryside in which they live. Therefore it has always seemed to me a great pathos that the love of millions of people must be expended on the monotony, the swamps, the abortive hills, the flatness and the sameness of the Middle West. There will yet be a philosopher to explain the Middle West by its unimaginative landscape. That it is a soul-sick region is attested by its literature. Miss Cather, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Floyd Dell, Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, Miss Suckow, Mr. Frederick, Mr. Muilenberg, and lesser novelists are significantly unanimous in reporting its frustration, dullness, and spiritual insolvency. The horizon of the Middle West is a flat ring, and nowhere that you go in it, save in upper Wisconsin, will you

find relief. It is monotonous as a picket fence, and its beauty is only that of flat surfaces, weak colors, and the tamed and cautious order of its farms. As a result, nervous depression is the commonplace mood of the Middle West. But in the West the horizon is a line of peaks, with gigantic perspectives, played over by barbaric colors that are a persistent fire in the mountain sun.

This great beauty of line and color definitely preserves the West from the neurasthenias of the prairies. I do not mean to say that the typical Westerner is a beauty-lover. Far from it. But one does not have to be eloquent about beauty, or even to be aware of it, in order to obey its influence. A very platitude of psychology says that loveliness is a spiritual antiseptic, a tonic. It is an inoculation against melancholy, and its baleful fruits of compulsion and inhibition. And even the worst atrocity inflicted on the West, the fiction of cowboys and stage-robbers, recognizes as a Western characteristic a certain spiritual resiliency backed by an inner serenity. The Westerner has a typical humorous irony, and the word I need to describe it is obviously "hard-boiled." He does not join the bonanza hunts of the mind and spirit. He is the only practicing cynic in America. You will not palm off on him any kind of millennium whatsoever: political, economic, or social. You cannot drum up anywhere in the West a corporal's guard of adherents to any plan for ushering in perfection—whereas the moment you unfold the standard in Indiana or Iowa, New York or California, oh, especially California, the mob rushing to raise it is a stampede. Nor will any swami, bahai, or mystical Hindu gatgoober convert him to concentration, rhythmic belly-breathing, or the music of the spheres. His soul is acidulous and tonic—because he has been reared in the hills.

The West, too, is a dangerous country. Now it seems to me demonstrated that the harder you must labor to support life in a country, the more life will recompense you with an affection for the severities you have labored in. An agonizing dawn-to-midnight battle with glacial bowlders and dismembered granite produced New England. The sweat of that swinking gave us the first autochthonous white civilization in this country, and incidentally created a love of the New England countryside that has become proverbial if not odious. Something of that process is observable in the West to-day, where survival has never been possible except by the utmost extremity of labor. St. Louis or Chicago or Des Moines cost but little in the building: economic necessity called them into life, and they grew as effortlessly as trees. But Denver and Salt Lake City and Pocatello were thrust into the desert a thousand miles from economic support. They were like germs of life blown into a barren planet and their function must always be at its maximum if they were to persist. They and the ranches that are symbiotically joined with them were won from the desert. Not from the woods or the prairies, not from the river bottoms or the canebrakes, not from great alluvial plains where soil was forty feet deep and forty inches of rain fell every year, not from land that rioted with vegetation whether or not it was plowed—but from the desert. I have said that the West is a beautiful country, but I would point out that danger and terror have traditionally a face of beauty.

I am spending this summer in Massachusetts. The press is grave, for this is a drouth year and there has been a forest fire. I must be pardoned a little disdain. I have never lived a summer in the West when there were not forest fires within a day's riding of my home, all summer long, or when the air of three States, each one of them larger than all New England, was not faintly acrid throughout August with the fires of another State five hundred miles away. This Massachusetts drouth has cut down the customary rainfall a full

quarter. And that quarter, in inches, is just precisely the total annual rainfall of the State where I was born. Two months ago, when I left Illinois, the press there was clamoring about the corn-borer, which might possibly destroy one-tenth of the crop. Two years ago, in the West, I rode through a valley in which one might have mislaid all of Illinois, and there a wearily familiar story was retold: armies of black beetles had come down out of the peaks, and there was no crop left at all.

The point of all this is that in the West we are, far more than any other part of the country, in touch with the earth and subject to it. Its winds and drouths and plagues are not rumors or spectacles to us, but realities that we must deal with. We sometimes are resentful of the earth, and sometimes we actively hate and fear it, but we are never forgetful or disdainful of it. Our awareness is very deep, and this awareness is a fundamental characteristic of us and our land. I would like to linger on it and emphasize it, for I have an idea that, possessing it, we escape a damnation that is evident in certain other places.

III

The West, like all of America, was once frontier. It was frontier, however, longer and more vividly than any other part, and indeed you may still find portions of it where, alone in America, the frontier persists. Wherever homestead land is still available the old heartbreaking war goes on. You may drive through parts of Idaho, of Wyoming, or Utah where the sagebrush is broken every few miles by a weather-worn shack. To the door of that shack a faded woman will come to gaze at the dust of your automobile till the horizon has risen above it, and somewhere, unseen, her husband is hacking at the sage. But not the presence of the frontier but its memory is powerful in the West to-day.

The frontier has created an extraordinary number of myths, and they have got themselves accepted as realities. So far as they make the rest of the world think of us in preposterous symbols, they do no great harm but rather add to our sum of laughter. But, alas, they have worked into our own thinking, and we see ourselves not as we are but as the myths have made us out to be. The result is only sometimes amusing, but it is always harmful to us and especially to our future. One myth, for instance, exhibits the West as the last great stand of American individualism—the place where a man dares to be himself against the world. Nothing could be more absurdly unrealistic. The West has never been individualistic and is not now. In the nature of things, no horde of individualists could have existed in the desert to which the pioneers came. Only a completely co-operative group, who shared the rigors of the land and banded together to resist them, could have survived. The rapidity with which frontier communities set up local governments is evidence of this anti-individual necessity. Some of these were in fact so outrageously repressive that their memory is perpetuated in grins, but they were always effective. I will be forgiven if I find still stronger evidence in those executive bodies that had no shadow of legality, the vigilance committees. No doubt they were required for the security of the common endeavor, and I rejoice in the realistic way in which they met the situation; but invariably, besides suppressing the desperado, they suppressed also quite guiltless citizens who happened to displease the majority. As John Gale almost wrote in a book I once attributed to him, the true individualist in the West was to be found at one end of a rope whose other end was in the hands of the vigilance committee.

Consequently, the West has always lacked one essential of civilization, a nucleus of minority or unorthodox opinion. There has never been any dissent, and no one can name any

leader, political or social or philosophical or artistic, of heretical thought. The name of Senator Borah may perhaps occur to you, but alas, he is a Middle Westerner who obeyed the Horace Greeley tradition, and I suspect that his acceptance in the West is due to our realistic understanding that, however horribly he may revolt in oratory, in the end he invariably votes with the rest of us. No, we have never been on the side of change nor have we ever granted the right of a minority to exist. We crushed them at birth on the frontier, and so formed a habit that has come to be a conditioned response. The Brahmin of the Back Bay and the Tory everywhere will jealously preserve the right of an opponent to differ from him, for he understands that he must do so if he is to preserve his own identity. But the West has never mastered this elementary principle, and its frontier tradition of suppression is still supreme. It will permit no eccentricity whatsoever in dress, behavior, or belief—or anything else.

If the folkways dictate the pasting of a bathing-girl on our windshields, we will create a corps of pasters to put them on all windshields found without them. If the Chamber of Commerce ordains a Smile-Damn-You!-week, there will be uniformed sentinels on the street-corners to make you smile. If we elect to hold a fête to commemorate the Pony Express or the coming of the railroad, and resolve to grow whiskers to revive the old days, then every male in town must grow whiskers. If he demurs, a committee waits upon him and forbids him to shave till the celebration is over. If he still asserts his right to wear his hair with a difference, the committee calls again and reminds him of its economic power to enforce its orders. Perhaps he can't grow a beard? Well, there is crêpe-hair on the market. He is a traitor, you see, for he has dared to oppose the community will, and he must be dealt with.

In moments of exasperation I have sometimes thought that this committee was the complete symbol of the West, and though it is not that, it does represent a grave defect in our civilization. It is seconded by our complete inability to stand criticism. The New Yorker, or any other adequately civilized man, is always pleased when fault is found with his civilization; the Westerner is only convinced that the faultfinder is a bigamist, an embezzler, a Bolshevik, and probably an opprobrious kind of pervert as well. The West, he knows, is faultless—and only a corrupt and vicious man could pretend to see a flaw in it. Obviously a corrupt and vicious man is not entitled to the protection of the law; wherefore, to the vigilance committee with him.

Another favorite myth, and one that ties up neatly with this one, has to do with the nature of the pioneers. We will talk for hours about the superior quality of the emigrants who left the East for the rousing adventure of the desert. The Pioneer means to us a heroic compound of all the virtues, and chiefly of courage and intelligence. The fact is that, apart from mining rushes which attracted all the less stable elements of the East indiscriminately, there were just three classes from whom the bulk of the Western migration was made up: restless, unadjusted folk such as old soldiers, rivermen, and roustabouts; people who for one reason or another had occasion to evade the law, whether the criminal code or bankruptcy proceedings; and, by far the largest class, those who were driven West by economic pressure, which is to say those who had found competition in the East too strenuous for them, which is to say further, the unfit. The typical pioneer was a middle-aged chap with a half-grown family. He had been thrown out of work by a shutdown of Eastern mills or by foreclosure on his Middle-Western lands. What he expected in the West was only survival, only solvency, which may be expressed as free land. Though he came to work the land he was prob-

ably not a farmer at all and certainly not a good farmer. If he had been the latter he would have stayed on his own acres which, wherever they might be, were incomparably richer and more easily worked than any he could find in the West.

This fact joins up, on the one hand, with our aversion to personal freedom, and on the other hand it creates our democracy. The hand-clasp, you will remember, is a little stronger. Well, we have had our full share of the sumptuary legislation that goes with that hand-clasp, and I need not specify it here but only refer the interested to the reports of our law-making bodies, which have loyally expressed our taboos. Instead, I mention the democracy of our business—which is strangely out of keeping with our native cynicism. We have got so used to the General Confession as a public institution that we endure without a protest—nay, actually with the pride of democratic men—the Booster in the most awful purity of the type. And this is our heritage from inferior or defeated men—a great yearning to be as other men. Elsewhere, the Rotary badge may be laid away at bedtime or when men meet in secret over a pint of bootleg for the communion of male souls. But the Western Booster counts it secret treason when he has slept without dreaming of giving Denver a million by 1930, or waked without invoking the god of Florida real estate over his toothbrush. For other Boosters there may be occasional recess and surcease from function, but not for him. Tarantulas have stung him to make the West equal to the Middle West in vulgarity, in sameness, and in false values—and he will dance his obscene and desirous envy till he dies.

And this great lust to make the West democratically identical with portions of the country it has the great good fortune not to resemble is our most pathetic and most ridiculous characteristic. In the nature of things the West cannot be the Middle West, no matter how much we will the identity, and the will is in itself preposterous. It is the inferiority-yearning, of course, and it means that the Booster portion of the West does not understand its country or its people. To profane the sanctuary of the mountains with the barbarities of the prairies is to soil beauty and to defile purity and, generally, to lay oneself open to the ribald laughter of the world. Fortunately, I repeat, it cannot be done.

IV

Whatever the date of its beginning, the bulk of Western settlement occurred during the Sixties and Seventies of the last century, an age almost incredible to this generation. The Forties we can understand, the Eighties are familiar ground, but the cynical materialism that followed the Civil War is incomprehensible to-day, even in the proconsulate of an Executive who goes to the Middle West and dons rodeo-pants (not, you must understand, ranch-pants or *chaparajos*). In the Seventies the national taste reached the lowest level it has ever known. Look at the styles as they are preserved in Godey's. Recall the society that was edified by Jim Fisk. Inspect an 1870 room in a museum and take note of the glassware, the furniture, and the decorations. Think back to the literature of America after Poe and Melville and Hawthorne had died and the New England school had spent its force, and before such people as Mark Twain and Henry James had emerged. It was a nadir.

These tastes and sentiments, these intellectual and artistic impulses, the pioneers brought West with them. They at once took up their death-grapple with the soil, and the West has never thoroughly outgrown their tastes. In its whole extent there are not more than a dozen public buildings that are even decent, and practically all of these are concentrated in Denver. There is no

Western architecture—no native architecture developed from the Western soil and appropriate to the Western scene. The Southwest has achieved an architecture, native, beautiful, and appropriate, and southern California was on its way toward one before Iowa and the movies flooded it and put an end to all art. But not even a start has been made in the West. For all public purposes the Seventies are unchanged; for private purposes the Seventies have struck a compromise with the bungalow, and so an atrocity has begotten upon an absurdity a child that can only be called a monster.

Neither is there any other native art in the West. The explanation for this grave lack must be the corrupt taste of our formative period and the actual poverty that has attended our struggle with the desert. Artists enough, certainly, have been born in the West. A surprising number of the best in America—painters, writers, sculptors, and musicians—were born within sight of the peaks. To catalogue them here would be invidious, but I must mention one. Think of the poet, æsthetician, critic, controversialist, and complete boulevardier who is above all others the most utter of advanced folk—the purple-whiskered, fire-breathing, ring-tailed gyascutus to whom anyone's else farthest futurism is day before yesterday, the man who may be said to have invented E. E. Cummings and to have dreamed T. S. Eliot, the man who has created unassisted the gaudiest exoticisms of our most febrile arts. Then think of the Idaho desert, drab with sage, white with alkali, torrid with sun, waterless peaks rising above it, heat-mirage distorting its horizons—a place where, one thinks, only the most nerveless of Mr. Mencken's morons could survive. And then reflect that here, among the cowhands and the rattlesnakes, Ezra Pound was born.

They are born in the West but there is no native culture to hold or nourish them. The art galleries of the West are non-existent; its journalism is mediocre; its libraries are rudimentary; its museums are antique shops; its universities, all but one, are high-schools; its music does not exist outside of the movie houses. Now and then a Chamber of Commerce will get behind a traveling orchestra or opera company and boost it for the glory of Snakeville, or a Legislature will solemnly authorize a fourteen-by-twenty-four panorama of the discovery of antimony in Cactus Gulch. But, as yet, there is no popular toleration of art, and an artist means, to the typical Westerner, a queer chap who is deficient in virility or has something the matter with his lungs. Wherefore our artists naturally stampede eastward, all of them that are worth a damn (I add the reservation to forestall the mail from Salt Lake City). I am not, however, particularly dismayed by this fact, for they go east from everywhere west of the Hudson, and south from New England, and north from Baltimore. And there is one significant difference. I can think of no reason why an artist should go back to Kankakee or Memphis. But our Western artists come home, from time to time. As we say, when a man has once lived in the desert, he will come back.

Finally, the Westerner not only has no desire for intimate beauty but displays an ominous tendency to corrupt his countryside. I know of no city, town, or village in all the West that is beautiful in itself, apart from its setting. New England villages, merely by the use of white paint and the discreet grouping of elms and steeples and roses, are lovely in themselves; and in the South and along the Green Bay shore of Wisconsin one is constantly delighted by the human scene. But in the West, one must keep one's eyes on the mountains or be constantly affronted not only by the unlovely buildings and groupings but also by an altogether unpardonable frowziness in their surroundings. If old abandoned mining shafts have sometimes been covered up,

then vast acreages of dumps neighbor with the city hall, and if sometimes the dumps have been suppressed, still no one has thought to paint the fences. And the West seems to have a diabolical determination to contaminate the mountains. You will hardly find a Podunk in all that expanse that has not its name or its initial in whitewashed cobblestones half-way up a commanding peak, illuminated at night and usually accompanied by a slogan as vulgar as the best minds can make it. Vast projects for covering the mountains with gingerbread-work are always on foot: schemes to pipe a new waterfall here, to set a searchlight on a peak there, to build an artificial ice-cavern elsewhere, and so on. My native town, for instance, has thus far been too poor to carry out its cherished dreams, but some day it will be able to afford them and then the long yearning will be satisfied. In that day, from the tip of a peak that rises a mile above the city will swing a sky-sign which will blaze the blessed syllables of "Ogden" to all the world, and at the entrance to our loveliest canyon, between bastions of granite a thousand feet high, there will be a thirty-foot arch of lath and plaster inscribed with some exquisite sentiment about the vales and hills.

V

The conclusion is prophecy. It is apparent that when I have praised the West, in these pages, I have praised its countryside, and when I have rebuked it I have been talking about its cities. The Westerners, then, who are most in touch with the Western soil are altogether admirable, and it is only the towns that have gone a-whoring after the false gods of Boosterdom.

This strange aberration is all the more surprising because it is unnatural and against God. The Rotary button is an alien badge in a Western lapel. In Omaha, in Dubuque, in Moline its wearers are born to it and their lives are rightfully devoted to the concepts for which it stands. For the true function of the Middle-Western town is to grow into a city, to increase the aggregate of its farm-loans and its bank-clearings, to bring more factory payrolls to its territory, and to aspire always upward till it has approximated as closely to Chicago as heaven will permit. But the West can never approximate Chicago. Our salvation is that we are earth-bound. Our enormous distances can never fill up. Hard facts of soil and climate and limited productivity will keep us always very much as we are. Denver can never become St. Louis, and never, never can Greasewood Corners become Peoria.

We are, I have said, a naturally cynical people, and we have never bought stock in any millennium. We did not suffer fools gladly in the old days when our towns were jumping-off places; we do not suffer them gladly now, in places where we are still desperately wrestling with the desert; and I do not think we shall suffer them gladly anywhere much longer. This strange delusion that fools can make desert crossroads into metropolises by shouting and handclapping is one kind of millennial dream, and must eventually be recognized as one. In that day the West will arise with a strong laughter and will lovingly slay its Rotaries.

The rest must follow naturally. The *nach-Chicago* ideal, with its luncheon-clubs and its bungalows and its bathing-girl posters, is an unhealthy cosmopolitanism and quite alien to us. The Booster is a man who yearns to make the citizen of one Portland indistinguishable from the citizen of the other, whose heart is set on forcing San Francisco and New Orleans to duplicate each other, who sees perfection as a nation of standardized cities living standardized lives synchronously. This is cosmopolitanism and it is dangerously allied to the dreams of revolutionists. Well, in the West we have been traditionally derisive of strangers, and we have resisted all their blights and vices but

this one. In that great day when we laugh our Boosters into paralysis, we will surge back to our native provincialism. We will rear us a great wall, man it with our Tenth Legion, and decree that no stranger shall tarry within it save he be silent, not giving tongue to his aberrant dreams.

A more thorough-going provincialism, a recognition that our ways are not the ways of Grand Rapids, is what the West must some day achieve. The West for Westerners! We are a desert folk, and the moment we acknowledge the ultimate conditions of our estate, that moment we shall be saved. Left to ourselves, we will do very nicely. Once we have got rid of alien ideals and alien ideas, together with alien arts and architectures and institutions, evolution and inbreeding will develop a native civilization. We are healthier and saner and less trusting than our neighbors on either side, and we live in the sun. Our inheritance and the nature of our countryside are beyond the purchasing of others. When we come to admitting them and abiding by them, rather than aping the insanities of the mist-dwellers, well, in those days they shall look upon us, the foreign devils whom the tourist agencies bring among us, with a desolate and hopeless envy in their eyes. But, pending such a time, one remembers the bungalow and the plaster arch, and is dumb.

INCOMING TIDE

BY RALPH EMERSON HACKETT

I HAVE grown tired of being ever boundless,
Burned by the Eastern sun, cooled by the West.
Now in my body, infinite and soundless
Wakes a desire for rest.

God, I have borne Your tempests in my deep,
Crushed with Your strength the vanity of fools.
Now let me find my valleys; let me sleep
Once more in quiet pools.

SHOULD OUR COLLEGES EDUCATE?

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE duty of deans, I suppose, is to make colleges institutions of higher learning. The fruitlessness of their best efforts does not release them from the obligation of trying continually; hence it is unsportsmanlike to criticize them for their fierce and persistent efforts to introduce education into American colleges as one of the major interests. The deans represent the educational interest, and it's a poor lawyer who can't believe in his own case.

But to grant that the dean is entitled to exemption from criticism for his advocacy of education is not to imply that he is entitled to encouragement from the laity in his fight. An advocate's duty is to make the best possible case consistent with the facts; but not even in the interest of his client is he morally justified in refusing to admit the facts. It seems to me that of late American educators have been inclined to claim a little more than is their just due. They demand that education be made the main business of the colleges—which is permissible for deans—but they also demand that the public join them in lamenting their failure to establish education—which is a little too much.

Not long since a dean in one of the most awe-inspiring of American universities pointed out to me that the American A.B. is a bastard degree, without an equivalent in the educational system of any other civilized country, a degree without academic significance, without reason and without excuse. The holder of an American A.B., said this authority, is from the academic point of view nothing in particular, neither educated nor illiterate, neither scholar nor ignoramus. He has received something more than the instruction indispensable to the making of a good mechanic, but not enough to make a man of science or of letters. Yet this nondescript product is the standard of education in America.

This is undeniable, and it is natural, and no doubt proper, for the dean to be exercised over it. But it was obvious that he expected me to be shocked, too, and in that I found myself unable to oblige him. Suppose the American A.B. is a nondescript, a bastard degree, signifying nothing in scholarship. What of it?

The dean would answer excitedly that it indicates that the colleges are not educating American youth. But what of that? Should they be educated?

II

The answer depends, of course, upon the definition of education. There are those who maintain that education may be defined as any process that tends to make men nobler, happier, stronger, and wiser; and that Americans might be improved by a great deal of education in that sense is not to be denied—at least not by one who is affiliated with neither the Ku Klux Klan nor the Republican Party.

But to undergraduates, and to not a few faculty members education means taking a course of study leading to a degree. Specifically, to undergraduates it means the course leading to the A.B. degree, and to my friend the dean the courses leading to one of the doctorates, Ph., M., Sc., or what not. He is suspicious even of the A.M.

Now, far be it from me to decry the value of courses of study. I think they are fine, although I speak from observation, rather than from experience. Being but a lowly *Artium Baccalaureus* myself, and that more by the grace of God and an indulgent examining committee than by my own prowess, my acquaintance with courses of study is but sketchy. Nevertheless, such knowledge as I have of them supports the theory that they are altogether worthy.

But it does not necessarily follow that they are the prime need of American youth, particularly of American undergraduates. Memories of my own college days, observation from the outside of students in half a dozen other institutions, and direct contact with them as a faculty member in a representative American university lead me to the conviction that what the American college student needs—and what he gets—is not primarily education, but civilization.

Perhaps this should come to him in the classroom; but does it? Where are the excitement, the stress and strain, the triumphs and defeats, the thrills, joys, bitterness, and lingering memories—in short, the kick—in a man's college career? In the classroom? Sometimes, perhaps, but not in mine, my lords and gentlemen—as student and as teacher, assuredly not in mine. All the kick lay in what are well and unfavorably known as "student activities." For some it was found on the athletic field, for some in the debating halls, for others in the Glee Club, or the Debating Society, or the frat house, or the student publications, or the fascinating area of campus politics. The coach, not the professor, was the tyrannous but unchallenged master; and all the sad young men on the faculty observed with pain and agitation that students were coached so much and so incessantly that they hadn't time to acquire an education while in college.

But who created this condition? Why, the students, the lads who are putting up the time, the money, and the energy expended in going to college, aided and abetted by alumni, that is, men who have themselves been to college and ever since have been slowly and painfully acquiring an education.

Now, having been a college professor, I agree fervently with the dictum that a student has no sense. But neither has a bee, yet the hive is a marvel of organized efficiency. The fact that an individual student subordinates classroom work to other things means precisely nothing, but when half a million students do so it means a great deal. If American students as a class are going in for things not prescribed in the catalogue, the chances are that there is a flaw in the catalogue. The condition indicates that the things they need most are not in the catalogue.

And what, indeed, are these prescriptions? They are adaptations of the courses of study originated in European, especially English, universities. Basically, they represent the sort of thing required to educate the son of an English gentleman, that is to say, an Englishman who has inherited money. What it takes to make a scholar of an English gentleman's son, that the catalogue has. But it is applied to the education of the sons of American farmers, storekeepers, plumbers, policemen, and street-car conductors, who have not inherited money and have made enough to send their boys to college only by years of intense concentration on their jobs, to the exclusion of purely intellectual interests. Secondary education in every other country in the world—Revolutionary Russia perhaps excepted—has always been and is yet highly selective, restricted to an extremely small class. Only America has undertaken anything resembling mass education in the higher branches.

If America is making something of a mess of it, that need occasion no surprise. The first experiment along any line is likely to be messy. But for my part, I decline to believe that anything of the sort is happening, because I believe that

the students are rescuing the colleges in the teeth of the deans, professors, pedagogical associations, and committees on academic standards. I think that the average American youth who goes to college gets something that he needs badly, in spite of the frantic efforts of the faculty to make him take something that he needs less.

There comes to mind the case of a boy who drifted into conversation with me one day after class. Theoretically, we were discussing some point in the day's work, but the talk shuffled around until the point was lost and the chap began to talk of what really interested him, namely the Glee Club. Then it developed that two years in the University had resulted in one complete alteration in his point of view. To that extent the University had functioned in this man's case, but it did not function in the classroom.

He had come to the campus with the desire to make the Glee Club; for in his native village he had been a member of a notable street-corner quartet and loved to sing. But when he attended the first rehearsal he was appalled, for the Glee Club was working on a program of old German chorales and medieval Latin hymns. He would have walked out in disgust but for the fact that the Glee Club was, after all, an organization of considerable social prestige. So he continued to hang around at rehearsals and at his seventeenth hearing of *Plorate, filii Israel* it struck him with the force of a sensational discovery that the tune had a kick in it! Then and there he was hooked, and into his subsequent successful effort to make the Glee Club he threw a passion, a fervor, a single-minded devotion that would have been good for an A-plus in the most difficult course open to freshmen.

As it was, he ended the term with more conditions than A's, and at the end of the year he squeezed into the sophomore class by a sickeningly narrow margin. He made the Glee Club easily, almost brilliantly, but deans shook their heads over his case, and instructors lamented the folly of a young man with an excellent mind who frittered away his time on outside interests, spending a year and a thousand of his father's dollars only to be left hanging on, so to speak, by his eyebrows.

But as he talked to me that afternoon my sympathy with the faculty point of view began to waver. I had hammered at him all the year, and the dint I had made in his consciousness could, perhaps, be detected with a micrometer but certainly not with the unaided eye. But he had been hammered into a new shape, all the same. Johann Sebastian Bach and Georg Friedrich Handel had been working on him, and he had paid attention to them, if not to me; and I decline to admit in public that I think him a fool for doing so. He had learned little Latin and less Greek. But he had learned that Palestrina is not the name of the Holy Land, and he had lost completely his former partiality for "The Red, Red Robin Comes a-Bob, Bob, Bobbin'." He had learned that music is an expression of civilization which affords to the intelligent listener a dozen kinds of pleasure apart from the tickling of his ears with concord of sweet sounds. Hence life will hereafter be to him interesting and amusing in a dozen new ways. As he talked to me that afternoon, with all his conditions lowering over his head, he was years farther along the road to becoming a civilized man than he was when he had heard *Plorate, filii Israel* only sixteen times.

III

We may say he should have had all this before he came to college. A boy raised in a highly civilized home, the son of parents with leisure, money, and intelligence, does not have to learn appreciation of music in the Glee Club, or sportsmanship on the football field, or readiness in the debating society, or manners in the frat house. He may lack familiarity with the worlds of sport, art, politics and good society, but he is

aware of their existence. He is in a position to appreciate and to begin assimilating the essence of civilization presented in the works of men of genius which are the material of classroom study.

But masses of college students come to-day from homes in which the arts and graces of civilization are at most matters of hearsay; and they are not educable until they have had some experience of the matters of which the masters treat in their books. Student activities, for all their inanity, are to a certain extent a simulacrum of the world of the intellect, and participation in the affairs of this small world prepares the student for assimilation of information touching the great one.

It is unfortunately true that this preparation is not absolutely essential to the reception and retention of information, but only to its assimilation. The colleges are so perniciously efficient that they not infrequently graduate men without first civilizing them. These fill the world and, what is worse, college faculties with doctors of philosophy who are no more educated men than are so many Tennessee legislators, although they are stuffed with fantastic and perfectly useless knowledge.

There is probably nothing that can be done about this, or, rather, nothing that will be done about it. In view of our present mania for education mere advocacy of the abolition of a degree is something less than respectable. But to advocate the raising of standards is another thing. Why not raise the requirements of the Ph.D. by adding to the present examinations one or two designed to prove that the candidate is fit to live among civilized people? It should be simple enough. All that is necessary to clear him of the suspicion of monomania is to make sure that he knows something and can do something not related to his major, and unlikely in any conceivable circumstances to assist him in his career as a teacher.

As touching knowledge, he might be required, for example, to identify the finale of the César Franck sonata for piano and violin played on a talking machine, or name the winners of the Kentucky derby for the last five years, or translate the cryptogram ABRHPOAE, or tell what three up and two to go means, or distinguish between the Widow Clicquot and the Widow of Windsor. As a test of virtuosity he might be given his choice among dancing the Black Bottom acceptably, driving not less than one hundred and twenty-five yards, walking a six-inch plank with five cocktails aboard, putting three place-kicks out of seven across the bar, or supporting a busted flush so impressively as to cause someone to throw down a pair of tens.

If some such procedure were adopted, the total acreage of Ph.D.'s would be reduced, to be sure, but the value of the remaining crop would rise so sharply that the result would be a net gain. It would make it impossible for a man to be called educated until he had first been at least partially civilized.

The American undergraduate has not known this, but he has felt it, dimly and vaguely. Somehow he is aware that when he comes to college he is not educable, and he casts around desperately for something to make him so.

In student activities he discovers a makeshift. It is unfortunately true that by the time he becomes mentally adult, and, therefore, fit to receive an education, his college days are so nearly over that he has not time to be educated before a diploma is thrust upon him and he is thrust out.

But does it follow that he has thrown away four years and anything from four to ten thousand dollars? I presume to doubt it. It is true that he is likely to spend from fifteen to fifty subsequent years snatching up odds and ends of knowledge that he would have received in school had he been able to assimilate it. But what of that? It amuses him and keeps him mentally fit; and the college did civilize him to the point at which he could assimilate information.

The man who thinks that American undergraduates are as a whole wasting a considerable proportion of their time and money simply has not lately come into intimate contact with college men. By chance I have had opportunity to compare collegians with young Americans selectively drafted into the Army. The best infantry regiment in the service might have the physical advantage over two thousand undergraduates taken at random, but beyond that the soldiers would have no show. And the physical superiority would not be great.

And so, in spite of the clamor of deans and committees on academic standards, I am at ease in Zion. The boys are all right. They are frivolous and light-minded. They are indolent in the classroom. They make perfect idiots of themselves over football and other imbecile contests. They pay the head coach twice as much money and ten times as much honor as they pay the college president because, being realists, they know the coach is worth the difference. They come out of college woefully ignorant of books. But they get their money's worth, because they come out much more apt than they were when they went in to live like civilized men, and much less apt to join the Ku Klux Klan.

I wish, indeed, that I were quite sure that my days are as profitably employed as theirs.

FOR SEVEN YEARS

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

SHE is a lady who for seven years
Has been like a tree blown on by an evil wind,
The symmetry of its foliage is thinned,
And if to the twisting boughs fruit still adheres
It is small and bright and with a bitter sting—
Only the roots have traced beneath the ground
Tenacious patterns moving without sound,
Only the bark grows thick and sheltering.

UP NEAR TAWAS

A STORY

BY M. W. MOUNTJOY

IT'S a funny thing, the way it happened.

I think it was in 1924. . . . Yes, 1924, because it was the same winter Jim Skelly froze two fingers off, driving over to look at the old fellow they pulled out of Connor's Lake.

I remember it was late afternoon. The wind had been in the north, or nearly north, all day, and it was getting dark early. I sat around reading some catalogue and dozing all afternoon, I remember, and it was about five when I got around to bank the fire and drain the pump and lock it.

I was inside here, just ready to switch off the lights when I spied him come over the top of yonder hill and a minute later he roared in here. He was in a big Lincoln coupé and he had been driving her hard. Man, them big cars are fine things. I knew the minute he brought her up she was the livest thing under that canopy.

If you've been around cars much, you can tell just like you used to could tell about horses. Do you know what I mean?

Well, he jumped out from under the wheel. "Fill her up," he says. He had on a khaki jacket and breeches but no hat, and he immediately lights a cigarette.

"You'll have to put that out first," I says, and he looked at the cigarette and then at me as if he didn't know he'd lit one, and flicked it into the snow.

It was getting pretty gray by now, and that little carbon bulb under the canopy never lit things up very well. The car was still breathing hard. Every once in a while the water around the motor would turn over with a thump or two. There ain't another sound like it.

Well, I took the cap off the gas tank and stuck down a rule to get an idea how much she needed. There was just about an inch in the bottom. He was watching me.

"You're lucky to make it," I says. He looked at me a minute and then says:

"Yeh?"

"Sure," I says. "You'd never made Tawas, and if you'd got here five minutes later you'd have missed me. This is the only station along this road in the winter, and yours is the fifth car that's passed to-day."

Of course there is a couple more open along here now, but they're boarded up in the fall. There ain't enough in it for more than one after the tourist season. If the rest didn't close, I would. But seeing I been here the longest, they sort of grant me the privilege. I never mentioned it to any of them.

"Lucky, eh?" he says.

"Sure," I says.

Well, I filled the tank, and that sort of gave me a good day for the wintertime. She had quieted down now and that made me feel better. I always feel a little excited myself working around a big car that's all het up.

"Better look at the oil, too," he says. He was lighting another cigarette, but I didn't say nothing to him. He was

a fine-looking man somewhere between thirty-five and forty, I should say. He looked kind of pale under that carbon light, and I could tell he was nervous, the quick way he'd strike a match and snap it into the snow. But he wasn't built like the nervous type. I figured he might have been drinking some.

Well, I came in here and got a flash and a quart of medium-heavy oil. When I came out he was sitting on the running board with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. I went around to the other side of the car and used the flash to find the locks on the hood.

Well, sir, strapped there between the hood and the fender was just about the biggest buck I ever seen. I let the flash run over him and he was a beauty. He was upside down, and you could see his long, wheat-yellow belly. His neck was fine and full. I felt of him, and of course he was cold and stiff. But he didn't look cold even with his slender legs in the air and the light frost all over him. He looked warm and full. God, he was a beautiful creature—even there on his back.

I had some trouble getting the hood up. She needed oil, too. I poured the quart into her over the buck's belly. Then I went back for more. He was lying down with his back against the curve of the front fender and his legs along the running board, with his eyes closed, smoking.

"Well," I says, "it looks to me as if somebody had some luck."

"Yes?" he says. "What makes you think so?" He didn't open his eyes.

"Well," I says, "with the law allowing a man one buck a season, and with you with about the finest animal I ever seen brought out of those woods, I'd say somebody had some luck."

He smiled a little.

It was pretty dark by now and beginning to snow again. A slow, quiet snow. The wind had died down. I brought out a couple more quarts, and they sent the gauge up nicely. Then I put the hood down carefully and locked it. I let the flash run over that buck again. The gash was in his neck just above the chest.

"So you think I'm lucky?" he says. He'd walked around the back of the car and was standing behind me. I didn't see him come, and it kind of startled me.

"Well," I says, "you may say it wasn't luck at all. You may say it was just a good, clean shot. But I still maintain it was luck that gave you the biggest buck in those woods to shoot at."

The way he looked at me I got the idea for the first time he was going to say more than six words. But then he looked up the road.

"How far up did you get him?" I asks.

"I didn't," he says. "He belongs to my son."

"Oh," I says. He didn't look old enough to have a grown son. "Did you leave the boy up there?"

"No," he says. "I brought him with me. I'm bringing them home together. He's in there."

He pointed into the coupé. It was dark inside and you couldn't see anything. I hadn't thought of looking before, because I figured the man must be travelling alone. It seemed kind of funny, for there ain't many who come up here deer hunting alone. Usually come in twos or fours or sixes. But I figured he might be coming back alone on account of business or something like that. He looked like a man of some account, and of course corner grocers don't drive Lincolns.

Well, I thought, the kid must be asleep in there.

"How old is he?" I says.

"Fifteen," he says.

"Well," I says, "he sure is a lucky kid."

"Yes?" he says.

"Sure," I says. "I know how my kid would feel if he brought home an animal like that. He'd be like to burst."

"Oh, you got a boy?" he says.

"One," I says.

He looked up the road again and closed his eyes. I was getting cold standing there with the empty bottles and the flash in my bare hands. He didn't have hat or coat on.

"What's his name?" he says suddenly.

"John," I says.

"Mine's named Franklin," he says. "His mother named him."

What the hell, I thought, but I says: "Well, he's a lucky kid, anyhow."

"Where is your boy now?" he says.

"Home with the missus, I guess," I says.

"Here's mine," he says. He reached over and took the flash out of my hand, and he was trembling. It was getting funnier all the time. I couldn't smell liquor on him.

Well, he stepped over and opened the door of the car and motioned for me to step over too. I suddenly got the idea he'd been wanting to open that door and show me all along. He seemed anxious to show somebody, it didn't matter who, I guess. I just happened to be the only one around.

Well, I stepped over and he turned the flash inside the car. The kid was wrapped in a plaid blanket low in the seat with his legs up under the dash. There was a leather strap around the blanket to keep it tight about him, I guess. Just his curly head was sticking out.

It was easy to see he was dead. There was a hard trickle of blood running out of his hair and over his cheek and down under the blanket. He was a good-looking kid. His hair was yellow and, if you stood so you couldn't see the blood on the farther cheek, his face looked almost like a carving. It was so white and clear.

Seeing him there didn't surprise me so much as you might think. The old man had been acting so queer.

"How did it happen?" I asks.

"Shot," he says.

"I know," I says, "I seen a lot come out that way. Do you know who did it?"

"Yes," he says.

"What are you going to do about it?" I says.

"I don't know yet," he says. I looked at him and he had a sort of sickly, sad smile on his face. "I did it," he says.

"Are you sure?" I says.

"Yes," he says.

I took the flash and came back in here. "Better come in and get warm," I says.

It was black outside by that time and the wind was picking up again. The stove was still warm, and we both stood over it, and I rubbed my hands. Then I sat down and he sat down, too. One minute he seemed anxious to go and the next he seemed anxious to stay. I knew it was way after five and the missus would be sore.

"That's too bad," I says.

"What would your wife do if you brought home your boy like that?" he says.

"God," I says, "I don't know."

"Would she cry or faint?"

"I don't know," I says.

"I don't believe Sylvia would cry," he says. "What would you do, walk in and tell her first? Or would you wire her?"

"I wouldn't wire her," I says.

"No?" he says.

"I might just carry him in and put him on the bed," I says.

"Christ," he says, "it'll be terrible." He was sitting on that keg and rubbing the palms of his hands hard against his knees. I sure felt sorry for him. He lit another cigarette and I didn't have the heart to tell him to put it out, but when he was going to toss the match away I says, "Give it to me," and I put it in the stove.

It seems he was their only kid. Kind of a mamma's boy, I gathered. Not girlish, you understand, but not extra strong. His ma was just wild about him, I guess, and wouldn't let him out much. Well, it seems the old man had been trying for a couple years to get her

to let him take the boy north with him. They got a small lodge up above Long Lake.

Well, they'd been up there three or four days, I gathered, when the kid, always walking a little ahead of the old man, came upon this buck on the edge of a small clearing and without a word from the old man, plunked him dead. They had a time bringing him in.

It seems they only had one more day then before the old man had to be back, so they went out early again the next morning.

He'd never come out without his quota, he says, and the fact that the kid had brought down such a fine specimen made him all the more anxious. Late in the afternoon they were coming back, it seems, without having seen a thing. The kid was running here and there like a hound dog.

Well, I guess the old man got a little careless at the last, and when he saw some brush ahead of him break, he shot. The kid fell without a sound, he said, and he found him belly down over an old pine log. He caught just the edge of the charge.

All of a sudden he jumped up and stepped on his cigarette and went out the door.

"Do you suppose she's got plenty of water?" I calls to him.

"Better look," he says and crawls under the wheel.

I went out and got a bucket and filled her up. I hadn't got the cap back on before he had the motor roaring.

"Well, she's full up," I says.

"How far to Tawas?" he says.

"About seventeen mile," I says.

"Straight along this road?" he says.

"Yes," I says, "except for that jog at the culvert a mile up."

"Is it bad?" he says.

"Well," I says, "it's pretty sharp and it's icy."

"Just a mile up?" he says.

"Just a mile," I says. We were yelling at each other for he had the motor roaring. He threw her into gear and tore out from under the canopy. I remembered then that he hadn't paid me, and I yelled at him. He heard me, but I guess he thought I was just yelling more directions, because he just turned and waved at me.

Well, I looked at my watch and it was after six. The snow was coming down faster and it was getting colder. I put out all the lights and locked up the shanty and started up the road. I remembered that I had given away twenty gallon of gas and three quarts of oil, but it didn't seem to bother me. The ruts in the road were filling up fast. I remembered I could probably have ridden as far as the house with him, but I was glad I didn't. It would have been hell sitting between that man and his kid.

Well, next day I wasn't open more than an hour when Jim Skelly, the under-sheriff, pulls up and tells me how they just found a man, a boy, and a big buck all minced up together under a big coupé below the culvert. It seems they missed the turn, jumped the culvert, and ended up against Old Hoskin's elm fifty or sixty feet above. Jim said the car must have been travelling at least sixty-five or seventy. And after me warning him just before he left.

Well, he was pretty upset, and I guess when a man's in a fix like that he don't care much anyhow.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FASCIST CENSORSHIP

BY GEORGE SELDES

"*WE ARE bound by the worst censorship ever imposed. We must not write anything that might reflect on the Fascisti. We are confined to an apology for political assassination. It broke my heart not to be able to report the Matteotti case as it should be done, but it would have meant arrest and expulsion from Italy.*"

To me this extract from a letter written by one of America's best-known newspapermen, one who is still resident in Rome and who is proud to call himself a friend and admirer of Mussolini, is the most illuminating protest against the press situation in Europe to-day. Similar letters could be written not only about conditions in Italy, but in Russia, Spain, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Poland, and many other nations, colonies, and mandated territories in which foreign offices and military establishments make constant efforts to prevent truthful news from reaching America and to keep journalists in hand by the daily threat of deportation.

Ten years ago when I first came to Europe censorship was universal. Moreover, in time of war, with frontiers closed and every agency of international communications heavily guarded, it was effective. Since the armistice censorship as we knew it in war time has continued or reappeared occasionally in almost every part of the continent; and to-day, being largely ineffective by itself under peace conditions, it is supplemented by a subtler, more refined, diplomatic, and altogether more vicious system.

Italy and Russia are the best examples of all that is old and new in the art of suppression. In both countries you will find the stupid blue pencil at work on cables, altering news, inserting propaganda, sometimes destroying dispatches completely; and side by side with these antiquated, discredited, and largely futile methods you will find the new policy of terrorism, or if you prefer a milder term, intimidation.

I went to Italy as the representative of an American newspaper after nearly two years as a correspondent in Berlin. I had previously been forced to leave Russia because I would not submit to the Bolshevik censorship; but I felt I had a right to expect that in Rome I should find comparative journalistic freedom. This was to be a permanent assignment; it followed four professional trips to Italy from the years 1919 to 1925, during the first of which I had reported the communist uprising in Milan and Turin and had visited Fiume, where the romantic d'Annunzio had organized the black-shirted, black-fezzed Arditi who were later to form the swashbuckling leaders of the Fascist militia.

I was soon disillusioned. "You must watch yourself here; you cannot write about the Fascisti as you do about politics in defeated Germany," everyone at the Casa della Stampa Esteri, the press club, warned me. "You'll be expelled if you tell everything."

"Is there a censorship?" I asked.

"There is, for the local press; you won't get much information from the papers; sometimes there is some news in the first editions, but the censor cuts it

to bits. There is no official censorship over cables. We wish there were. But the foreign office watches you, delays your cables, sometimes suppresses them, sometimes alters them. It's all done secretly. And if you write anything unfavorable to Fascism you will be expelled."

Within a few weeks I received a letter from the American Ambassador asking me to call. Mr. Fletcher was apologetic. He began by assuring me that he had informed Dino Grandi, the Under-secretary of State, that my news dispatches were no business of the Embassy. Yet he had consented to transmit to me a warning from Mussolini. Mussolini didn't like my work.

Strange how these grand dictators sitting in their Kremlins and their Palazzos always have time to look into some reporter's dispatches! Yet true. Almost everyone who has ever interviewed Mussolini and Trotsky or Tchitcherin will remember the colored pencil scanning the columns of the local or foreign papers. These great men seem to care so much for public opinion!

The Ambassador and I discussed the news to which the Fascist chieftains had objected. Certainly not to any item of the grandiose plans for a world-conquering army and navy, for magnificent colonies, for Italianization of the Mediterranean, for the "battle of the wheat" to make Italy self-supporting in food; not to my reports of the fight to stabilize the lira, or of the efforts to obtain a loan from American bankers. Certainly not to any of these items which came up almost daily in the carbon files. But there was an item about the persistent troubles due to the unpunished Matteotti murder, and there was another telegram about the revolt of five political parties under the leadership of Amendola, the only strong force left to the Aventine, the Opposition.

After a long talk with the Ambassador, who seemed to sympathize with the difficulties of the American reporters in giving the two sides of the Fascist case, I wrote a long letter to the Foreign Office. It said in part:

It would not be honest for the Paris correspondent to give only the radical-socialist viewpoint, the Berlin correspondent to give only the coalition viewpoint or the Moscow correspondent to state the successes of Bolshevism and leave out the Soviet terrorism. For the same reason it is necessary for the Rome correspondent to give more than the official Fascist press viewpoint.

We are required to give the facts, to relate happenings; not viewpoints of foreign governments, but facts of interest to the American viewpoint. The American people are not satisfied with official governmental statements alone. The bankers, tourists, holders of foreign bonds, business men, the foreign-born, want the journalists to tell them the truths which the consuls and ambassadors send to the State Department in confidence. Sometimes this is most difficult, especially where censorship prevails, as in Bolshevist Russia. If you permit me to speak frankly, I will say that the greatest alarm prevailed in America when the Italian censorship was announced, and even to-day the greatest suspicion attaches to Italian news. Even your great friend, the correspondent of the Associated Press, representative of a co-operative society known for its disinterestedness, objectivity and honesty, has been forced to mail his telegrams to Paris this week, and from there these news items affecting Italy's foreign relations have been disseminated throughout the world.

My duty is to my American employers, who ask a fair, unprejudiced report of facts, and I must give both sides to every question. If you would read all my telegrams for the past three months I am sure you will withdraw your charge that they are "tendacious and alarming." They are a recital of events as they happen. I hope I have made my position clear.

There was no immediate reply. In the next two months much happened to bolster Fascist credit abroad, but the Matteotti affair stalked like a hundred ghosts of Banquo through every Fascist ministry, every session of the Chamber of Deputies, and every editorial room. Fascist signs appeared: "We have 6,700 martyrs, the Opposition one." Every

department of the government was furiously working to eliminate the Matteotti case from the public mind, and about once a week some important incident warranted a cable in which the assassinated deputy was mentioned.

My Italian assistant was approached by a minor official of the press bureau with the request that we refrain from naming Matteotti. "No correspondent of any nationality is mentioning this affair," the agent said, "and it will lead to unpleasantness if your paper persists."

"But the Matteotti case is the biggest news item in Italy; it involves the future of Fascism; it is the outstanding subject in politics to-day," I protested.

The agent shrugged his shoulders.

Then everything came to a climax.

General de Bono, chief of police at the time of the assassination, was freed from complicity in the murder of Matteotti for "lack of evidence." The collapse of all subsequent trials was forecast. Cesare Rossi, one of Mussolini's underlings, former secretary-general of the Fascist party, wrote a remarkable confession which began with the statement, "I refuse longer to be a scapegoat for the Duce," and contained the charge that Mussolini, informed of the plot to "put Matteotti out of the way of the progress of Fascism," had replied that if necessary the party treasury would bear the costs. Filippo Filipelli, editor of Mussolini's daily paper, likewise confessed participation and accused the triumvirate. The five Opposition parties prepared a protest to the King and a document embodying both confessions. The Fascisti issued a new order that, instead of suppressing editions of the liberal newspapers daily, they would suppress them altogether after three warnings. The confessions and the Aventine document were duly sent from my office and so keyed that within three days I knew they had been suppressed by the censor. We then telegraphed our Paris office, which had received by mail carbon copies for filing, to cable them to America; and three days later Mussolini ordered my expulsion from Italy.

Again the Foreign Office attempted to force my deportation through the American Embassy. The letter spoke of "*tendenziose ed allarmistiche*" telegrams, pleaded for "*serena, spegiudicate ed obiettive*" news, and was supplemented by Dino Grandi's remark to Ambassador Fletcher that "he (Seldes) has represented the Mussolini Government in the worst possible light and *given the views of the political opponents of the Duce.*"

This time the Palazzo Chigi appended the suppressed telegrams. No. 1 related the attempt to assassinate Amendola. The second most important figure in Italy had gone to a hotel at Montecatini for a rest cure. He left Rome secretly at night. But somehow the Rome headquarters of the Fascist Party heard of it, and the telephones rang in Fascist headquarters throughout the Montecatini district, so that shortly after Amendola arrived at his hotel a thousand blackshirts appeared, some of whom had traveled twenty miles. They demanded the surrender of the Aventine chief and, being refused, stormed the hotel, smashing down every resisting door, searching the rooms of American and European guests who had retired for the night, and threatening with death anyone who might be harboring the fleeing man.

Amendola was pursued in automobiles, overtaken, and clubbed by twenty Fascists. Many of his bones were broken and his seemingly lifeless body was left for dead in his wrecked car. (He expired three months later, and since then no man has arisen in Italy to lead the Opposition parties which have now been outlawed and crushed.)

Exhibit No. 2 began, "One hundred and seventeen members of Parliament out of the 140 comprising the five political parties of the Opposition have signed a document addressed to the people of Italy and warning the King not to ratify Mussolini's appointment of General de Bono as governor of

Tripoli following his release from prison for complicity in the Matteotti murder, nor to issue an amnesty for the five leaders of the Fascist party jailed charged with murdering Deputy Matteotti."

There followed a summary of the 15,000 word document which included the Rossi and Filipelli confessions which the courts had refused to read when they freed De Bono.

Exhibit No. 3 concerned Salvemini. Gaetano Salvemini is now well known in the United States, but at the time of his arrest and trial the chief interest in his case arose through the fact that it brought to official light the aforementioned confessions. Salvemini was accused of printing them. He was found not guilty by a Fascist court. Several hundred Fascisti, knowing there was no evidence against the venerable professor, gathered in tens and twenties at each exit of the palace of justice in Florence, and when the professor, his attorney, and the war hero Rosetti emerged, they attacked the three, beating them with clubs and stones.

Of the three items of news which Mussolini's office sent to the American ambassador, the first never appeared in the Italian press, the second appeared three days after my cables had been published in America and Europe, and the third appeared in one edition of a liberal paper, *Il Mondo*, which was immediately suppressed.

Now, it had been either my fortune or misfortune to obtain the first two items exclusively. Regarding the third, I know that the Italian head of one of the largest American press bureaus ordered his American assistant not to write anything about the attack on Salvemini because "such little things are of no interest in America," and that this young American secretly and at night cabled a report which was published everywhere. It was quite true that despite the threat of deportation my dispatches never toned down the news, never aimed to apologize for violence or veneer with propaganda favorable to the Fascisti certain acts of which they were proud at home but which made a bad impression abroad and sometimes caused their loans to drop three points. Perhaps it was true that these items "depicted the Mussolini Government in the worst possible light." But such was the light that beat upon the throne in those days. There was no question of either the importance or the authenticity of the news. Moreover on the days when these reports of bloodshed and suppression were being sent abroad my office had also sent dispatches pleasing to those who cry out against "destructive" journalism. On the "constructive" side my file showed such items as these: "Complete recovery of Mussolini," "Economic improvement of Italy shown by Minister of Finance," "Italy scores success with artificial silk industry," and dozens of minor stories of Fascist triumphs in business and politics.

All of this I duly explained to Ambassador Fletcher. It was not the first time this envoy had fought for the liberty of the press; the time he banged his fist on Carranza's table and demanded the release and freedom of movement of American newspapermen in Mexico City is still well remembered.

Ambassador Fletcher went to the Foreign Office to protest against my expulsion, and the same day the American and British correspondents also went to the palace; to the Ambassador it was a matter of the rights of an individual citizen, to the press representatives it was the climax of a long battle against censorship and suppression. Concerning this protest meeting the Fascist *Epoca* could not bring itself to tell the truth. It said, "*L'on Grandi ha ricevuto a Palazzo Chigi S. E. Fletcher, Ambasciatore degli Stati Uniti, ed un gruppo di corrispondenti Americani che ha intrattenuto in cordiale conversazione.*"

This "cordial conversation" was a bitter dispute lasting a long time and ending with Grandi's statement that

"the Foreign Office would reconsider the case." The correspondents thought it was a victory. Jubilation and a banquet followed. But it was interrupted by an agent of the police who came to my apartment to tell me how much longer I had to stay in Italy. The Embassy was puzzled, too. At the Ambassador's suggestion I requested that a formal order of deportation be given me, and my office requested Secretary Kellogg to cable the Italian Foreign Office to safeguard life and limb. These things, however, are not important; it is important that in the four days allotted me to settle my Roman affairs I was visited by all the American newspapermen, many of the British, French, and German journalists, and some Italian ones; they came with one demand, that on reaching some free country, Switzerland or France, I publish a full report about the intolerable conditions under which the press of the world works in Italy.

II

The hundred or more representatives of the foreign press in Rome have to ask themselves every day, "Is this piece of Fascist terrorism worth mentioning? Am I ready to risk being thrown into the Queen of Heaven Jail or being thrown over the frontier for this small item?" And the reply is always, "This is too small. Wait for something big; another Matteotti assassination; a national uprising, something big enough to warrant the risk."

Thus we voluntarily suppressed the truth about blackshirt terrorism, waiting for the big day. Occasionally we risked a small item, and immediately there would be a call from Baron Valentino's office, and the chief of the press bureau would complain that anyone who mentioned violence was an enemy of the greatest movement for the salvation of humanity the world has ever known.

Valentino spoke as an idealist. The real intimidation department was operated by Grandi, a subordinate in the Department of State of which Mussolini holds the portfolio. Grandi likes to work through foreign embassies, and by this method has had considerable success in keeping the French and German journalists in line. He tried it once with the representative of the London *Times*. This correspondent, instead of going to the embassy to listen to protests from Grandi, notified his paper, which is said to have replied: "Tell British Ambassador to mind own business; we mind ours." But the *Manchester Guardian* correspondents, who are frequently asked to report the true state of elections, crime, and the budget, the movements of the liberal elements and leaders, and news generally more interesting to a liberal newspaper, are continually being warned and threatened with deportation.

Hardly a day passes in which every correspondent does not learn of several happenings worth cabling if there were liberty of the press. When I was in Italy it was still possible to find in the first evening editions of the Rome papers a budget of items which were suppressed in later editions and therefore doubly interesting.

Here is a sample day:

Item: Boara.—As the result of a fight between Fascisti and Opposition, one Fascist militiaman killed; Fascist reinforcement arrived, killed two Opposition.

Item: Padua.—Fascisti staged demonstration, smashing office and printing plant of the *Popolo Veneto*, Catholic newspaper opposed to the dictatorship.

Item: Rovigo.—A Fascist quarreled with a shopkeeper. Both drew knives. The Fascist was killed. The Fascist local came in an auto truck, killed the shopkeeper and his brother, and wrecked the house. General de Balbo made a speech lauding the heroism of the first Fascist killed in the knife battle.

Item: Rome.—The public prosecutor asks that the parliamentary immunity of Amendola, leader of the Opposition,

be lifted so that he may be tried for criminal assault of a Fascist. Five Fascisti attacked Amendola with clubs but the Opposition leader, armed with an old umbrella, succeeded in driving the gangsters off, hitting one rather severely on the head.

Item: Milan.—Rioting in favor of the King of Italy and against Fascism was a new phase of the political situation when the sovereign came to inaugurate the cancer hospital. A large part of the industrial population engaged in a demonstration and strike. Battles between Fascisti and workingmen, many arrested. The laborers shouted "Long live the King, long live liberty" and "Down with Fascism." Leaflets were distributed calling for a return of free labor unions, free speech, free press, all the old constitutional guarantees promised by the King and suppressed by Mussolini. A banner was carried: "King Victor, restore us our former freedom."

None of these items was worth the risk of deportation. If I had had a three-year lease on a house in Rome, or a wife and children and other obligations there, I too should have waited for bigger news; having obligations only to my paper, I accordingly cabled the Milan story and it was recorded in the Roman foreign office against me and reported in the Fascist journal *Impero* as a libel on fair Fascism written by a "*grosso porco*," a fat swine.

Much more interesting for America were the attacks on two American consuls by Fascist mobs, incidents which the Government was afraid might hurt the tourist business if given wide circulation. Unusual efforts were made to suppress the news of these attacks.

Acting Consul General Franklin C. Gowen at Leghorn while watching a blackshirt parade had saluted the Italian flag but apparently had failed to salute a private Fascist banner. He was clubbed, then taken to a hospital.

Mussolini apologized to Mr. Fletcher. Weeks later Mr. Fletcher explained to us. Mussolini had said it was a regrettable accident; Mr. Gowen had been mistaken for an Italian; Mr. Gowen's hospital bill of two hundred lire (eight dollars) would be paid by the Italian government.

Mr. Gowen was instructed to keep quiet. Secretary Kellogg told our Washington office to wire me: "Gowen incident settled satisfactorily." The Fascist foreign office asked all Italians representing American newspapers to pass over this "unfortunate affair." Mr. Gowen was transferred.

Then a year later Earl Brennen, American Vice Consul in Rome, was beaten unconscious on the streets by a uniformed Fascist militia police detail. The American authorities took the matter up with Washington but did not inform the press. The press reported the assault later but all telegrams were suppressed. Eventually one of Consul Brennen's unofficial friends came to Paris and talked. He was of the opinion that the attack was premeditated because the Fascist newspapers had been insulting American consuls generally ever since they began a rigid inspection of emigrants under the selective clauses of the quota law.

Mussolini apologized to the Embassy. The State Department reported the incident satisfactorily settled. Mr. Brennen in due time recovered from his wounds, and it is assumed that his hospital bill of perhaps eight dollars was paid by the Fascists.

Cardinal Maffi of Pisa, one of the intellectual leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, immediately after the Matteotti murder wrote a pamphlet entitled "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and addressed the Fascisti as "Ye, the Dynasty of Cain." It was suppressed. Cardinal Maffi then read it as a pastoral letter, published it as such, and circulated it throughout Italy for some time. It concluded with these words:

"Woe to the hand that sheds blood. Woe to the feet that trample on the corpse. O dynasty of Cain, carry on. But listen . . . where men fail, God

comes to the rescue, God who gives no quarter to culprits, but incessantly pursues them, crying out judgment over them: Accursed, Accursed, Accursed in time, Accursed in eternity."

In 1926 the pastoral letter of the Cardinal was again suppressed. There have been attacks on the Catholic Club of Pisa, and a church in the workers' section has been broken into by blackshirts. But it is dangerous to publish anything showing the Catholic Church and the Fascist regime at odds. When Mussolini, a professed agnostic, restored the crucifix in the churches, permitted priests to teach religion, re-erected the cross in the Coliseum—acts of political expediency—his press agents spread the good news of peace between the Pope and the Duce. But when the Fascisti attacked a procession of Catholic children and beat several of them, when the Fascisti burned an altar in Spezia and Monsignor Pizzardo brought the details of a series of similar outrages to the attention of the Pope and the latter, both through an editorial in the *Osservatore Romano* and in an address to pilgrims from Perugia, denounced Fascist violence, several correspondents who said that there was no great friendship between Church and State were rebuked by officials of the Foreign Office.

When the last Italian election farce was played, Rome, Venice, Milan, and other tourist centers were quiet. But the press knew by experience that terrorism is directed away from tourist cities. So several reporters went to dull, outlying industrial towns. Without any exception they were arrested or driven away when they saw the blackshirt militia commit every conceivable ballot-box crime. The powers in Rome announced a victory and an honest election, and it was impossible for anyone to cable the fact that a corrupt election had been held under the shadow of the *manganello*, the big stick, or to portray blackshirt volunteers, pistols in hand, suggesting that there would be shooting if one non-Fascist ballot were found. The German correspondents sent some letters; the information was published a week late when the Italian election had become history. Nobody cared then.

And so it goes. Every newspaper representative in Italy, including perhaps the Fascist Italians still employed by American agencies and newspapers, could supplement these cases with scores just as important, many of them unknown to most of the Italian people. There was a time when non-Fascist newspapers published a small proportion of this sort of news; even the *Becco Giallo*, the satirical weekly, could hint unmolested at some acts of violence in the Fascist Utopia. But by a campaign begun in 1923 and concluded in 1927 the government has completely suppressed the liberties of the national press, so that to-day the average Italian knows nothing except what his masters want him to know.

III

The suppression began with an edict prepared by Mussolini, signed by the King against his will in 1923, and kept on Mussolini's desk until the danger of a national mutiny followed the Matteotti murder in 1924. On July 12 the edict was promulgated. It provided for warnings (*i.e.*, suppression) "if any newspaper or periodical by false or misleading news causes any interference in the diplomatic action of the government in its foreign relations or hurts the credit of the nation at home or abroad, causing undue alarm among the people, or in any way disturbs the public peace . . . if the newspaper or periodical by editorial articles, notes, titles, illustrations or inserts incites to crime or to class hatred or to disobedience of the laws of the established order or upsets the discipline of those engaged in public service or favors the interests of foreign states, groups, or persons as opposed to Italian interests, or insults the nation, the King, the royal family, the *Summo*

Pontifex, the religion, the institutions, or the authority of the State or of friendly powers.

"Newspapers or other periodicals published in violation of the preceding provisions shall be suppressed. . . ."

On January 8, 1925, a manifesto of the Aventine group was suppressed but read at a meeting of one hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies—a private meeting because their immunity had simultaneously been abolished. (The date, therefore, is a landmark.) The document said in part:

> The mask of constitutionality and normality has been thrown off. The government is trampling on the fundamental laws of the state and suffocating the free voice of the press with a despotism hitherto unheard of, suppressing every right of assemblage, but mobilizing the armed forces of its party, persecuting citizens and associations while it tolerates and leaves unpunished acts of devastation and destruction against its opponents which degrade Italy in the eyes of the civilized world.

In November, 1925, the *Corriere della Sera* was suppressed. The London *Times* editorially declared that Mussolini was making Italy a suspected and incomprehensible state, like Russia, and concluded, "It will be hard in the future to understand Italy and Fascismo. The disappearance of the independent *Corriere della Sera* is a serious loss to European civilization."

On December 31, 1925, a new censorship law was passed which almost completely suppressed independent journals and herded journalists into registered police dockets. The law contained ten points, No. 10 being:

> Prefects of police are empowered to seize editions of newspapers which attack the government in its foreign policy, or which injure the national credit at home or abroad, or which alarm the people without justification.

In 1927 all non-Fascist newspapers and periodicals were abolished.

But even that was not enough.

In 1927 the directorate of the Fascist Party divided all publications into two categories, those officially recognized by the party and those which do not enjoy that honor. The first category includes those newspapers "which by their origin, their activity on behalf of the Fascist cause, the political loyalty of their directors, editors and administrative staff, give secure guarantees of being worthy to be considered the true and real organs of the regime."

The second category is made up of journals *sympathetic to the regime*, and control over them will be exercised by means of the ordinary press laws in force. No non-Fascist writer may join the staff of a Fascist publication.

The perfect Fascist journalistic state has thus been achieved. The Fascisti have finally reached the same point as the Bolsheviki.

IV

Occasionally some intrepid soul still publishes a pamphlet or a secret sheet listing Fascist crimes. Immediately local terror is instituted. Suspected persons are clubbed, shot; their homes are wrecked, and any printing presses found are smashed. Sometimes an editor reaches Paris, sometimes he is exiled. The Italian government admitted in January, 1927, that in addition to the thousands of persons convicted by the regular courts, 942 persons tried by self-appointed Fascist courts had been exiled to the islands of Ustica, Lampedusa, Favignana, Pantellaria, horrible waterless criminal-infested islands which constitute Italy's Siberia. Mussolini once stated that only anarchists and communists are sent there, but it is a fact discovered by an American newspaperman that Liberal and Catholic deputies, editors, moderate Socialists, professors and professional men, most of whom have written something or spoken something unfavorable to Fascismo or critical of Mussolini, constitute the majority in exile.

The year 1927 heard the last death-rattle of the free press in Italy; it also

marked a new campaign to spread Fascist propaganda and stop criticism abroad. Numerous Italian and Italo-American publications are being subsidized. Their editors are given trips to Rome and permitted to shake hands with the Duce. A few big orders are placed with outstanding American concerns. Sometimes the equivalent of the French Legion of Honor ribbon is pinned on a leading citizen. Money and flattery and honors are lavishly given to the friends of Fascismo.

Whenever the Italian loan seems to float less easily in New York and when new loans are contemplated, important American visitors find that it is not so difficult after all to visit Mussolini. His handshake is cordial, his undeniable charm, his great histrionic talent, make delightful impressions. Senators, representatives, mayors, editors, big bankers and novelists, many of whom think the Duce the greatest man of this era, have all their doubts about dictatorships, all their beliefs in American democracy, delightfully transformed when they emerge radiant from the palace ready to carry the standard of Fascismo to the uttermost Main Streets of the United States. It is no mean honor to interview the Cæsar and Napoleon of our own day. A few words from Mussolini, and all American traditions, the inheritances from Pilgrim forefathers, the ideals which roused an embattled nation in 1861 and 1917, and everyday opinions on political rights and personal liberties, are discarded as a cloak suddenly grown threadbare and shabby and unfit for royal company.

Some of these representative Americans come determined not to be personally conducted through the Fascist Utopia. They must see for themselves. They refuse foreign office guides and literature. They stay more than the week-end; they stay a full month, perhaps. They ask waiters and shopkeepers indiscreet questions. But they fail to see the tongue-in-cheek which accompanies the replies confirming the official Fascist statements that democracy is a failure, parliamentary government ridiculous, a free press a danger to progress, and that the Italian people, owing to its economic, mental, and emotional make-up, has been made happy and prosperous through the only form of government fit for it.

This prosperity, which nobody can deny, is shown to every visitor. But it is prefaced always with the statement that Mussolini saved Italy from Bolshevism, a statement which despite repetition in every newspaper and every book by pro-Fascist apologists, is a historical untruth. I saw Bolshevism raise its red head in Milan and Turin in 1919, and hide it early in 1920; during the rest of that year and in 1921 and 1922, until the Naples convention determined the Fascist "march on Rome," I saw parliamentary government survive, Bolshevism collapse, and Italy slowly rise to her feet without violence or terrorism.

The American visitor is shown *faits accomplis:* a balanced budget, cleaner railway trains and trains that run on time; a people becoming more and more disciplined and imperialistic; much material progress. The same American visitor, could he enter Russia with the same preconceived friendly attitude, would find exactly the same material progress. Walter Duranty, the leading American authority on Russia, told me a few weeks ago that it is now possible for a stranger to tour Russia in comfort and safety, enjoying decent food and comparatively decent housing accommodations. But the Tcheka terror, although invisible, still rules and still crushes the soul of the Russian people.

It is impossible for the visitor to go behind the scenes. It takes months of residence and investigation and a trained as well as an open mind, to determine the feelings of a people living in fear and to obtain the news of how dictatorship works in the countryside, far from the prying eyes of tourists. No one is better able to tell the truth about Fascism and its censorship than the

American correspondents resident in Rome. I have already mentioned suppression of news by Italian Fascists or pro-Fascists representing the American press; the general attitude of the American corps, however, is not to compromise with truth, but to compromise with the powers. The men and women take circumstances into consideration. Sometimes it hurts to do so, but they must trim their sails to fit the Fascist winds if they are to remain at work in that stormy country.

The independents, those who do not conform, men and women alike, mostly American and British, some sunny day may find a detective on their front doorstep or at an adjoining table in the restaurant, who will take notes on every person seen, talked to; or they may receive a call from Baron Valentino, who lays before them clippings from their papers, news which never went direct from Rome by wire or wireless. Once they wondered where Valentino got the clippings; now they know that Mussolini has ordered every consul abroad to watch the press, to send clippings, and to report the attitude of every foreign newspaper, especially those in New York, Washington, and Chicago. Mussolini reads many of the clippings himself.

Nor are the Italian journalists abroad safe if their views do not conform. Their property is confiscated by the State, their citizenship is revoked; they are in constant fear of being beaten up by members of the Fascist locals which are planted by Rome in whatever country they may reside, and their lives are made generally miserable so long as they continue their non-Fascist attitude. The censorship, by fair means or foul, reaches throughout Europe and extends to the United States. An example is furnished by the following case reported to Sir Eric Drummond, secretary-general of the League of Nations.

Angelo Monti and Carlo a'Prato are two Italians of high reputation, members of the International Association of Journalists Accredited to the League of Nations. Monti represented *Il Secolo* for twenty years; a'Prato was once secretary to Nitti, later to Count Sforza. He became associated with Don Sturzo, leader of the Catholic opposition to Mussolini, and was forced to flee for his life. He is representing a Paris paper in Geneva. The two journalists complained to the association that the Swiss police, at the request of the Fascisti, have done everything to make their residence in Switzerland unbearable, their work impossible. They have been arrested, their credentials frequently questioned, their expulsion threatened. The chief of police, M. Turritini, they alleged, is a pro-Fascist who enjoys terrorizing Mussolini's enemies when they escape to Switzerland. The association has determined to defend its members before the Council of the League of Nations, the International Press Conference, and, if necessary, the League Assembly.

A part of the European press is easily controlled by Mussolini. The pre-war system of selling "zones of influence" to governments, although curtailed by rearrangement of boundaries, still prevails. A Paris newspaper, for instance, may offer its services to two governments about whose politics France is not vitally concerned, say Hungary and Roumania; whichever pays the price will be supported in whatever it does in its zone, even in war, perhaps.

Support can be bought outright or by indirect means. Three big organizations, the Ente Nazionale per le Industrie Turistiche, now known as the C.I.T., the Grandi Alberghi Association of Hotel Keepers, and various associations of hotel men and tourist agencies, are heavy advertisers in almost every part of the world. These organizations demand subservience to Fascism as part of their advertising contracts. They dangle their millions of lire before business managers and withdraw their advertising if the editors mention Fascist violence in Italy. Following my expulsion from

Rome, the big hotel and tourist groups and the government railroads canceled their advertising in my papers and wrote many letters to say they would resume if unfavorable news were suppressed in the future.

Finally there is the splendid bribe of five thousand words a month free over the transatlantic cable for all correspondents and newspapers which agree to send and print propaganda favorable to the Fascisti. When I took over the Rome bureau of my paper I found that my predecessor, an Italian-American blackshirt enthusiast, had been given this award for faithfulness to the cause, and that other American newspapers had accepted it also. At my first encounter with the censorship I was threatened with its withdrawal, and at the second it was withdrawn. To-day nearly all the pro-Fascist organs in America are partly subsidized by this means.

V

But somehow Mussolini cannot prevent the American reporter from telling at least a part of the truth. With the possible exception of two Italians who place Fascismo above their duties to their American employers, the corps representing America to-day makes every effort to break the censorship. Its methods are many and various. The easiest is the letter to a private address in Paris or London which eventually becomes a cable with a Swiss date-line. The second method is aptly termed the "grapevine." It passes from one side of the wall to the other. Somebody in Rome communicates (by telephone or letter) with an agent in Lugano or Chiasso or another frontier town. The agent crosses the border—a mere city street sometimes—and telephones to Paris. In all cases the Rome correspondent remains protected and anonymous.

The cleverest, most effective means of obtaining the news is "relay reporting." Floyd Gibbons first introduced the system of sending a stream of men from country to country, each of whom was met by foreign office slings and arrows, really meant for a predecessor, and each of whom gave lengthy explanations, perhaps an apology, and departed to write freely at a distance of conditions that existed. The system was tried during the Irish troubles, the Silesian plebiscite scandal, the Fiume madness, during a score of European events concerning which it was really dangerous for a man to tell something of the truth and remain on the scene. To-day one New York newspaper (the *World*) has adopted the relay method with great success in Italy. Apparently three representatives of this paper were at the Matteotti trial in relays, and could, by going to Nice or Lugano, report the brutal Fascization of justice at Chieti. Readers of almost all the papers of the whole world got only a distorted, censored, almost totally untrue report of this trial which, if reported faithfully, might have undermined the Mussolini regime and certainly would have changed the sentiment of many people towards Fascism. Only one paper was able to report the truth. The other newspapermen simply broke their hearts and kept quiet.

But not for always. An important effort is now being made through the League of Nations which, while it may not prove successful, will at least officially call the attention of both hemispheres to the terroristic censorships of several countries. Under the leadership of Sir Eric Drummond meetings of two hundred accredited representatives of the press have been held in Geneva and a program adopted. It demands, first of all, the abolition of censorship in time of peace. The report says in its preamble:

> Censorship in peace time is a fundamental obstacle to the normal exchange of international information and makes understanding between peoples more difficult.

Where censorship exists at present, the League committee asks:

1. That telegrams be censored promptly.
2. That journalists be informed of the censorship orders.
3. That journalists be informed of deletions and given an opportunity to withdraw their dispatches completely.
4. That money paid for suppressed telegrams be returned.
5. That all journalists receive equal treatment.
6. That a committee of journalists examine the case of any journalist whom a government would expel.

Russia is outside the League. Of the twenty or more League members which maintain censorships, either by blue pencil or intimidation, Italy is the only big nation which must reply to the above indictment. With the exception of Russia, Italy offers to-day the most flagrant example of journalistic terrorism in the civilized world.

All the censorship, propaganda, intimidation, and terrorism which beset newspaper correspondents in Europe concern themselves chiefly with American public opinion because America holds the money which Europe seeks, because America holds enormous investments in Europe, and because America has become a moral force affecting European politics and policies. Italy is bent on twisting American public opinion as she has succeeded in perverting it at home, among her own nationals. It has become the duty of American newspapermen in Italy to break all the restraints placed about them, to expose all propaganda, to relate the march of events truthfully even if they concern kings and dictators; so that no matter how much terrorism may prevail America, at least, may be able to enjoy whatever benefits there are from a knowledge of the truth.

HEAD-HIGH-IN-THE-WIND

A TALE OF REVOLUTION AND COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN HUNAN

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I WISH she had a better name than Wang Su Chun. Jeanne d'Arc had a good enough name—fit to be filled through the years with the glory and pain of a soul. But how can "Wang Su Chun" convey the golden flame of youth in its high defiant choice of her own lover? How can "Wang Su Chun" express the mounting fire of her seven months of freedom, as her heart transmuted its joy into tasks for her sister women—prosaic tasks shot through with the light of a new gospel? And lastly, how can the awkward name of "Wang Su Chun" bear the agony of that hour when the jeering soldiery, spurred on by her own neighbors, cut the flesh from her bones slowly, and fired at last into the broken pieces of her body—seventeen shots to show the extremity of their hate.

For seven months young Wang was one of the "bobbed-hair girls" of Central China, challenging all the standards of Main Street as understood in a backward small town of Hunan. To-day, since the flow and ebb of the militarist reaction, she is one of the almost unknown girl martyrs, some of whom perhaps will some day be remembered by a new womanhood in a newborn China. Yet I, who never saw her, do not quite know what the girl Wang thought she died for—freedom of country, freedom of woman, or merely the freedom of her own heart's selection. Nor do I quite know the source of the hate that killed her—whether the rage of the high grafter she exposed, or the sadistic lust of soldiers, or the entrenched morality of the ancient order she had flouted. These three hates combined against her—the hates that have killed all the martyrs of history.

I know that young Wang died for something she thought was freedom, something that sang in her soul like a shout of glad defiance. I know the most respected families of the town delivered her to the butchers. And that many more "able and beautiful girls" in the past few weeks have experienced in Hunan the same "unnatural deaths," in the modestly controlled words of my Chinese student friend. So much can be gathered even across the many miles of unknown villages that separate me from her death-place, and even through the faintly disapproving, faintly wondering tones of the Christian student lad who tells the tale.

Until September of 1926 brought the Nationalist armies to Hunan, Miss Wang, he assures me, was a very good girl, a Christian girl in a mission school. "Her brother and the man who became her fiancé were both my classmates. They live in Lingsiang, a small country town about one hundred *li* from Yochow city." Very far back in the heart of China, it is clear from his description. She went to the Ziemer Memorial School, established by American missionaries, and finished there the Junior Middle Course. Then her father sent her far into Fukien province to study in a Senior Middle School. He was a farmer, not rich but a Christian. Being Chinese, he

reverenced learning; being Christian, he believed that girls have souls. To-day that belief and reverence are ashes in his mouth as he considers the dishonored, dismembered fragments of his daughter, and wonders how much of her wild ideas of freedom she learned from the missionaries of America, how much from the intoxicating advance of the armies of the Kuomintang.

Shortly before the Nationalist armies marched into Hunan, Wang Su Chun came home from the school in Fukien. Shortly after the armies arrived she produced her first sensation by announcing her engagement to a young man of Lingsiang town. That statement lacks in America the world-defying thrill that is its due. It is the most startling sentence in this story, on which hangs all the rest. Girls in China do not announce engagements; respectable marriages are arranged by go-betweens with parents. Choosing her own fiancé was Miss Wang's first and greatest shock to the moral standards of Hunan. Swiftly and inevitably it led to others.

"I think he was the only Christian college graduate in the town," thus my Chinese student friend excuses her. "So if she wants to choose by herself any lifelong friend, this man Li would naturally be the man. She knew him all her life, distantly of course, as Chinese girls in a small town know at a distance the sons of family friends. Better perhaps than most, since both families were Christians. None the less, she would never have dared select her own fiancé if not for the new doctrines of the Kuomintang that came with the army propagandists. Some of those new free doctrines, I think, are good. But maybe a little bit dangerous to girls in towns like Lingsiang."

"But did the young man himself do none of the selecting?" I asked, surprised at the utter ignoring of his role.

"Oh, but such an able girl," cried my student friend. "She could please anyone she put her choice on." Twice I ventured inquiry regarding the personal charms of the girl before he answered, modestly hesitating, "But, yes, she was beautiful. With dresses of the very newest kind such as you see in Shanghai and Hankow, but not much in the country. Long full skirt and only the smallest hidden trousers—'practically no trousers at all,' complain our old-fashioned country-women. The proper woman's dress in our part of China has very long, wide trousers and a long coat with long sleeves. Woman must all be covered, says our proverb. Bound feet, of course, are still the proper thing in Central China, but Miss Wang was a Christian girl with feet unbound. She also had a necklace with a watch on it, and a fountain pen."

Only by deft degrees could I draw from my student friend this much description of the feminine charms of Miss Wang. Women's clothing and women's beauty did not seem to him a proper subject of conversation, and he was slowly, courteously, deferring to my Western manners. But steadily the picture grew before me, as I marked each detail setting Miss Wang apart from her critical neighbors. Doubtless even before the advent of the Nationalist armies and her "free engagement," the sternness of her respectability must have been doubted by the more orthodox families of Lingsiang.

II

Swiftly after the shock of Wang's engagement, there followed other expressions of her new freedom. As if to justify and confirm her defiance, she threw herself into the Women's Movement of Lingsiang. "She was a very active and talkative girl," says my student friend. "Maybe just a little bit *chu feng to*. There is, I think, no English word for that. It means, 'Head going out in wind.' It is a lofty head that sticks out above other heads like a cock on the steeple. It blows in the east wind, it blows in the west wind; it catches all winds first. It is high for all

to see. What you call 'prominent'."

"When you say 'prominent' do you mean compliment or criticism?"

"When we say *chu feng to* we mean maybe a little bit criticism, but not too bad criticism. Very high and very active. At the head of the fashion. Carried along by the wind, but not in a bad way. Showing also clearly what is the wind that is blowing, showing it clear in the sky without any confusions that the wind makes nearer the earth.

"That was Miss Wang. Head high in the wind, very sure, very clear. Maybe too clear, too sure. No soft and cautious ways. She got made president of the new Women's Union of Lingsiang. She added hundreds and hundreds of members. It was a very powerful Women's Union. People hated her very much."

"But if many people hated her, were there not many others who loved her?" I asked. The Chinese boy looked dubious.

"When she do so many bad things, I think nobody can love her except her own family, and one man, Li, her fiancé. Only those who are her own and must love her. But many people follow her."

"What were the bad things she did?" I asked again.

He approached the subject with evident distaste, speaking as he did to a Westerner and a woman. He would rather have remembered Miss Wang as the "very nice girl" of the early mission school-days. "The things that all these Women's Unions do," he said. "Women's rights, free love."

"What do you mean by free love?" I persisted immodestly. "Did Miss Wang, who was just engaged, believe in living with men without marriage?"

This time he was genuinely shocked to the point of forgetting his reticence. "Oh, no, how can Miss Wang believe such wickedness?" he protested. "But Miss Wang fall in love and declare love before she gets married. She choose fiancé before parents permit. This is free love, free engagement, free marriage. It is very shocking to old-fashioned people in China."

His tongue was loosened. He poured forth a comprehensive summary of Chinese marriage as it might affect Miss Wang and the man Li:

"Miss Wang, of course, never got married. In the first place the young folks did not have any money to hold a wedding. In the second place their love was not yet ready for marriage. Both of them were still anxious for further education. So Miss Wang live with her parents, and Li live with his parents. By and by, they hope, maybe the families permit them to marry honorably. Then the bridegroom's father pay for the wedding.

"If a marriage is honorable in China, the parents of the groom will pay the money needed. They will send notes from the groom's father: 'On such a date my son will marry the daughter of Mr. So-and-So. Your presence is requested at the feast.' For this feast he will pay a very big, big sum of money. Sometimes for many years he will still be paying for the feast. But it is worth much to him, for at the wedding, all honor is shown to this old man, who will now be a grandfather since his son has taken a wife.

"But if the marriage be without parents' consent, then the young folks cannot be at home on their wedding day. A proper honorable marriage—it really cannot be done without the parents; otherwise all is disorder. There are only two ways for young folks like Miss Wang and the man Li. One is to wait and beseech the parents. Even if they do not like the girl, still they love their son, and if they see him always unhappy, refusing to take any other woman or to give them grandsons, in the end they will often give way. There is another way, a very Western way. It is for the young folks to work and save money, and then rent a house and have a friend give the feast in place of their parents. I know a student girl in Wuchang who is going to marry in this way an officer in

the Nationalist army; their parents are far away and they are very 'new style.'

"Nowadays, of course, under the Kuomintang, very little is needed for the law to call you married," continued my student friend with a flavor of apology in his tone. "You announce your marriage in a newspaper and give a feast and you are married. No formality at all under the Kuomintang. Either you publish the announcement yourself: 'Mr. A marries Miss B on such a date,' or you get a friend to print it for you: 'We congratulate Mr. A, who marries Miss B on such a date.' This last is more honorable because there is still in it a little of the go-between, something to show that sensible friends have also considered the marriage.

"Informal ways like this may do in Hankow under the Kuomintang, but not in a little backward town like Lingsiang. For Miss Wang herself, of course, no doubt her parents would be glad to get her any kind of husband, after the way she acted. But the young man's parents are the most important, since it is they who give the wedding feast and accept the girl to their family. Surely they would never have consented to take such a very modern girl as their daughter!"

Then the Chinese boy described that complexly symbolic thing which old China made of a wedding, till I saw what it was Wang Su Chun was defying, the most complete and permeating social institution yet produced by marriage in the world. Bound up with ancestors and with descendants, and with a host of living relatives, till the joint desires of the two who are mated become a triviality scarcely proper to mention. Miss Wang had mentioned it, brazening aloud her desires. Then she had openly urged other girls to do likewise. She had become a danger to established morality in that little town of Hunan.

I shall give only a few details of the many that made the picture. The go-betweens, one for each family; the procession of the groom to the home of the bride to receive her, with bugles, flutes, brass cymbals, and a "flowery chair" of red, gorgeously embroidered to hold the expected treasure; the shut gates at the bride's house; the pleading of flutes and bugles till they open the feast given to the groom by the men of the bride's family, lasting till they bring her forth, their last and best gift to him, and close her into the flowery chair. It is quite shut; no one must see the prized possession. When they come to the house of the groom, she is too shy and ashamed to leave the chair unaided, so there must be two women to lead her out. After this, behind the shut doors of her new home, come the candles and the shrine, with the characters for Heaven, Earth, Emperor, Parents, Teacher, to all of which she makes obeisance, accepting formally her husband's ancestors to be her ancestors and those of her children.

Miss Wang, of a Christian family, would have omitted some of this ancient symbolism, replacing it by a foreign church ceremony. But she would never have omitted the feast that comes after, when all friends come to "drink the happy wine" of the new pair. The bride gives countless presents as keepsakes of the occasion to friends. The bride and groom bow to the floor before each honored guest. Thus they are recognized and accepted into the ancient social fabric whose threads reach very far back through the generations. Such was honorable marriage in the little town of Lingsiang; into that relentlessly unrolling fabric Wang Su Chun had thrust the hands of her own desire. Surely, thought my Chinese student friend, no mere personal passion could have been so daring, were it not fanned high into flame by the great wind blowing from the south, when the armies of the Kuomintang marched through Hunan.

"Wang Su Chun," he continued, "had no money to begin even thinking of a feast. And the parents of Li had no thought of giving the feast either. So Miss Wang, instead of planning mar-

riage, went into the Women's Movement. These Women's Unions did very wild things in Hunan. Hunan people are very warm people. Quick to believe an idea, and quick to die for it. They make hot soldiers, the Hunanese.

"The Women's Unions in Hunan—they went into the streets with scissors, speaking to strangers, telling women to cut their hair off. They cut the hair off right then and there in the streets. They say that once or twice women who were over-persuaded, or maybe compelled to have their hair off, went home and strangled themselves for shame at the disgrace afterwards. The Women's Unions went into the houses, searching for bound-foot women. If they find a bound-foot woman under thirty, they give her a little time to get her feet unbound, so that it will not hurt too much. After that, they begin to fine her. Older women they do not bother, for feet cannot be unbound after thirty.

"These women make parades in the streets; they shout slogans. They hold mass-meetings together with men; they talk with strange men. They proclaim the new laws of the Kuomintang, that a wife may get a divorce if she is much tormented, or even if her husband takes a concubine. This last, I think, is a good law, for I am a Christian; but it is maybe a little sudden.

"Such were the ways of all the Women's Unions. And Wang Su Chun was of herself a little bit *chu feng to*. Blowing with the wind, with head very high in the wind. Maybe a little bit dizzy with the wind. I saw her last December, when I went home to Hunan. She was no more the good quiet girl of the mission school. Oh, but she was happy; she was drunk with being happy, as she swept more and more women, even old women, into her Women's Union. Even the man Li, I think, was hardly to her a man any more, so much as a sign of her great new freedom."

"But what did the fiancé think of the acts of Wang Su Chun?" I asked.

"How could any man approve of such excess?" protested my student friend. "He is a very quiet man, while she is lively and talked much. He said nothing to me ever of his feelings for Miss Wang, neither of any good feelings nor of any bad feelings. I think he was maybe a little bit blind. She was his fiancée, you see. And the wind her head was high in, was a very strong wind."

What, exactly, was the meaning of that, I wondered. That the strong wind blew along with it even the man who had quietly defied his parents for the girl? Or that he watched, helpless and silent, with Chinese reticent control, while the strong wind blew the girl he loved to her inevitable doom? Not the least poignant figure in the tragic drama is this man, of whom we know only that against his parents' will he remained her betrothed till death, and never betrayed by a word his feelings to outsiders.

It is not hard to understand the hate that rose and spread around the insolent joy and freedom of the young girl Wang, from the old men and women whose lives had been bound and broken to ordered ways, who had strangled youth's desires in the name of the Family, and lost forever the power to feel what young Wang was shamelessly, openly feeling. It grew with the weeks from distaste to a bitter fury, while careless, carefree Wang swept on in glad defiance. The end came swift and crashing with the soldiers of Hsia To Yin.

III

"When the reactionary armies came into the town," concluded the Chinese student lad, who had been her friend, "the neighbors in her own street turned her over to the soldiers. She could never escape; she was most prominent of all the Kuomintang people in the town. Her own neighbors, for the hate they had for her, brought the soldiers and shouted to urge them on.

"The soldiers were all about her—many soldiers and one girl agitator. That was what everyone called Wang

Su Chun then. The soldiers insulted her first with very bad words till they stirred their rage up. Then they cut her to pieces with knives and bayonets." He pointed grimly to his breast to show where they began cutting. "Then they cut off her arms; they cut off many pieces of her. By and by they shot seventeen shots into what was left."

"What were the shots for? Surely she was dead," I said in horror.

"Surely," he answered. "The shots were to show how much they hate her." Thus perished Wang Su Chun.

Very much one would like to know what perhaps no one has recorded: where the fiancé was at that last moment of horror. How long at the end she managed to keep her head high in the wind. But there was one important bit that I learned as aftermath, when I asked in wonder if nothing else than her fight for women's freedom had roused that blasting storm of hate.

"There was one special thing that maybe made it worse," he ventured. "There was a man in Lingsiang—what the Kuomintang calls 'bad gentry.' He was a sort of official, head of a farmers' organization. Many people said bad things of him. That he appointed policemen who were only bandits, and himself shared their plunder. That he arrested or took bribes from opium-smokers, yet himself was an opium-smoker all the time.

"Nobody dared accuse him, for he was rich. Then this girl Wang came home from Fukien and the Nationalists came from the south. And they say it was Wang who stirred up three men to give their evidence against this man. He was arrested and tried very quickly and shot. They say it was his family and friends that first stirred up the neighbors to give her to the soldiers."

"Perhaps she thought it her duty as a citizen to expose grafters," I offered.

He nodded, but looked stern. "A girl," he said, "and to stir up men that they take the life of a man!"

The evidence was all in; the pieces of the drama were complete. They fitted with the inevitableness of an old Greek tragedy, in which each human pawn moves of necessity to its destined end. The revengeful family of the exposed grafter; the sex and blood lust of soldiers; the yet more deadly passion of an old morality outraged; and over against them the flaming youth of the girl, with just that touch of insolence which the old Greeks knew was fatal, the insolence of upstart man who defies the gods and perishes. Lucifer, son of the morning, Prometheus the fire-bringer, Jeanne d'Arc affronting the hierarchy of God with her voices, and the morals of a licentious court with her male attire—these and a host of others were of the same presumptuous race as nineteen-year-old Wang, dying in brutal shame on a blood-stained street in Hunan.

Were the seven months of Wang's freedom worth it? Such a sedate love-affair, "wishing still for education," "not ready for marriage." Such a slight fluttering of wings, paid for so grimly. Such small freedoms, compared with even the daily habits of Western women. Yet freedom's intensity is measured less, perhaps, by privileges gained than by strength of bonds broken. And Wang Su Chun was of a different world than the old Greeks knew. Never for her the belief that the fate of an individual life is final drama. Through her Chinese past she sensed the continuity of life, the generations in which she was herself but a single link. From her mission school she was told that to lose life in a high cause is to save it. Lastly, the army propagandists of the Kuomintang gave her the Revolution, which flamed through her being and blended her personal passion into its fiercer, universal fire. However much or little she reasoned it out, the instinct of that revolution told her what the wise Greeks never knew, that the insolent men who die defying gods sweep man on steadily to triumph, that the wind her head was high in and that blew her to destruction was clearing the path of history.

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

OUR SPORTING THEORY OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE

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THE American people are great lovers of sport. It is quite common to hear discussions as to which is our favorite game. Some contend it is baseball, or football; others argue in favor of golf or bridge. The claims of many another sport might be advanced, but let us not overlook the leader—the Great American Game is the trial of a criminal case.

Let us step into the stadium, or rather the courtroom, and watch this interesting game in actual progress. A man is charged with a serious offense. Witnesses come forward with testimony which is amply sufficient to substantiate the charge and, as the defendant is unable to refute this evidence, he is found guilty by the jury. He then appeals. Does the prisoner ground this appeal upon any claim of innocence? No, he merely points an accusing finger at the end of the indictment and says, "Just look at this awful sentence! What terrible English! It concludes 'against the peace and dignity of State' whereas the conclusion should be 'against the peace and dignity of *the* State.'" The court of last resort studies this rhetorical problem with due deliberation and then penalizes the State one conviction for being off-side.

Do not for a moment think that I am indulging in fiction. Almost any lawyer can cite one or more cases in which a conviction has been reversed either for the reason stated or for one very much like it. Perhaps he will refer you to the case in which a verdict of guilty was upset because the indictment concluded "against the peace and dignity of the State of W. Virginia" and the court thought the word *West* should have been written in full!

Let us return to the field of action. Again the supreme court of some state is reversing a conviction because of a faulty indictment. "What is wrong?" the prosecuting attorney hastens to ask. "Could not the defendant see what was intended by this charge?" "Well," replies the court in effect, "he could no doubt tell what was intended easily enough, but you forgot to put in the word 'feloniously.'" In handing down still another reversal the court calls attention to the fatal omission of the word "maliciously" or the phrase "then and there" or the letter "S." These convictions are reversed, it should be noted, not because of failure to prove guilt at the trial, but because of some slight slip in the indictment which is not shown to have embarrassed the defendant in any way. Thus in one case a conviction was reversed because the indictment did not, in so many words, say a certain building was situated in South Chicago, the court adding that even proof that the building was actually located in South Chicago could not cure this defect.

In the interpretation of any legal instrument other than one which seeks to charge the commission of a crime it is considered important to inquire into

the intent with which it was drawn. If from the entire instrument it is clear what was intended the document is declared to mean just that. Not so with an indictment or an information in the Great American Game. In the interpretation of these the effort is not to find out what was intended, but to see if it would not be possible by some twist of logic (strained to the utmost if necessary) to read out of the instrument the meaning which was obviously intended to be put in. It may be interesting to see what result would be obtained by applying the same sort of logic to a simple everyday situation.

Let us suppose, for example, that a judge calls in his stenographer and says to her, "Please tell the office boy to come into the office at once." The stenographer promptly hunts up the boy and says, "The judge told me to tell you to go into the office at once." The judge waits for a while and at last in exasperation calls in the stenographer again and asks her if she conveyed his message. She replies that she did. The judge then hunts up the boy himself and reprimands him sharply for not coming to the office promptly as he was told to do. Whereupon the boy answers, "The laugh is on your stenographer, Judge. She told me that you told her to tell me to come into the office, but she forgot to tell me directly and positively to go."

The judge would not tolerate for a moment such casuistry from his office boy. If, however, a similar argument should come before the judge in the form of an objection to a criminal charge he would not only tolerate it but would add his own legal learning to support it. There is, as a matter of fact, a certain abstract logic back of the boy's contention. The stenographer was told to tell the boy to go into the judge's office, but that is not what she told him. She told him she was told to tell him to go, and stopped without adding the order for him to go. But while there is a certain amount of abstract logic in this contention, there is not even a trace of common sense in it. It is the most absurd tommyrot. And yet it is just this kind of absurd tommyrot which is still being used as a substitute for common sense in the interpretation of the pleadings in a criminal case. Let us see.

Here is a case in which the defendant is on trial for fraudulent banking. The evidence discloses that he was an officer of a bank and as such received a deposit, while the bank was insolvent, with full knowledge of the insolvency. This is contrary to the statute, and the jury brings in a verdict of guilty. The defendant appeals because, so he claims, the indictment fails to say the bank was insolvent when the deposit was received. Let us look at the indictment. It alleges the receipt of the deposit by him "after the bank was insolvent." Surely we have here a conviction which will stand; can there be any possible doubt as to the meaning of this statement? Again we are doomed to disappointment, however, for the court reverses this case also, giving in substance the following explanation: To say he received the deposit "after the bank was insolvent" is not a sufficient averment of the bank's insolvency at the time. The bank might become insolvent and later get back on its feet and be solvent again. A deposit made thereafter could be said to have been made "after the bank was insolvent." Of course the English language is not used in any such way as a matter of fact and nobody would so understand it, but such usage is theoretically possible, and hence the conviction must be reversed. Just think of that!

This case is much like another recent one in which a conviction of bigamy was reversed. The evidence at the trial had established the defendant's guilt beyond all question, but the appellate court could not find in the indictment any averment that the first wife was alive at the time he married the second. The defendant "well knew his first wife to be alive at the time," according to the wording of the charge, but this was held

to be insufficient. He could not possibly "know" his first wife was alive if she was dead; but the court, instead of using a common-sense interpretation of the language, resorted to the following formula which should have been discarded at least a century ago: "Every essential fact must be alleged directly and positively and nothing can be brought into the indictment by argument or intendment." Legislatures have endeavored to do away with this ancient formula by enacting that an indictment shall be sufficient if the offense is stated in ordinary and concise language and in such manner as to enable a person of common understanding to know what is intended; but such statutes seem to have been overlooked by the courts.

The same process of twisting the obvious meaning out of an indictment by outworn notions of the interpretation of such instruments was used in a case of larceny. The defendant was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for stealing an appearance bond from the office of the county judge. This conviction was reversed because although the indictment averred that he did "steal" the bond from the office of the county judge, there was no allegation "that the bond was taken and carried away against the will or without the consent of the county judge, or with the intention of depriving the owner thereof or converting the same to his own use." We do not use the word "steal" to designate a transaction in which an article has been borrowed temporarily with consent of the owner. The word "steal" means a taking without consent and with intent to deprive the owner of the thing taken. But although, by the court's own admission, the word has this meaning in common use and when employed by the judge in instructing the jury, it means something else when used in an indictment for stealing an appearance bond; and so the conviction was reversed.

Any number of examples of similar reasoning might be cited in cases of assault with intent to inflict great bodily injury. For instance, in one such case the defendant was convicted under an indictment which charged that he "did, with a deadly weapon . . . with intent then and there, wickedly, unlawfully, maliciously and feloniously to strike and bruise . . . inflict . . . a great bodily injury. . . ." This conviction was reversed on the ground that the indictment did not charge an intent to inflict a great bodily injury. The defendant, so the court suggests in substance, may have made this "felonious" assault with a "deadly weapon" with intent to commit less than a felony and the "injury may have been greater than was intended." But however logical this argument may be as a pure abstraction, the fact remains that the defendant had no doubt as to the charge which was intended; and as shown by the evidence, he struck his victim, a boy, over the head with a billiard cue, rendering him insensible and inflicting a wound which required eight stitches to close. Because the reversal of the case by this ancient logic is such an outrage upon justice, it is refreshing to find two justices dissenting upon the ground "that a person of common understanding would be in no doubt as to the offense which the indictment in this case was designed to charge."

We might go on with many more cases of the same kind, but technical reversals are not always due to matters determinable from a mere reading of the indictment itself. The same result is often reached because of some slight and insignificant variance between the averment in the indictment and the proof at the trial. What is generally recognized as the outstanding classic in this field is a Delaware case in which the defendant was convicted of stealing shoes. The indictment charged him with the larceny of a *pair* of shoes and his theft of two shoes was quite clear from the evidence. But in the excitement of the moment it seems he picked up two shoes both for the right foot. Because of this fact the

conviction was reversed on the ground that the indictment said he stole a "pair" of shoes while the proof showed two shoes for the same foot and hence not a "pair."

There is a more recent case, however, which is entitled to serious consideration for the blue ribbon in the absurdity contest. This is an Alabama case in which the defendant was convicted under a statute making it grand larceny to steal "a cow or animal of the cow kind." The evidence disclosed that he had stolen a steer, whereupon the court in all solemnity declared the defendant could not be convicted under the statute because a steer is a male and hence not "of the cow kind." After reading this decision it is a relief to learn that the Alabama statutes dealing with homicide use the phrase "human being" instead of the word "mankind"—otherwise it might be no offense to kill a woman!

To show how slight and insignificant a variance will sometimes result in a mistrial, a few instances of mistakes in names will be useful. Thus evidence that the accused committed a crime against nature upon a little girl named Rosalia M—— could not support a conviction under an indictment saying he committed such an offense on "Rosetta M——"; evidence that the defendant forged the name of Oatha C—— could not support a conviction under an indictment saying he forged the name of "Otha C——"; evidence that the defendant was guilty of using counterfeit labels could not support a conviction of this offense because the indictment gave the name of one of the partners as "Matt Von G——" and the proof showed it might be Max; and a conviction of embezzlement of property of a partnership had to be reversed because of a mistake in the name of one of the more than thirty partners.

The shocking feature of all these cases is that the inquiry into guilt or innocence is completely lost sight of while the court worries about something else.

Technical reversals, unfortunately, are by no means limited to mistakes in the indictment. The admission or exclusion of evidence offers an excellent opportunity for the reversal of cases on absurd technicalities. Anyone expects a conviction of crime to be reversed if the evidence at the trial was insufficient to establish the defendant's guilt; who but a lawyer would expect the conviction to be set aside because the evidence showed too much? Yet this is not unknown. Thus in one case there was no doubt of the defendant's guilt of the crime of murder, with which he was charged, but the conviction was reversed because the evidence showed also a rape committed by the defendant upon the victim's wife immediately following the murder. And in another murder case the conviction was reversed because the trial judge admitted evidence which showed a robbery connected with the killing. The instructions given or refused by the court are also a frequent source of technical reversal.

Before going on we should refer back a moment to a case of technical variance which emphasizes a point not mentioned as yet. In a certain case a conviction of robbery was reversed because the indictment said the person robbed was "Wesley Duke" and the evidence showed the robbery of "J. W. Duke" by the defendant, but failed to identify Wesley Duke and J. W. Duke as one and the same. This was undoubtedly a mere oversight on the part of the prosecuting attorney. But listen to the statement of the court: "The defendant was under no duty, when requesting the affirmative charge, to bring the failure of proof to the attention of the court." In other words it was a very clever move for the defendant's attorney to keep silent as to this oversight until too late to correct it, and then, if the first jury decided against him, to demand a new trial. What matter if justice is defeated with the connivance of an officer of the court so long as the rules of the game are observed!

In fact, our criminal procedure is so

overburdened with rules which exist for some reason other than to aid in the search for the truth of the matter that there is hardly a step in the whole proceedings where some slight slip will not result in the case being disposed of on a technicality rather than on its merits.

II

Dissatisfaction with the administration of justice is by no means a new thing. It is "as old as law." Nor is dissatisfaction with criminal law and its administration a local or American phenomenon. It was world wide at the beginning of the second decade of the present century. The ancient nature of this complaint and its widespread scope in recent times suggest the possible existence of certain inherent difficulties in the administration of criminal justice. It is well to recognize the presence of such difficulties and the impossibility of devising a plan of criminal procedure which will be perfect in its operation. The cases referred to above all have the objectionable feature of having been decided on some point of procedure rather than on the guilt or innocence of the defendant. It may be difficult to eliminate such decisions entirely. But certainly it will be possible to move a long way from our present position, which is causing dissatisfaction with the methods of American criminal law to increase from day to day.

Inquiries among representative citizens of one of our great cities a few years ago brought out the fact that three out of five considered the better enforcement of our criminal laws to be the most important public question of the time. In the press, over the radio, from the pulpit and the platform, and in general conversation we are constantly reminded of the general breakdown of our machinery for the enforcement of criminal justice, and of the ineffectiveness of our out-of-date methods of trying criminal cases. The absurdity of our technicalities in criminal procedure has seldom been so well pictured as in these words which appeared in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology:* "To a layman, such insistence upon worn-out and useless forms seems as absurd as it would have seemed to Goldsmith's Chinese traveler if he had been told that a certain murderer had escaped punishment because, in the course of the proceedings, the clerk of the court, in affixing the seal, had committed the error of moistening it with a sponge, instead of following the time-honored and strictly legal method of licking it with his tongue."

The writer once asked a juror why he voted for a verdict of not guilty in a certain case. All the evidence pointed unmistakably to the guilt of the defendant, yet the jury had reached a unanimous verdict in his favor on the first ballot. The juror's reply was interesting. He said, "There is no doubt of the defendant's guilt, but the state didn't show it." And yet this same juror answered under oath on the *voir dire* that he knew nothing at all about the case. In other words, before the trial he had no opinion on the subject at all; after the trial he had not the slightest doubt of the defendant's guilt; and yet he voted for acquittal on the ground that the state had not shown the defendant to be guilty. As a matter of fact this juror (and the other eleven in the same case) had become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the game being played in the courtroom that he forgot all about the question of guilt or innocence and gave his decision to the lawyer who seemed to him to play a more skillful game than his opponent.

This point of view is not limited to the members of the jury. Every step in the trial of a case and in the proceedings looking toward a new trial or a reversal is taken as if in a game. The one outstanding feature of importance is to see that the play is conducted according to the rules, and the judge is merely an umpire to enforce them. If we could only wipe out this pernicious sporting

theory of justice and come to view criminal procedure as a part of our general scheme of social engineering we should materially hasten the time when here, as well as in England and in Canada, the search for the real truth would overshadow all matters of form and technicality, and the outstanding purpose of a criminal trial be recognized by all to be the undivided effort to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the person charged.

III

The cases which I have referred to emphasize the undue advantage given to the criminal by our antiquated system of criminal procedure. Let it not be supposed for a moment, however, that this is the whole of the picture. There is another side which is no less distressing. The difficulty of getting at the facts in the courtroom induces a certain type of mind to seek for this information elsewhere where restraints are not merely less rigid but are lacking altogether. The result is the "third degree." Thus while over-tenderness for the accused causes many who are guilty to escape their just punishment, the indirect result is to cause many to suffer humiliation and even physical torture of a nature not authorized by law even for the guilty—and some of these sufferers are innocent of any crime. Let us add, parenthetically, that a legal system which encourages law-enforcing officials to act outside of the law must be held accountable not only for the direct ill consequences of such unlawful conduct, but also for the general lawlessness which it thus breeds. For who has such a large responsibility to live up to the full spirit of the law as the officer whose duty it is to enforce it?

The long delays of our criminal procedure give unfair aid to the man who is guilty. When his trial finally does come the public may have lost interest in his case and important witnesses and valuable evidence may have disappeared, thus making it much easier for him to obtain an acquittal than would have been possible shortly after the offense. But while the excessive delay works to the advantage of the man who is guilty, it is a distinct handicap to the man who is innocent, at least if he happens to be without sufficient funds or friends to secure bail. For not infrequently an innocent man remains in jail longer, while he is waiting to establish his innocence, than would have been required to serve out his term if he had been convicted in the first place. And after he gets out he finds his job gone and probably encounters difficulty in securing a new one because of the taint which has attached to his name by reason of his long stay in jail, notwithstanding the ultimate verdict of not guilty.

The harm done by the shyster lawyer and the professional bondsman in warding off punishment in cases where it should be inflicted is too well known to require repetition at this time. This, however, is not the only harm they do; for while they render undue aid and assistance to the man who is guilty, they do not hesitate to exploit the unfortunate man who is innocent.

Thus our machinery for the trial of criminal cases tends to give undue benefits to the guilty and to place unnecessary hardships upon the innocent. Not even this statement does full justice to the situation. Our sporting theory of justice, our overemphasis upon the rules of the game, transform the judge into a mere ringside referee whose business is not to concern himself with whether or not the case reaches the proper result, but merely to see that the contestants do not overstep the rules while the game is on. And the pernicious influence of this system goes beyond the mere opportunity for miscarriage of justice in the case on trial. If a witness wilfully commits perjury on the stand it is proper for the jury to be made aware of this, if possible; if his word is very questionable because of his unsavory character there is no reason why the jury should be kept in ignorance of this fact; and if he makes

unintentional mistakes in testimony they should be pointed out and corrected. But the rules of the game as it is played to-day place no proper restrictions upon the treatment to which a witness may be subjected in the courtroom. What matter if clean character be aspersed by false charges or insidious insinuations if the cause of one side or the other be promoted in this way? What matter how obviously honest a witness may be if by clever cross-questioning he can be confused and the effect of his testimony weakened in the minds of the jurors? What matter how truly a witness may merit his good reputation if blackening it by groundless questions and suggestions will tend to discredit his statements?

Probably very few lawyers set out with a deliberate design of abusing witnesses to such an extent as to cause upright citizens to shrink from testifying. Yet our unfortunate system tends to accomplish this result. To assist in reaching the proper decision in a criminal trial should be the delight of every law-abiding citizen. He should be glad to step forward and volunteer any information which may be of real value in deciding the case. And yet how many are moved by this desire? How many of those of high standing in the community do not prefer to remain silent rather than be exposed to the abuse of counsel in the courtroom? It gains us nothing to dodge the issue by saying that upright citizens should not allow such intimidation to keep them from performing their duty. It gains us little to point to the large number of leaders of the legal profession who scorn the resort to abusive tactics in the trial of cases. The fact remains that our system permits—perhaps we should say induces—so many lawyers to use such tactics that there is a widespread fear of the courtroom among even the finest people in the community. We cannot expect very satisfactory results from a system which tends to silence the most upright witnesses.

IV

Having seen the many defects of our present system, it is only natural to wonder why it was ever developed. At this point we are sure to encounter the suggestion that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one who is innocent to be punished. But if, for the sake of argument, we concede the strength of this suggestion, are we to infer therefrom that the conduct of the trial as a game, in which the important object is to enforce rules rather than to get at the real truth of the matter, is necessary to protect the innocent? Since when did an innocent man require an absurd technicality for his acquittal? What has an innocent man to gain by emphasis upon form rather than substance? What has an innocent man to gain by long delays while the unjust charge is hanging over him? The answers to these questions are too obvious to require statement. Our present system of criminal procedure is decidedly detrimental to the man who is innocent of the charge against him.

To find the cause of the development of our present system, therefore, we must examine factors other than the effort to protect innocence. There is very little, if any, of our sporting theory of justice, of our losing sight of the substance in the form, to be found in the trial of a criminal case in England to-day. But our system was copied after that once used by the English. They have since cast it aside in the junk heap of legal absurdities together with the earlier trial by battle, and yet we must look to the English criminal procedure of a century or more ago if we are to understand why the system, to which we still cling, was developed.

Since such a system quite obviously was not necessary for the protection of the innocent, the inquiry arises was it developed to protect the guilty? The answer seems to be yes. At a time when the English law provided punishments which were out of all proportion to the

seriousness of the offense committed, when conviction of almost any crime called for the death of the prisoner, there was a "humane conspiracy" to defeat the law and acquit the defendant. This must not be interpreted to imply the existence of a well-formed purposive endeavor to develop a judicial machinery of a particular type for the trial of criminal cases. It was quite otherwise. Time and again the judges found themselves confronted with an individual case in which the law called for the death of the defendant if duly convicted, but in which the moral sense of the time cried out against so heavy a penalty for such misconduct. And time and again the judges seized upon some technicality or other to save the defendant. On many another occasion the judges were confronted with some situation which was quite similar except that the heinousness of the crime quite justified the severe penalty, or the penalty had been reduced to what seemed proper under the circumstances. And in each case of this sort the judges refined upon refinement in the effort to let justice claim the penalty. Thus it was that the judges, leaning far backward in one case to avoid the infliction of a punishment which seemed outrageously excessive, and leaning equally far forward in another case to hold the prisoner to a penalty which seemed entirely just, established precedents of procedure which later judges deemed themselves bound to follow regardless of the justice of the particular situation. So by mere chance were developed those "rules of the game," the letter-perfect enforcement of which now entirely overshadows the effort to distinguish guilt from innocence.

The recent Sacco-Vanzetti case has roused more world-wide interest and discussion than any other criminal case on record. It has divided the peoples of all nations into three camps, so to speak: those who are convinced of the innocence of these men, those who are satisfied of their guilt, and those who feel that the question of innocence or guilt was not tested by a fair trial. Hopeless as the conflict of opinion has been, there is one aspect of the matter on which all should agree: namely, that no greater judicial catastrophe is to be found in American history. If these men were innocent, they had suffered unpardonable mistreatment by reason of their long imprisonment, even before the execution itself. If they were guilty, justice was subverted by the long delay which cast a glow of martyrdom over the closing scene. Neither the individual nor the state receives fair treatment by such a tedious process. It breeds only dissatisfaction.

There was a time when it was quite common to dispose of a criminal charge by personal combat between the accuser and the accused, the notion being that Providence would intervene and give the victory to him who was in the right. And just as this ancient trial by battle had to go when the people lost faith in its efficacy to distinguish innocence from guilt, so our modern trial by technic must give way before the ever-increasing demand for a mode of trial in which the one great outstanding purpose shall be the search for the facts which show whether the defendant really did or did not commit the offense with which he is charged.

V

There are some members of the bar who bitterly oppose all suggested reforms of procedure of any kind. They insist it is nothing but an effort to make them "learn their law all over again." This is worth considering. The real lawyers, those who have attained something of a mastery of the great fundamental principles of law, would be inconvenienced very little by a change of procedure which would make it easier to get at the real truth of the matter. These, however, are not the ones who get red in the face whenever any change is mentioned. In fact, from Chief Justice Taft down, the real leaders of the bar are in favor of

it. But there are certain individuals who have been admitted to the bar—I refuse to call them lawyers—who have never attained anything like an acquaintance with the great fundamental principles of law. In fact, they have not even the vaguest notion of what it is all about except for being as wise as owls in regard to a few tricks and schemes of legal procedure. And a change which would eliminate all trickery from the trial of cases and have each issue disposed of according to the real merits of the case, would in very truth repeal all the law known to such individuals. It would very likely put them out of business (which, by the way, would seem to be a sufficient reason for making such a change if no other existed). When a case comes to such pseudo-lawyers it never once occurs to them to inquire as to the right or wrong of the matter. The only thought they have is whether there is some trick of procedure by which the case can be won. Their interests as practitioners are not entitled to consideration.

Not all who practice law, however, are included either among the outstanding leaders of the bar who are in favor of reforms of legal procedure or among the pseudo-lawyers at the bottom who are unalterably opposed to all such changes. The majority of attorneys, the rank and file of the profession, do not occupy either of these positions. A great many of them are opposed to the change—not because they would have great difficulty in adapting themselves to new methods, but simply because they follow the established order as a matter of course. If the need for improvement can be shown to these men there will be real hope for progress. If not, the public will have to insist that the legal system emerge from the dark ages whether the lawyers wish it or not.

Old ways of doing business have yielded to new; old systems of transportation and of communication have been supplanted; and now it is time that cumbersome out-of-date methods of administering criminal justice were giving way to new methods more in keeping with the needs of the twentieth century. In this country we have made numerous excellent improvements in our procedure in civil cases; the time has come when we must give thought to reforming our criminal procedure. England has shown us the way by discarding her archaic criminal procedure for an improved and simplified method of trying offenses. We cannot use our reforms in civil procedure as such, in the trial of criminal cases; for civil procedure is one thing and criminal procedure is another. Nor would it be wise merely to shut our eyes and substitute the English criminal procedure for our own without giving thought to the question of its adaptability to our needs, for England is England and the United States is the United States. Most important of all, the reform of criminal procedure should not be regarded as a matter which someone can dispose of by dictating a few changes to his stenographer while he smokes his midday cigar. The need of the hour is a deep appreciation of the urgent demand for reforms in our administration of criminal justice—reforms which will require not a superficial tinkering here and there, but the most sweeping changes both in the machinery to be used and in the mental attitude of lawyers and judges in regard to the use of this machinery.

Because of their ignorance and superstition our ancestors may be pardoned for relying upon form and ceremony in the trial of a case instead of upon careful investigation into the real facts of each particular issue. In vain, however, do we search for plausible excuses to justify the sporting theory of litigation in the second quarter of the twentieth century. We have played with the administration of criminal justice far too long. The nation has grown from childhood to maturity and should now view the trial of a criminal case as very serious work.

THE APARTMENT

A STORY

BY LIBBIAN BENEDICT

SHE could tell by the ring that it was Mike, and as she neared the door she heard voices. He had brought someone with him, then, God bless him. No matter how long she hadn't heard from him—and he wasn't the kind one heard from often—he was sure to show up at an "at home" of hers and bring one or two other men with him. Always the right kind of men, too, men who fitted into the tone she wanted for her "at homes" and even raised it a little. She wanted men who could be silly and yet very definitely give the impression that they were profound and intellectual. The fact that they were silly in her apartment was gratifying; it meant that they felt at ease there and that they took her intellectuality for granted just as she took theirs. They weren't afraid of displaying only froth because they knew that she and her friends could gauge the depth beneath it.

"'Lo," said Mike, "see you've got a gang here to-night. Meet some friends of mine. Stanley Aarons, advertising man, hell of a bright fellow, and Bob Dougherty, accountant, but he's more interested in the theater than in accounting. Nice boys, both of them. And very thirsty."

Anne fixed three highballs, humming securely against the sound of talking that came from over the screen. To-night was going to be a gala night; she could feel it in the air. And she was doubly happy because it had come unexpectedly, after a lonesome day. She had somehow neglected to look after her Sunday that week, telling herself whenever she thought of it that she would spend the day reading. But days set aside for reading always seemed ill-chosen; the desire for solitude never came by previous appointment. It was easy enough to keep busy during the week; by the time she had eaten her dinner in a restaurant or prepared something for herself if her funds were running low, the evening was well on its way. Later on someone had generally promised to drop in. That might mean at any hour, but it did not matter as long as it was there to look forward to. And when no one came, there were enough stockings to wash, or a few dresses to iron, or some general cleaning up to do. It was a grand life.

Her Sundays she always manipulated several days ahead of time, and saw to it that she was occupied until late in the afternoon, so that she would have to rush in order to get the sandwiches ready for the evening party. Rushing was a sensation she enjoyed. The appointment for the afternoon could be arranged casually; she called up a girl she knew, talked of a dozen things, and then said:

"By the way, what are you doing Sunday afternoon? There's going to be a very interesting lecture at the Labor Temple—I forget what it's about, but I remember thinking it would be interesting when I read the announcement. Wouldn't you like to run in? We could come down here afterward." Or perhaps simply, "How about going

walking Sunday afternoon? I haven't had a breath of air all week."

It could be managed. And it was only part of the time that she found it necessary to make the overtures; often they were made to her before she had got around to it. Most of the girls she was acquainted with seemed anxious for the same casual arrangements. Some Sundays four or five of them got together in that way, and then gathered in her apartment to help her prepare the sandwiches and to wait for anyone who might drop in. But to-day Sunday had pounced upon her too quickly; she had not arranged anything, and her pride kept her from 'phoning around for the chance of a last minute appointment. All afternoon, prowling about her room, she had been frantic with the thought that perhaps the whole day would pass in lonesomeness, that no one would show up.

And now a whole gang had come. God bless them all, Mike in particular, for having brought two altogether new and very nice men. One of them was an advertising man, he had said, and the other an accountant who was more interested in the theater than in accounting. Excellent!

"Say," came a wail from the bridge table as she brought the newcomers their drinks. "Are you forgetting all about us? Don't you realize we're all dry again?"

"Forgetting you? No, Albert, I wasn't forgetting you. How could I?"

"Anne never forgets," put in Mike, smacking his lips, "she's the best little hostess I know."

"And you know a good many, don't you?" asked Elsie, very broadly sarcastic, so that no one could possibly think her question was prompted by anything like personal interest. Anne wished she would keep quiet. Elsie was new at the game; she hadn't yet learned that one should never probe. Probing was old-fashioned; it wasn't in keeping with the cameraderie that she wanted to rule in her apartment.

"No, no. Anne never forgets. I know that as well as you do, Mike. I was only kidding." Albert laid down his hand of cards as she brought the glasses to the table, pulled her over to him and kissed her on the cheek, holding her clasped to him just long enough to make her think that for the moment he was oblivious to everyone except her. Anne caught an expression of dutifulness in the gesture, but she enjoyed it. There were eight men and six girls in the room, she counted as she leaned against his shoulder. What an achievement! In most places the proportion would be the other way around, if that good.

The two men Mike had brought with him were already very much at home. They had a box of nuts between them on the piano-bench and were munching away. Elsie detached herself from the group watching the bridge game and moved toward them. Picking up the box of nuts she put herself in its place and set the box on her lap. In a reflex action, both men immediately leaned their heads on Elsie's shoulders. Anne was annoyed; Elsie was getting more and more out of tune. She lacked subtlety.

Mike was floating around alone, as usual, and frowning. Mike's restlessness was what made him so interesting in a group; he always looked as if he wanted to undo something he had done. Now he walked over to the radio, twisted the dials around until he found a jazz program, and went pirouetting around the room. He looked more bleary than the one highball she had given him warranted. It occurred to Anne that his two friends did also. Where had they been before they came to her? The question bothered her often, but very deliberately she squelched it, to-night as always. Even thinking questions was old-fashioned and contrary to the rules. And anyhow, wherever they had been, they had left there to come to her. Greater compliment than that there was none.

Mike turned off the radio and wan-

dered behind the screen to the kitchenette, where she heard him taking another drink.

"What's eating your friend? He looks worried," Elsie said to the two heads on her shoulders. Her eyes had followed Mike; her glance always had a wide range when it came to men. The two heads did not answer but merely snuggled themselves harder into her shoulders.

"Don't move," one of them begged, "I'm comfortable." Elsie forgot that she had asked a question and glowed.

"These nuts are delicious," said the other, "I'm coming up here every week. Nothing can keep me away now." Anne took the compliment to her heart and hugged it, then went on about her duties happily. Everyone was happy. They were all doing exactly what they felt like doing, no manœuvring, no forcing on her part and none on theirs. She felt like an invisible good angel, and it was the invisibility, the very martyrdom of it, that gave her a feeling of warmth and munificence. Moving around, she set imperceptible wrongs aright, shoved an ash-tray closer to Albert, so that he would not have to stretch his hand so far, shifted the lampshade a little away from someone else, so that the glare would not be in his eyes.

Mike was standing near a window he had opened a while ago.

"Oh, Lord. Spring again," he said suddenly, shutting it.

"April," murmured Elsie, and rose rudely. The two heads were not as disconcerted as they had threatened to be. They resumed their vertical positions expressionlessly and went on munching nuts.

"Say, how long have you been in this apartment anyhow, Anne?" asked Laura, dealing the cards. "Isn't it almost a year?"

"Gosh, it's hard to believe, but it is almost a year. It'll be a year on the fifteenth of May. As a matter of fact, I've got the new lease in the drawer of that desk."

"'Ray!" yelled Albert. "Almost a year. Why don't you throw a party on the anniversary day?"

"That's a fine idea, Albert. I never thought of it. I think I will. Remember, everybody—the fifteenth of May, no matter what day of the week it is."

"I'll be here," said Bob Dougherty, "and for fifty-two Sundays after that. These nuts are grand."

"And what about the sandwiches?" put in Aarons, the other newcomer of the evening. "Anne knows how to make sandwiches."

Anne took her cue and passed the plate around, inwardly lilting. It always thrilled her to hear herself referred to by her first name in an altogether new voice. Mentally she marked another line on her tally of friends. Anne knows everybody, Anne has a lot of friends, you can always meet a crowd of interesting people in Anne's apartment. She could hear them saying it.

"Why won't you have a sandwich, Mike? You're insulting me!"

"Thanks, kid, but I'm really not hungry," he said, and feigned a lunge at her, but no smile broke into his face to give his jocularity any credence. Then he went behind the screen again and she heard a gurgle. She began to wish he wouldn't. Not that she begrudged it to him; Mike was the last person on earth she would begrudge anything to, but because the stuff was expensive, and she tried to keep a neat line between hospitality and sheer extravagance.

"Say, I was just thinking of something funny," said Albert, the bridge game being over. Anne sat down expectantly on the footstool and waited. Albert was often a nuisance, but he could be depended on for one thing—he was always sure to drop a serious note into the talk just when its fragility was in danger of becoming boring. "I happened to be looking through some old copies of the *Times* the other day, in connection with some research I was

doing . . ." The phrase fell weightily on Anne's ears. Research. "And I happened to strike some reproductions of a set of cartoons that had been awarded prizes, all the way back in 1910, I think it was. The contest had been run by the Anti-Suffrage League—"

"Anti-suffrage," echoed Elsie. "I smell moth-balls."

"Yes, don't you? Well, you should have seen the cartoons. One of them was called "The Three Sexes." It showed a man, a woman—one of the delicate, clinging kind, you know—and the third sex, the suffragette. You should have seen how she was depicted. And another cartoon showed the traditional American home—baby, dog, rocking-chair, pipe, and all the rest—in danger of being crushed by a huge rock which some suffragette was trying to push down on it." There was loud laughter. "The world do move, I said to myself as I looked at those cartoons."

"I'll say it do," said Elsie. "What would those virtuous artists have thought of this—a girl alone in an apartment, throwing parties, serving drinks. Why, when I think of that, I am almost glad to be alive. I am almost ready to grant progress to this old world, after all."

"Progress, hell," said Mike, circling the last inch of his drink around in the tall glass. "Where do you see progress? There ain't no such thing. The world just sleeps on, only every once in a while it turns over on the other side and shakes the bed, and we call that progress."

"Be careful, Mike," said Elsie. "You're taking too much progress for granted already. Even in a girl's apartment it isn't proper to switch the conversation to beds all the time. We're trying to be serious."

"The hell you are. Well, so am I. And I wasn't going to say anything to make you blush, either. Here's what I mean. We were born in a day when the world was sleeping on one side and all of a sudden it yawned and turned over on the other side. And we go crazy cheering. We think it's grand because a big bunch of husky guys like us can crash in on a girl's apartment any time we want to and not have to answer charges in court the next day. But what's grand about it? Honest to God, can anybody tell me what's grand about it?"

"Thanks, Mike," said Anne, nervous at the way the talk had turned. "You're being very appreciative this evening. I think I'll recall my standing invitation."

"It mightn't be a bad idea, kid. Yeh, we think it's grand. The girls think it's grand and the fellas think it's grand. What's grand about it? I ask you, what's grand about it? What are we anyhow, fellas? Do you know what we are? A bunch of gold-diggers, that's what, gold-diggers with pants on. We crash in on a girl, drink her booze, eat her candy, wear off her furniture, and then beat it without even knowing what color eyes she's got, although God knows how many times we've kissed 'em. Our fathers weren't angels, either. But at least when they kissed and forgot they had to buy the booze and the candy and pay for the furniture, if it went that far. But we're different. We're miles ahead. Miles ahead. Believe me, the blondes the gentlemen prefer haven't got a thing on us; they're altruists in comparison."

"Shut up!" said Albert. "You're drunk." For some reason, Mike's finger had been wagging at him all through the tirade.

"I won't shut up. You can't make me shut up until I've told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It's been gnawing at me for months and months, like a worm. . . . Gold-diggers. Gold-diggers. Gold-diggers. And we're good stuff, too. That's the best part of it. Not scum. First-rate stuff. How's this for an ad, Stan? Do you think the *Times*'ll take it? High class males, college graduates, guaranteed to read at least a book a week. Price one sandwich, two highballs, and half a pound of nuts."

Anne got up from the footstool and forced her way through the silence to the screen.

"Where are you going, Anne?" asked Albert, grinning weakly, his tenor voice a tiny falsetto.

"To make some black coffee," she said.

The next morning she flung the covers off her before she was fully awake and had to lie for a minute wondering why she had hated the feel of them so. She remembered in a rush, and tumbled out of bed to spare her body the contact with any part of it. But that was not enough. Even the floor against her feet was painful and the sight of the walls against her eyes. Half a pecan lay on the rug where Dougherty had dropped it. She picked it up and crushed it to flakes between her fingers. The exertion brought tears to her eyes and started a flood, but she stopped crying when she realized that it blinded her and delayed her in dressing. She had plenty of time, but she wanted to get out of the room as soon as possible. She did not prepare any breakfast for herself and did not eat anything outside. The sight of food in the restaurant window nauseated her. Long before nine she was at her desk begging solace from its solidity and smoothness.

It was a large desk of beautiful walnut, the tangible symbol of all the arguments she was trying to conjure up now in order to forget last night. Five dollars had been her weekly wage when she first finished business school; twelve times that was in her pay envelope now. Her annual bonus still made her gasp. Besides, there was all the honor that came with her job—the honor of sitting in the large, carpeted, fireplaced sanctum with the boss himself, listening while the future of whole blocks in every corner of the city was being decided, and watching millions drop silently from one coffer to the next. And then there was the respect—the respect she got from the huge staff of workers, underlings, sitting in the stiffer, brighter space outside the private office.

If it would only last longer than it did! The day was too short, not the work of the day, but its spirit. At half-past five every evening it was over. Even while she was on her way out to wash her hands, she could already feel the crumbling of the regime under her and the wobbling of her perch. The other girls, whether they were much younger than she or not, were clannish, bound together by foolish interests, and they talked to her only perfunctorily when they talked at all. The men were a crew apart. Under the strain of the business day she sometimes thought their attitude might be interpreted as friendly, but when that was ended, its coldness was indisputably evident. Her solitude as she watched the reflection of her hand gliding over the shiny surface of her expensive desk was pleasant as long as it denoted superiority, but when the superiority was whisked away it remained solitude and nothing more.

For years, ever since she had had nothing else to worry about as far as money was concerned, she had fought against a steady crescendo of irritability. The frothiness of her existence and its superfluousness grew on her; she was like a bit of foam that the river of progress had whipped up on its rush onward, and some day, like the foam, she would burst into air and not be missed. She wanted something to hold on to after office hours just as she held on to her desk during them. Books, concerts, theaters —they were all part of the foam. She was tired of rushing onward. She wanted a pool.

She had gone to live by herself. Her mind had not labored its way to the decision; it had leaped. And she had never stopped marveling at how apt the leap had been. All the rankling she had been articulate about was gone, and most of what she had been inarticulate about. She couldn't figure out to this day how she had come to meet all the people she had entertained in the

last year. She didn't know where they had come from, nor did she know where many of them had gone to. The turnover had been tremendous, and it was the turnover that brought elation and the feeling of movement and adventure. Gangs and cliques and intimacies—things she had never met with before in her life—flared up and died down again before she could clearly grasp their shape. Secrets and intrigues kept her awake with their importance one week and made her laugh at their childishness the next. Men and girls alike had passed through her door in the procession and had disappeared, smiling and friendly and complimentary, leaving in her mind only the indistinct memory of a shifting triumph. But the turnover had been greater in men than in girls; the girls had stuck by, most of them, appearing with frequent regularity and with a changeless expectancy in their eyes. Of the men only Mike had wandered in and out and in again, restless and undependable, but sure to reappear eventually and to have someone worth while in tow.

Occasionally he came up alone and they spent a few hours together chatting and making love within the limits tacitly set and accepted. When he had gone, Anne knew that an emptiness had prevailed over the whole evening; the promise made by his restlessness when there was a crowd never materialized when they were alone. He was only another one of those who almost stirred her, but not quite. Still she let him come, and still he came, because there was nothing else to do. But she realized that when, at seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, she began to wonder whether he would show up that night, it was not Mike she wanted to see. It was the people he might bring. She had never gone so far as to phrase the thought to herself, but she was honest. People. Nice people. Intelligent people. That was what she wanted. Perhaps the girls understood it; if they did it was because they felt that way themselves, so they kept quiet. The men did not know, she had been sure of that.

And last night she had discovered that the men did know. Now, as she clung to her desk, the guilt brought the red to her face in hot recurrent waves, all through the morning and all through the afternoon. She had been found out. She had been found out; that was the guilt. She had been found out, and she was ashamed, terribly ashamed.

On Monday evenings she generally washed a few odds and ends and cleaned up the miniature wreckage of the Sunday party, but going down to her room that night immediately after work was out of the question. Instead, she traveled uptown to pay a surprise visit to her mother. She decided on that because she could not think of anything else, but as she neared the place she became afraid to face the family array. She was uncertain of what would happen to her backbone in front of them. But bravely she bought an extra large ball in the corner stationery store for her sister's baby and went up. The family was there in full force, her mother and her brother and her brother-in-law and her sister and the children. With a gayness that she made brazen she let their usual sarcastic greetings roll off her back.

"Hurray, look who's here! Look, sonny, your high-toned aunt who lives all by herself in a swell apartment has come to pay you a visit. What an honor!"

Things of this sort she did not mind because they were so broad, but she could not meet her mother's glance. She was sure that her mother had sensed her vulnerability, and although she knew that the more she cringed the more it would be sensed, she could not help herself. It was only a matter of time until the attack would begin.

"Almost a year since you've been away, isn't it, Anne?" said her mother finally, with a casualness that made Anne wonder whether she had not been wrong, after all. "Last May, I believe."

"May the fifteenth. They've just sent me the new lease."

"The new lease? Is that so? How time flies! Have you signed it already?"

"No, I don't think I have. I'll attend to it to-night when I get home." She picked up a paper and made believe she was going to read.

"Are you going to sign it?"

"Why, of course I'm going to sign it. What a silly question!"

"Perhaps you won't sign it?"

"Are you starting that all over again?"

"Who's starting anything? I only asked you a question. I said perhaps you won't sign it."

Anne did not answer.

"You know, I can't understand it yet. I've tried, but I can't. I think we fed you well here, didn't we? I'm a good cook, everybody seems to like my cooking."

"For God's sake, don't start that."

"Again you tell me I'm starting something. What's the matter with you? You don't look so well. Did you have a hard day at the office?"

"I'm all right. I probably haven't got enough rouge on my face, that's all."

"If you took better care of yourself, you wouldn't have to depend so much on rouge. I'm sure you don't eat right."

"I do."

"All right, I won't argue with you. Tell me, don't you like this apartment?"

"This apartment? You mean here? Of course I like it. Why do you ask me that?"

"I don't know. I thought maybe that was the reason. Did we ever keep you from doing anything you wanted to do?"

"I'm not going to answer another question."

"All right. Don't get so excited. I won't bother you any more. Only I thought maybe you'd change your mind and not sign the lease."

Later the drizzle that had begun just as she came in changed to a steady downpour. Her mother took it for granted that she would stay overnight; she had done it before when it rained. To-night she dreaded the few extra hours there, but she simply did not have the strength to refuse. In the mirror she watched her mother making the second bed in her own room, the bed that had been practically unused for a whole year. She had never seen her mother so careful and so particular with a bed before; one might almost have thought it was a cradle. And when it was ready she stood over it for a while, then bent down again to smooth a last wrinkle out of the sheet. Anne bit her lips and clenched her fists. She didn't want anyone to smooth her sheet for her any more; she wanted to smooth her own sheet, in her own home.

"When will you come again?" asked her mother in the morning, just as she was escaping.

"Oh, I'll drop in one of these days, like I always do."

"You'd better 'phone before you come," said her sister. "We always like to fix up the house for strangers, particularly for strangers who are better than we are."

Anne slammed the door. Yet she felt that she was leaving truth behind her, and going out into lies. All through the day, as she worked, she was a battlefield. Every inch of her was fought over, captured, and recaptured. She worked at a furious speed, blindly, wondering how the pages came out as decently appearing as they did. When she looked into the shiny surface of her desk she saw how ugly and distorted her face was reflected in it. Several times she was afraid that it was not the reflection, that she had really become that way. But her pocket mirror reassured her.

She remembered having made a tentative appointment for dinner and theater that evening with one or two girls, but she had no mind for facing it. As soon as she could, she rushed back to the apartment. Being there might calm her, she thought. But the sight of the room when she opened the door made her gasp. She had forgotten

that she had left it untouched; everything was in its morning disorder, intensified by two days of dust. With the same impetus that had driven her through the day at the office she set about cleaning the place up. But even that did not do any good. When she had finished and eaten, she sat down on the footstool and tried to force herself to be peaceful. All around her were her walls, the beautiful creamy walls. No, the despicable walls. She hated them. On the floor was the rug she had almost starved herself for. More than once she had sat as she sat now, filling her eyes with its rich mulberry color and trying the depths of it with her fingers. It warmed her this evening, too, for a moment, until she remembered feet. Feet crushing and mauling it. The feet of strangers. Strangers. The word was fire in her brain. They had all been strangers, walking in and out again in an endless snake-walk, taking it no more seriously than they took a snake-walk. Where was a friend among them? Mike. Mike? She thought of the word that could apply to him. He was playing an old role, but playing it inversely. She knew now why he was so restless; it was his conscience. And her shame was no different from the shame of men when the illicit half of their lives is discovered. The world had turned over on the other side.

Her eyes rested on the etching hanging on the wall opposite her. So many had rapturized over it in the past year. She could still hear their praises for it and for her good taste. False! They had all been false, it was all a fake. Everything was a fake, her hospitality, their appreciation, their rapture. Even their immorality was a fake; Mike had flattered them in his tirade. They only made believe they were doing things. They did nothing. Absolutely nothing. It was all nothing.

The fury was short-lived and intense, as all her furies were. But it tired her. For a long time after it she sat quietly, not only calm, but reconciled to her calmness and to the reason for it. The walls around her were beautiful walls once more, but they were no longer her walls. The thought that she had once loved the room hovered around her like the feeling of an amputated finger, but there was no pain. She smiled to think how easy it was going to be for her to close the door behind her and know that she was closing it forever.

Just as she was getting ready to go to bed the telephone rang.

"Anne?"

"Yes."

"Mike talking. What are you doing with yourself?"

"Oh, nothing. Just sitting around. Reading."

"Do you feel like seeing anybody?"

"Why?"

"Listen. I've been blowing around your part of town with a friend of mine. Hell of a nice fellow, newspaper man. Thought you'd like to meet him. He'd certainly like to meet you. If you don't mind, we'll run up for a while. Will it be all right? . . . Hello, are you there?"

"Yes. . . . I'm here."

"I thought we had been cut off, you were so quiet. Well, will it be all right?"

"Of course. Of course it will be all right."

"Fine. We'll be up in about fifteen minutes. Sure we won't be disturbing you?"

"Absolutely. I'll be waiting."

"Say, Anne—"

"Yes?"

"Got any of that stuff left? You know what I mean."

"A little bit. Enough for you."

"You're a good kid. See you soon."

With half a dozen swift motions she pushed the blankets and the sheets underneath the mattress of the couch and threw the batik pillows over it. Singing, she drew on her stockings and ran to the closet to choose another pair of shoes. Then she hurried into the bathroom to wipe the cold cream from her face.

WHAT PRICE DOCTORS?

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D.

HOW to meet the cost of sickness is a major problem with most people. It is a fortunate family, especially if there are young children, that can pass a year without a case of serious illness. The cost of medical care is always an important item in the budget; but when an illness of long duration or one involving hospital care or requiring an operation occurs, the cost is usually staggering. Such an event, especially when it curtails the income of employed persons, at once forces many families into the unfortunate position of having to accept medical charity. Large numbers of middle-class families pay their bills, but chafe under what they generally consider the unjustifiably heavy cost of medical service. Only the very rich can afford a serious sickness without concern over their medical bills. Everywhere, within and without the medical profession, there is the feeling that something is seriously wrong with the economics of medical service. Neither doctors nor patients are satisfied with the present situation. I propose here to discuss some recent developments in the direction of more efficient and economical medical service, although I should explain at the outset that we are far from having arrived at a solution of this vexing problem.

The best estimate of the aggregate cost of sickness in the United States is over two billion dollars a year; the same total as for public education. This is three and a half per cent of the country's income. The huge figure is occasioned by the need for an army of professional workers and lay assistants to care for the large number of sick. For two per cent of the population are at all times so ill as to require medical service of one kind or another. They employ approximately 150,000 physicians, whose average net income is a little more than $3,000 a year. About 50,000 dentists have a similar average net income. In addition, 140,000 nurses doing private bedside work average $1,500 a year; about 150,000 practical nurses and 100,000 more employees of various kinds such as orderlies, stenographers, and assistants in hospitals and in the offices of private physicians have an average annual income of about $1,000 a year. The total annual income of all concerned with the care of the sick is over a billion dollars. The cost of hospital service covering eight hundred and sixty thousand beds adds five hundred millions, and the cost of medicines and drugs is not less than five hundred millions more. These figures are of necessity rough, but they total well over two billions of dollars a year.

A number of independent surveys of the cost of sickness in individual families help to confirm this total. A few years ago, the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Government made a study among twelve thousand wage-earners' families and found that the average medical expense was a little over sixty dollars per family per year. The amount actually spent among these families varied a good deal with the size and income level of the family. Those whose income was between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred dollars a year had an average expenditure of $67.85; between eighteen and twenty-one hundred dollars,

$73.75; and those between twenty-one and twenty-five hundred dollars, an average of $81.77. Another study conducted by a life insurance company among its large clerical personnel discloses a figure of $80 a year per family for medical and health purposes. This figure is exactly the same as that allowed by an important social agency in its outline of a budget for workingmen's families. We believe it, therefore, to be truly representative of conditions the country over at the present time if we include all economic and social classes. Of this amount from forty to fifty per cent is spent in payment for physicians' services; six to seven per cent for hospitals; fifteen to twenty per cent for dentists; three to five per cent for nurses and from twelve to sixteen per cent for medicines and incidentals.

If the average family spends $80 a year for sickness, the twenty-seven million families of the country together spend a total of over two billion dollars.

A cost of $80 per year would seem not too great a burden for the average wage-earner's family to bear, and there would be no difficulty were this amount fixed for and foreseen by each family. But, unfortunately, the amount of sickness varies considerably among different families and in the same family from year to year. One may go along for a year or two with very moderate expenditures and develop a false sense of security. The year following a serious illness costing hundreds and even thousands of dollars may occur, and the chances are that there will not be sufficient funds to meet the expense. It has been found that in any community one out of every four families will have at least one serious illness in the course of a year. A major operation or a large dental repair job is almost certain to embarrass seriously the typical wage-earner's family. It is this phase of the cost of sickness which is so disconcerting. An average of $80 is a combination of smaller and larger expenditures; the amounts vary all the way from next to nothing to thousands of dollars a year. Just so long as the amount does not exceed the average, it is easily met. When it exceeds this amount, troubles begin. The family, to avoid embarrassment, will in many cases not call in the physician although he is needed; or having called one, will find itself unable to meet his charges and be compelled to accept charity, or go into debt in order to pay the bill. Many families in these circumstances will resort to patent medicines or to quackery. The high cost of medical care partly explains the popularity of the numerous medical fads and cults now flourishing.

The problem is most acute among the large group of families whose income is over $5,000 a year and under $20,000. This class suffers most from the present organization of medical service and its high cost. The small average figure of $80 per year does not apply here. Unfortunately, we have no accurate data of their expenditures. But there is every indication that their average is at least several times that of wage-earners. These families do not avail themselves of free or inexpensive medical service as do their poorer relations. They are usually charged in accordance with their economic resources. A major surgical operation will rarely cost less than $1,000 when all items are included. Some leading surgeons charge a fee of ten per cent of the year's earnings. The birth of a baby in such a family usually costs the best part of $1,000 when all medical, hospital, and nursing fees are included. Hospital costs are especially high for this group. The use of a private room and special nursing care, together with the other incidentals of hospital treatment, make a total which is often prohibitive.

We are not concerned, in this discussion, with the cost of medical service for the rich.

II

The physicians of the country are not unaware of the existence of this problem. They meet it every day in their work.

Many of them have attempted to solve it, as it affects them individually, by scaling down their fees, on occasions, to what they think their patients can afford to pay. But this expedient has its limitations. While many physicians and surgeons show their readiness to take care of the poor by reducing their fees markedly, others will not take patients unless a minimum fee is paid, and this may well be beyond the ability of the patient. Physicians generally agree that this method of reducing fees is not particularly satisfactory. Unscrupulous persons will sometimes give their doctors a false impression of their financial condition. Patients often require the use of expensive laboratory facilities, as well as x-ray examinations, bacteriological and other tests before an accurate diagnosis can be made. Such services are in their nature expensive and it would be difficult to cut their cost because they are rendered by laboratories and institutions which are independent of both patient and doctor. It is altogether clear that a method of payment which involves a flexible fee varying with the economic condition of the patient is unscientific and offers no real solution to either physician or patient. No other service is paid for on this basis and physicians will always have great difficulty in justifying this procedure however generous it may appear to be. A better way must be found.

It is easy to develop a critical attitude toward the medical profession in considering this subject. It is true that many prominent physicians make a great deal of money, and that specialists charge large fees for their services—out of all proportion to those of the general practitioner. There is also, unfortunately, much evidence of poor work and of fee splitting on the part of some physicians. Although all this is true of other professions equally, many people believe that the medical profession as a whole is unreasonable and even mercenary in its relation to the public. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There is no more high-minded and devoted profession in the world than the medical profession. As we have already seen, the average annual earnings of the physician are very moderate indeed, considering his training, the many years of his preparation, the expensive equipment which modern medicine calls for, the responsibility, the hardships and rigors of the profession, and the need for long vacations and study periods to keep abreast of the times. Many doctors, moreover, devote considerable time and effort to work done without any compensation, such as service rendered to the poor in hospitals and clinics. One estimate places the amount of time given to such work as one-sixth of the doctor's working time. Research work and community activities of various kinds are making larger inroads on the physician's time and correspondingly reduce his income. All of these items justify earnings well above what the rank and file of physicians actually receive. Three thousand or thirty-five hundred dollars a year is small compensation and is incommensurate with the value of the physician's skill to the community or with the compensation of men in other professions or in business. If there is legitimate complaint against the cost of medical service, it should not be directed against the doctors. They, as well as patients, are victims of a system which is not well adapted to the need of the times.

III

It is the present high cost of hospital service that more than anything else makes serious illness a heavy burden. The increased elaborateness and effectiveness of medical equipment, the centralization of medical and surgical skill and the presence of other trained personnel, the elimination of home worries and the avoidance of cross infections make it highly desirable that cases be treated there rather than at home. The average city-dweller is not likely to receive the necessary care in

his small and congested apartment. Sickness surveys made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company some years ago showed that twelve per cent of the cases of incapacitating illness are regularly hospitalized. In large cities the percentage is probably higher. But as the need for hospital care has increased, its cost has likewise risen. Typical hospital cases now entail an expense that seems incredible. Excluding the fees of attending physicians and surgeons, actual records selected at random show that a private case of myocardial insufficiency requiring a hospital stay of fifty-five days cost $1,166, approximately half of the expense being for private nursing care and most of the remainder for room and board. A case of appendicitis cost $450; of mastoiditis, over $750; of sinus infection, $360; of carcinoma almost $1,500, and of neurasthenia, $800. The inclusion of the doctor's charges in these cases would raise the totals materially.

Hospital managers should be very much exercised over this situation. They realize only too well the economic hardships that are involved for the large number of patients who desire to pay for their service. The very poor, as we have said, may receive care for almost nothing. Members of a typical workingman's family, accommodated in wards, will usually pay fees much below the actual cost of the service. But those above that economic level are expected to pay fixed charges. These, on their face, are above the true cost in order that the hospital may make up the deficit resulting from the free and partly free service. In New York City, the hospitals reporting to the United Hospital Fund gave almost half of their total hospital days to patients who paid only a part of the cost of their care. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul that makes the problem so distressing for Peter.

Yet it would be very unfair to give the impression that this hospital situation is not changing rapidly for the better. Only thirty years ago the income of representative New York hospitals covered only about one-third of their total expense. It now covers two-thirds, and most of this gain has been derived from ward patients. While a large amount of free work is still done, there is more and more insistence on the part of hospital managers that those who can afford to pay in full or in part for their care, do so. Between 1917 and 1923, the eighteen general hospitals reporting to the United Hospital Fund increased their receipts for ward service from $1.46 to $2.67 per day. The average ward rates now charged in the majority of cases are between $3 and $4. There is a small added charge for x-ray work, and for pathological and chemical examinations. Accurate cost accounting which hospital managements have installed indicates that hospital service satisfactory to most cases can be secured for something like $5 a day including all items, except physicians' fees. Possibly in smaller communities, the cost may be brought considerably lower. Better hospital management, continued reduction in the amount of free service, and the more general use of small wards and semi-private facilities should make possible the scaling down of hospital costs to reasonable proportions. But it is only fair to note that the increased income from these sources has not as yet resulted in reducing the charges for private patients.

The seriousness of the problem of medical economics has resulted from the present organization of medical service. The care of the individual patient in the office of the private physician is bound to be expensive. The time which the average doctor devotes to his private practice must be well paid for if he is to earn a decent living. For one thing, the overhead of the physician's office is a large item and may reach about a third of his total income. The cost of equipment is ever increasing. Nor is the physician's time entirely occupied during office hours. Patients are not always at hand and unprofitable time may be

spent waiting for them. All this necessarily raises the cost of service. To meet this situation and to provide care for people of moderate means, the last twenty or thirty years have seen a large development of what may best be termed "group or team medicine." This consists of medical service in clinics, in out-patient departments of hospitals, in general and special hospitals, in industrial plants, in health centers, in universities and in other social and philanthropic agencies. The clinics are characterized by the presence of a staff of physicians representing the several medical specialties. There are usually available the most recent equipment and appliances which the average general practitioner cannot afford to have. Lay assistants are usually at hand to save the doctor's time and make his work more telling. Patients, moreover, come by appointment and the doctor is kept continuously busy during his working hours. Such economies of operation enable the patient of modest means to consult skilled specialists, if they be needed. Accurate diagnosis is much more likely under such care, and the duration of treatment can be materially reduced. The business-like organization of such service makes accurate cost accounting possible and shows what medical service costs per patient. It would be most desirable to determine the cost of similar services under the conditions of private practice. But although such data are not now available, there can be little if any doubt that the actual cost is very much higher than in group practice. Group medicine has already grown to enormous proportions and points the way to the partial solution of our problem.

IV

Clinics and out-patient departments of hospitals represent the most striking development of group medicine to-day. In 1900, there were only 150 clinics in the United States. In 1925, there were over 5,000. At the present time about ten million people throughout the country are receiving clinic care. This growth has taken place especially in the large medical centers where hospital facilities are ample. The smaller towns and the rural areas have as yet scarcely any such service. Though clinic patients are up and about, they suffer from every variety of complaint; from minor surgical conditions to the early stages of the more serious disorders such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and even pneumonia. Venereal disease and mental and nervous disturbances are frequently encountered. The majority of the patients are women and children although men are also represented in large numbers. It has been estimated that as high as fifteen per cent of all ambulatory cases in many large communities are treated at such clinics. In New York City about a million patients make six million clinic visits annually.

The most significant fact is that these clinics are now giving fair medical service and are becoming self-supporting at the same time. The early institutions were originally established for the destitute poor and did little more than dispense set prescriptions instead of giving medical service in the modern acceptance of the term. That is how their name "dispensaries" arose. But to-day, conditions are very different. The last two decades have seen a complete change in their character and purpose. Excellent physicians are attracted to them and serve on their consulting staffs. Patients are being examined and treated with much more care. They are, moreover, expected to pay whatever they can for the service they receive. In New York City, for example, the clinics associated with the United Hospital Fund reported that fees collected from patients covered sixty-one per cent of the total cost of their operation. In these organizations, the average amount received per visit from patients was fifty-five cents, the actual cost to the institution being about ninety cents. At the present time, few of these organizations pay

any compensation to staff physicians. If medical salaries were included, as they undoubtedly will be in the future, the price of clinic service will be raised; but the fee will still remain moderate enough for the majority of the poor to pay it without undue hardship.

A number of clinics, where the patients are expected to pay the full cost of the service, including the salaries of the attending physicians, have already been organized to provide better and more economical medical care for middle-class families. They are intended for patients more prosperous than those entitled to out-patient hospital care, but who have incomes insufficient for consultation with private specialists. They attract especially patients whose ailments require elaborate diagnostic facilities, long-drawn-out and expensive treatment, and the more costly appliances necessary for specialized medical work such as gastro-intestinal and renal diseases require. Only a comparatively small number of their patients complain of acute illness; most of them suffer from chronic complaints or diseases which have not hitherto yielded to successful treatment. The fees charged in such clinics usually cover the full cost of the service including, as we have said, the salaries paid to the attending physicians and surgeons, although some of them do not include full overhead expenses in their accounting. On the other hand, there are a number of clinics organized on similar lines which are a considerable source of profit to their managers, of which probably the most famous is the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota.

The Pay Clinic of the Cornell University Medical College in New York is a particularly interesting experiment in medical practice and demonstrates admirably the possibility of providing adequate care for people of moderate means. It offers its service only to patients able to pay the prescribed fee; others are referred elsewhere for treatment. In determining which patients lie within its scope, it takes into account the size of the family as well as the income and the type of disease from which the patient suffers. For it is conceded that conditions likely to require long-continued treatment, or the use of elaborate equipment and costly laboratory facilities should be included, even if the family income would ordinarily be large enough to pay for private care. For the most part, patients belong to families having an income of about $2,400 a year. The clinic was opened on November 1, 1921, and on that day, over 1,000 persons applied for treatment. Many were in line for hours awaiting their turn. During its first six years, about 115,000 patients were registered. Together with the old patients on the books, about 21,000 people are treated each year and about 475 patients now come to the clinic each day. Over 130,000 visits were paid last year and the attendance is steadily growing.

This pay clinic at Cornell University replaces a charity clinic which was formerly considered a necessary part of the teaching equipment. The free clinic was operated at a considerable deficit. At the end of the second year after installing the new plan, the deficit of the clinic was reduced a half, and during the last few years it has been entirely wiped out. The clinic is now said to be self-sustaining. Patients are charged a flat fee of $1.50 per visit, but pay supplementary fees (at cost) for x-ray plates, for laboratory tests, appliances, eyeglasses, medicines, and other special items. In the year ending June 30, 1927, operating costs including depreciation on equipment amounted to $314,000, or an average of about $2.39 per clinic visit. As we have said, the charges for this service covered the cost, but the average amount paid by patients, including the extras, varied considerably according to the type of service required. In some departments, the average cost per clinic visit exceeded $5, whereas in others the cost was only $1.60. At all events, patients are receiving excellent medical service for about a third of what

they would have to pay to the same physicians at their private offices.

All who know the work of this clinic are agreed that the standard of service is of a high order. This is further indicated by the enthusiastic response the clinic has received from its patients. The average number of visits per case is now close to five, a higher number than is usually paid at other clinics. Patients recommend the service to their friends, and this is largely the source of the new clientele. Physicians likewise refer many of their patients to the clinic. Thirty-five hundred doctors of the Metropolitan area have sent more than twelve thousand of their private patients to the clinic for diagnosis and consultation, and this type of service for private physicians is constantly increasing. The Cornell Clinic has established itself as an indispensable part of the medical equipment of the city. Its demonstrated efficiency in caring for cases which ordinarily would be difficult and expensive to treat will undoubtedly have a very large effect in further extensions of similar service the country over.

V

A similar method of supplying effective and economical medical service is the development of student health work in American secondary schools, colleges, and universities. Many educational institutions are located in small towns where private medical facilities are inadequate to care for the large number of students. The school authorities have, therefore, found it necessary to provide facilities of their own using, largely, the excellent personnel and medical equipment of their own medical faculties. Such service is now very widely available; perhaps the most interesting examples being found in the Universities of California, Michigan, and Minnesota, each of which cares for about ten thousand students.

In these institutions, the service is all-inclusive. The incoming students are carefully examined and receive advice as to their physical condition, what exercises to take, and how they may keep well. When a student is sick, he is encouraged to come to the clinic for the examination and treatment of even minor affections. If the ailment is serious, or if it be a source of danger to others, the case is at once hospitalized and treated for a sufficient length of time by the most approved methods. There can be little doubt that the service is of the best type and that the students are kept in excellent physical condition.

What interests us particularly in these demonstrations is the very low cost of the service. Dr. Sundwall, describing his work at Ann Arbor, says that each student is taxed six dollars a year for health service and that this amount is adequate to cover medical and nursing expenses together with the cost of equipment. This small sum is also the amount of the annual fee per student at the University of Minnesota where an excellent service is rendered. The fee will be increased to nine dollars with the new semester. At the University of California, the actual cost of the service is more nearly $12.30 a year.

These college health organizations prove that a reasonably complete medical service can be rendered at an extraordinarily low cost. The small fees in the above universities cover virtually everything including drugs, laboratory tests, examinations, and hospital care. At California, the only additional charge is apparently a low and uniform fee for surgical operations. At Minnesota, small additions are charged for dentistry and a few other items. At Ann Arbor, the average cost of a clinic visit is only eighty-five cents; at California, it is only a little more. Hospital care costs the college about $2.50 a day.

The movement for good medical service is spreading to students at most American colleges. More and more colleges are supplying this service for students at low cost. In a few institutions the faculty members are receiving

similar care, and in a few others a movement is on foot to make the service available to the families of the faculty. These experiments will have a definite bearing on the problem of the cost of medical service. Their appeal is not only because of low costs. The service rendered is of a high order and at the same time democratic, eliminating the distinctions which ordinarily follow differences in economic status. The poor and the rich pay the same fees and receive identical treatment.

VI

There is little general appreciation of the extent to which medical service has been provided by industry for its workers and the number of employers who have found it to their advantage to organize medical departments.

In the beginning, a few progressive firms established dispensaries for employees injured in the course of the day's work; but the presence of a physician and a nurse in a plant, almost of necessity, resulted in extensions of the service. The passage of more stringent compensation laws which penalized employers heavily for industrial accidents and diseases likewise influenced this development. The industrial physicians began to examine applicants for employment and at regular intervals thereafter. In many cases they found physical defects which could readily be remedied. Since this could not always be accomplished by the workers themselves, many employers offered facilities for securing and guiding the treatment, hoping in this way to prevent the physical breakdown of their workers. An important factor in the growth of this movement has been, on the whole, its favorable reception by the workers.

The theory and practice of medical service in industry is that both the employer and employee are mutually benefited by keeping the worker in good physical condition. A liberal interpretation of this idea results in services which not only take care of obvious physical disabilities but also disclose incipient conditions while they can still be corrected. The actual responsibility for such remedial work usually rests with the employee. Industrial medical service will cost the employer something like ten dollars per capita per year, although the sum cannot be definitely fixed, as it will vary considerably from industry to industry and from plant to plant. Generally speaking, it does not appear that the standards of service are low because of this small cost. Economy results from the employment of full-time medical attendants, from the continuous use of equipment, and from good supervision.

Some industrial organizations carry their medical service still further. A few have built hospitals where employees receive treatment at small cost. In some plants the employee is charged a small annual sum which entitles him to general medical care when necessary. In a few unusual cases the members of the worker's family are included in the medical service which covers even confinement care, infant health supervision, the protection of children with toxin anti-toxin, and even school health work. Such fairly complete medical service for workers and their families in one large plant costs about $30 a year per employee. In most other establishments it would cost considerably in excess of this low figure. Such service can be undertaken only in isolated communities where the industry is the controlling factor in the life of the people.

Granting the rarity of these inclusive services, the great run of industrial medical departments serve workers economically and efficiently. Millions of people are benefited to a greater or lesser degree through these agencies. Millions of dollars are profitably spent in this way to safeguard the health of wage-earners. Wherever effort has been kept within modest bounds it has rarely met with the opposition of the medical profession. Lesser afflictions and com-

plaints which otherwise would not have received medical attention at all are now cared for, and many serious conditions which would have been undiscovered until too late are now brought to light and called to the attention of private practitioners. Industrial medicine, in this way, has served to bridge the gap between wage-earners and the medical practitioner.

VII

What remedies can we propose for the high cost of medical service? We have already discussed some suggestive developments which promise relief. Group medicine, through the organization of physicians into effective working units, will undoubtedly eliminate much of the waste of current individual practice and reduce the cost to the patient. The near future will undoubtedly see many more pay-clinics patterned after the Cornell University model. These will serve for the diagnosis and treatment of obscure ailments and will be well adapted to the financial ability of many middle-class patients. But for the treatment of illnesses occurring among wage-earners and their families there will be need for still greater development of out-patient departments of hospitals. Such clinics will charge larger fees than at present to cover the entire cost of operation including the adequate compensation of physicians on the staff. For the service of bed cases, hospitals will in like manner work out a plan of domiciliary service adapted to patients of moderate means. The success of such plans will depend a great deal upon further reduction in the amount of free service rendered by hospitals. In fact, free service must be entirely eliminated as a factor in hospital management. The cost of service for the destitute must be met in the future through public funds; but the amount of such relief ought never to be large in America. Finally, industry and business will still further serve their personnel along medical lines which experience has proved to be sound. These developments are distinctively American in origin and well adapted to our temperament and our genius for organization.

But there is another equally important remedy which even if it does not reduce the cost of medical treatment will assure funds with which to meet medical bills conveniently when serious and expensive sickness occurs. It is not concerned with medical organization—whether doctors work privately or in groups. It does, however, supplement group organization of physicians with group organization of patients. By this means, people in vast numbers join together and by the payment of fixed premiums while they are well provide a fund adequate to pay sickness costs. This is essentially health insurance—the best method yet proposed for meeting the cost of disabling sickness. There are fortunately enough private insurance companies in the United States able to conduct this type of business both efficiently and economically. In fact, many persons in comfortable circumstances are now carrying sickness and accident insurance in existing insurance organizations. A half million American wage earners are now covered by group health insurance contracts in strong life insurance companies, and possibly several million more are affiliated with lodges and mutual benefit associations which to a greater or less degree provide medical service. The solution of the economic problem we have been discussing will come only when sickness insurance becomes as popular among working men and their families as industrial life insurance is now. Such a system will leave people entirely free to choose their own physicians just as they do now. Doctors will likewise benefit; for under this plan they will be assured of compensation for services rendered.

The cost of such insurance, if limited to cases of serious illness involving disability, will not be excessive. Non-disabling ailments, although of frequent occurrence, do not lend themselves to

insurance coverage. The mechanics of handling enormous numbers of claims for petty amounts would add heavily to the cost of the insurance and could, therefore, be of little advantage to the patients. It may be good practice in the early stages of this development to scale premiums down to cover only from two-thirds to three-quarters of the actual present cost of medical service in serious cases. The cost of such health insurance would be still further reduced and brought within the means of virtually all families if it could be written on large numbers of persons at one time (group or wholesale insurance). This is not the occasion, however, for a detailed outline of such a health insurance system. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that the cost of such insurance will be well within the means of the American people. The insurance machinery now available will run smoothly in administering this system. Only a nation-wide educational campaign is necessary to popularize such a plan. When this has been successfully consummated, the menace of the present situation in which only the very poor and the very rich can obtain medical service without worry will be ended.

It is not difficult to foresee what the reaction of physicians will be to the above suggestions. The method of insurance protection to cover the cost of medical care will, I believe, be welcomed by the rank and file of physicians, for this will benefit them by assuring full compensation where there is now so much uncertainty and delay in payment of the larger bills. It is even conceivable that the profession will lend its organized support to furthering such business arrangements, provided it can be assured that there will be no curtailment in the personal relationship between physicians and their patients. But the suggestion of group medicine has never been favored by many practitioners, and it is not expected that it will now be accepted with any joy. There is much justification for such an attitude. It is difficult to expect doctors to be among the first of the professions to adopt standards of compensation which emphasize community rather than personal advantage.

Nevertheless, I believe that group medicine will have no adverse effect on the finances of the medical profession. It will not result in any lessened demand for the doctor's services but should rather increase the amount of his work. Thousands of people who now find it difficult to consult physicians because of the expense will find in the pay-clinic a ready means for doing so. The propaganda for periodic health examinations will work in the same direction; for the clinic is especially adapted to render this type of service. It is to be expected that under such extension of group-medicine doctors will devote much of their time to the clinic—but they will be well paid for their service. There will always be a large number of people, however, who will insist on the old-time intimate relationship existing between doctor and patient. Patients confined to bed will also require individual care. The private practice of medicine, even if somewhat curtailed, will always remain indispensable. But the time devoted to private office practice should, under the new conditions, be paid for on a more lucrative basis than at present. It will then be pertinent to determine what a fair charge for this highly individual and private service is. A scientific determination of the charges will involve evaluation of such items as the cost of the doctor's training, the cost of his equipment and overhead, the time that he has available for private patients, having always in mind the standard of living which the community expects him to maintain, and a margin sufficient to provide for reasonable leisure and the protection of his old age. There is altogether too much guesswork at the present time about all these factors. Such an evaluation conducted along scientific lines would be a first-class contribution to the solution of the economic problem of medical practice.

The Lion's Mouth

"WIPE YOUR FEET ON THE MAT, DEAR"

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ONE of The Just So Stories describes the adventures of the first man and the first woman. A high point in the tale is reached when they move into the first cave and the woman says, "Now wipe your feet on the mat, dear, and we'll begin to keep house." Most people, however they take this—whether as a Beginning or as an Ending—would regard it as a happy one. But if you will stop and ponder the significance of that episode you will find that it has possibilities of discord and unhappiness. Fix your gaze upon the Mat. The Mat, ah, there's the rub! Man—Everyman—comes to his home longing for relaxation and for an escape from rules and organization, and on the very threshold he stumbles over a rule. "Wipe your feet." "Be damned if I will," says Everyman. Everywoman meets him at the door and finds him about to track mud into her spotless hall. The monster! That just shows how he needs the refining influence of home.

Bear with me while I try to expound the symbolism of the Mat. What it means is that men and women have fundamentally different ideas about the nature and purpose of the home. Under the conditions that prevail in our world to-day most men find their lives falling into two distinct spheres, their public life and their private life. The requirements of the former impose a good deal of restraint. There is the routine and formality of the office. Engagements have to be kept punctually. Appearances have to be maintained not only in regard to the relatively minor matters of dress and deportment, but in observing what the dignity of the office or of the profession demands. The most persistent strain of public life comes not from the strenuousness of competition but from the constant necessity of taking oneself and one's job seriously.

For the man, Home is or ought to be the place to which he can escape from the more or less artificial postures of public life. The ideal home is the place where you can drop formalities, shuffle into slippers, eat in your shirt sleeves if you feel so inclined and, in general, give free play to the impulses of the natural man. It is where you don't have to be punctual for meals or for anything else. You have had enough punctuality all day. It is where organization and efficiency should show their ugly faces as little as possible, where tidiness and system and the doctrine of a place for everything and everything in its place are abominations. Are we not sated with neatness and orderliness and schedules and filing systems in the office? The change into old, comfortable, and perhaps disreputable clothes is the outward and visible sign of an inner transformation. The ideal home, as the man pictures it, is a city of refuge, a castle of freedom, informality, and irresponsibility.

The ideal home, I said. Of course there are no actual homes like that. Women have taken good care that there shall not be. Not chiefly on account of the practical difficulties, but because the ideal itself is repellent to them. They have a different theory. They think

of the home as an agency for taming and domesticating man. I say domesticate, not civilize. Woman cannot civilize because she is herself uncivilized. This statement is intended to carry neither praise nor blame. It is offered as a dispassionate scientific observation. What I mean by it is that women are too intensely individualistic to care about human solidarity. Their feeling for the claims of the particular instance is stronger than their regard for the universal rule. While men emphasize standards women emphasize the exceptions. Sometimes I think that women look upon men and their civilization—men with their Justice and their Laws and their Diplomacy and their Industry—with the same detached half-contemptuous air that they adopt towards men's sports and clubs and conferences. Ah, the poor creatures, they seem to say, how amusing it is to watch them taking themselves and their occupations so seriously! Women have profounder realities to ponder in their hearts. And so I repeat that woman's ambition is not to civilize but to domesticate. If it be true, as George Meredith said, that woman is the last thing that shall be civilized by man, it is no less true that man is the last animal that shall be domesticated by woman. In her eyes he is dirty and untidy—think of what a room looks like after an evening of poker!—and coarse and given to wandering and, in general, full of unpleasant feral impulses. He must be broken and disciplined and taught decency and manners.

The woman, I think, for the most part fails to do justice to the man's need for free-and-easiness in the home. Only under protest will she allow him room to stretch himself after the cramping artificiality of the day. She is fond of saying, "If you think it necessary to be on your good behavior outside, how much more careful ought you to be in the home." That is preposterous. I will even go so far as to assert that the man should be allowed the privilege of being rude to his wife, or at any rate, she should not insist on his showing good manners to her. One's wife (or husband) is or ought to be one of the few persons to whom one can be rude or casual without the possibility of misunderstanding.

On the other hand, there is one element in the woman's theory of the home which men with their usual obtuseness fail to see. The general principle is this: it takes much effort to achieve the appearance of lack of effort. It takes centuries of breeding and training to produce natural good manners, years to produce a natural swing at golf, and a small fortune to buy a perfectly simple frock. For civilized and sophisticated people naturalness is not to be had without much labor and forethought. Similarly, the comfort and the easy domestic informality that men demand would cost far more than most of them either would or could pay. You cannot have these things without an elaborate if inconspicuous organization and without well-trained, amiable, long-suffering and, therefore, exceedingly expensive servants.

And yet I do not think that this reflection by any means disposes of the man's domestic philosophy. The woman may still learn something from it. There is plenty of room for simplification in the average modern home and for the comfort that comes from simplification. The feminine tendency is to clutter the house up with a lot of stuff which creates endless obligations for her and is only a nuisance to the man. She builds up a machine which she finds herself required constantly to tend; but the product of the machine is of little or no value. Think of the furniture that has to be polished, the floors that have to be waxed, the wood-work that has to be cleaned, the draperies that have to be . . . well, whatever one does do to draperies, the rugs crying out to be beaten, and then throw in the accumulation of vases and ornaments and heirlooms and generally useless bric-à-brac all demanding attention, and you will begin to realize

what an insatiable monster the average home has become. Of course when one could afford to keep a staff of servants to care for the monster not much harm was done—except to the servants. Now, however, few families can afford it, yet the rites and ceremonies of the traditional domestic religion persist unchanged to the manifest discomfort and inconvenience of all concerned. The great feminine superstition upon which I hope man will make war until he has destroyed it is the belief in the intolerableness of Dirt in general and Dust in particular. Here are two examples of how women are enslaved to this superstition. I call up a friend and ask her and her husband to come and play bridge. She replies that she cannot come because all the books in the library are on the floor and she is cleaning. Of course she may have been doing it for the fun of the thing. If so, well and good. But I am inclined to believe that the library had been on her conscience for some time and that she had been saying to herself, "Now as soon as Christmas is out of the way I must get at those library shelves." What a ghastly waste of time and energy! Why not have left the dust where it lay, invisible, and innocuous?

I know a household where the following procedure is observed when the family goes away for the summer. First of all the entire house is stripped—like a battleship going into action. Then a squad of cleaning women is called in to scrub and sweep and dust. Then everything is swathed in newspapers or cloths, hatches are battened, and the house hermetically sealed. God help the unfortunate male at such times! If he ventures inside his own home it is to fall over a pile of rugs or to blunder upon a phalanx of charwomen with their embattled brooms. A week before the family returns the cleaning women are once more let loose on the house to repeat the performance. A magnificent display of system and energy, I grant you, but after all, is it worth it? Surely home would be a pleasanter place, with less worry, disturbance, fatigue, and nervous wear and tear if women would resign themselves to a certain amount of friendly dust, if they would accumulate fewer possessions that demand their care, if they would cease to envisage domestic life as a prolonged warfare upon the invading forces of Dirt and Disorder.

Yet I may be doing women an injustice in using the word superstition. Perhaps their domestic zeal is a symptom of something less reprehensible. Shall we say that women, for the sake of self-expression, self-respect, and happiness, feel the need of a job and that, therefore, the married woman who either through lack of skill or by force of circumstance has been denied a career seizes the only opportunity open to her. If she cannot lead the perfect life of being "beautiful, idle, and useless," or if she is not content to pass her days in a round of fatuous social activities she will try to find an outlet for her energies and for her creative impulses by organizing the home as a Going Concern, by training and educating her children, and by taming her husband. Why should he be the only one to know the satisfactions of organization and management and efficiency and general participation in that vague thing called the Work of the World?

Well, perhaps that is the truth of it. But the situation itself is not altered by this explanation. What the home is, still remains as violently opposed to what the man thinks it ought to be as before the analysis. The only practical suggestion I can make is that we might take a hint from the farmers of New England, of Rumania, and of many other countries. I propose that in every household where the husband and wife are proceeding on different theories of the function of the home and suffering mutual exasperation thereby there should be a Best Parlor. Into it would go all the best furniture, all the valuable rugs, all the family heirlooms, all the delicate stuffs and the fragile bric-à-brac. It would never be used, not even to doze in after dinner on Sundays. But it

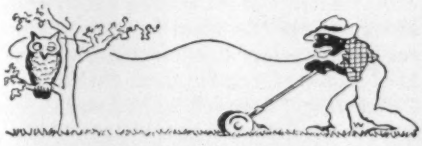
could be kept immaculate. It could be cleaned and dusted and ventilated and arranged so that it remained a perpetual marvel of neatness and order. To Enlightened Minds the Best Parlor is merely a theme for superior mirth. It is one of those quaint and mildly ridiculous customs peculiar to rural communities here and abroad. But in reality it expresses a profound idea. The institution of the Best Parlor recognizes and tries to satisfy religious needs. The objects of religion are intended to be contemplated, to be enjoyed, and to be worshipped, not to be used. Praise, the beautification of the temple, the loving and assiduous care of the sacred objects of the Cult seem to the sober pragmatic mind excessively wasteful. So they are. But the criticism is irrelevant, for they were never meant to serve any economic purpose. Now the attitude of women towards many precious possessions of the home is really religious. The best silver, the best china, the best linen—to *use* these things would be a kind of sacrilege. We shall keep them spotless, contemplate them, display them, even, from time to time, but bring them to table, never! Domestic life becomes difficult and confused if these sacred objects are suffered to mingle with the gross secular linen and silver of daily use. Why not, therefore, openly admit the difference and segregate them in a Best Parlor which is frankly a domestic shrine? Then when the husband found his wife in there and saw her tenderly smoothing the lavendered linen or polishing the silver to a starry brightness he would think of her not as "one of these poor misguided women" but as a priestess about her task. The hand of reproof would be stayed as Hamlet's hand was stayed when he realized that the King was at his prayers.

There is another way in which the impulses of religion are engaged in the care of the best room. Life at its best as at its worst offers no finality of attainment. The vanity of the pursuit of riches or of other material things is an old story. The more you have the more you want. Happiness is elusive and the Bluebird turns out to be a Wild Goose after all. But the vanity of moral idealism is a story as true, if less obvious. "Lord, how oft shall my brother offend against me and I forgive him? Unto seven times?" "Yea, I say unto thee, and unto seventy times seven." The time will never come when I may say that I am as charitable as I need to be and that there is nothing more for me to do in this respect. There is something infinite and therefore tormenting about moral ideals. The only certain thing is that if any man says complacently, "Now I am honest, sincere, unselfish. *J'y suis, j'y reste,*" he is in bad way morally. It looks as though to be moral one must forever be beginning all over again. This is intolerable. It is religion that offers escape from this indefinite postponement of satisfaction. Religion gives us Heaven, a place where the fight is o'er, the battle won. When we get to Heaven, thank God, we shall be done with the necessity for being up and doing: we shall just contemplate Perfection throughout eternity. Now domestic routine provides an exact parallel to the vanity of human wishes. One feeds the family only to strengthen their appetite for to-morrow's meals. The clothes that go to the laundry this week will come back and later return to the laundry again. The dishes that are washed to-day will be dirtied again to-morrow. So it goes. In the home there is no progress, there is only a cycle of drudgery. Every housekeeper is plowing the sand or writing her name in water. From this hell of frustration the Best Room offers salvation. Imagine a woman as she makes a bed paralyzed by the sudden question, "What's the use? It will all have to be made over again to-morrow, and the next day, and the next." That is the moment when she needs a Guest Room to flee to, a room, I need hardly say, which no guest is permitted to enter, a sacrosanct chamber, a Domestic Paradise in little. As she

gazes on the ideal bed with its snowy linen and its uncreased counterpane will not her insatiable aspirations be appeased for a space in the contemplation of that untroubled perfection? Will she not murmur

"Thou wast not meant for rest, immortal bed!
No sleepy generations crush thee down."

Yes, I think she will. And gradually in the serene atmosphere of that place tranquillity will flow in upon her and take possession of her weary and mutinous spirit. And after half an hour, or an hour maybe, she will emerge ready to take up again her daily duties and to face a husband the less intractable because all the sacred objects that might cumber his way or cause him offense will be far from his path behind the locked doors of the Shrine.



IN MEMORIAM

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"DO YOU know whom I miss more than anyone else?" said my wife, a few days ago.

"Yes," I replied. "Hootie Biggs."

Maude looked at me in surprise for a moment, then we both laughed, for it had not been a case of mental telepathy. It had been, rather, an instance of a given stimulus acting identically on associated minds, for, a moment previously, through the open, screened windows, on the heavy summer air, had come the sound of a small boy imitating a hoot owl. Or, possibly, he had been imitating Hootie himself, the master imitator of hoot owls, also of railroad trains, patent medicine orators, cooing doves, wildcats, and countless other beasts and birds, many of which he probably had never seen. In any case it was a bad imitation—the small boy's—and one at which Hootie himself would have laughed with derision.

It is now two years since William Tecumseh Sherman Biggs, otherwise known as "Hootie," passed from our midst, and he died as he had always lived—in wassail. He was as black as the traditional ace of spades and his features were pure African, but his temperament was the odd result of grafting a tropic soul on a lifetime spent among the traditions of a staid little New England village. This result was to make him a local historian of rare and minute accuracy, a poet, a Tory, a romanticist, a sportsman, a man of stately and florid manners, and an incurable self-dramatist. I will not say, exactly, that he was also the town drunkard, for that is an honor that has never been accurately awarded in our village; but, as the tennis players would put it, he was certainly among the ranking ten.

It was not, however, the mellowness of his single vice that rendered him charming. It was that in connection with his other and contradictory talents. One November morning I met him on a frozen road at an hour when, as I surely intended to tell him, no gentleman should get drunk. As far as I could see him approaching, I could tell by the narrowing contours of his circles that he was getting himself into shape for the encounter. I was prepared for any one of the normal excuses that he might have made, but not for the actual greeting with which he disarmed me.

"Mistah Phil," he hailed me, from a dozen yards off, "you're just the man I want to see. What was the name of your grandfather's second brother? I know he married a Gaylord."

"His name was Ephraim," I said, as I tried not to laugh.

"Thank you," he answered, with the absent air of an old curator whose mind has just slipped on the third king after Rameses. "I knew there was Philip and Thomas and Henry and the girls, but I couldn't quite think of Ephraim."

At another time a summer visitor, a lady, was walking along a lonely road when, to her terror, she rounded a turn and came upon a half dozen negroes fighting on a bridge. She stopped and wondered whether she dared to run when, from the midst of the group, our friend Hootie stepped forth and bowed low with his old straw hat.

"Madame," he said, "you are perfectly safe. Come straight ahead. I won't let any of these rough niggers touch you."

With the manner of a gentleman usher he marshalled his somewhat astonished companions against the rails of the bridge and escorted his trembling protégée through them. The joke of the incident was that, as it later developed, Hootie himself was the only one of the group who was really drunk or who had been making any trouble. The others were distant relatives and friends, who were trying to get him home before the eye of the constable should light upon him.

In his cups, with his low brow, his bloodshot eye, and his broad, flat nose, poor Hootie was a terrifying sight to a stranger but actually he was perfectly harmless. More than that, he was powerless. Two of our farm boys, neither aged more than fourteen, once threw him all over the road and nearly punched the life out of him. There was neither danger nor glory in crossing him when drunk. One push of the hand would topple him over or a single sharp word from a white man would bring him to terms and, as a result, most of his sprees were in solitary grandeur. He would walk out the country roads in a world of his own, in a land of his dreams, but as he kept up a steady stream of contemplative talk, it was easy to discover what his dreams were made of.

Oddly, in these dreams, he was always a hero. At some period of his life he must have steeped himself deeply in romantic literature, for his favorite amusement was to go along, crying, "Here comes Old Hank Star, the crack shot of the prairie!" At other times he would stand before a respectable gate and roar out in stentorian tones, "One bottle of the great Kankakee nerve tonic will restore you completely. For men, women, and children, and only one dollar, ten little dimes, or one hundred cents. Now, Professor, just a little music—" (which he would then proceed to furnish in a rich barytone) —"I thank you, one and all."

On possibly his greatest occasion, during the War, a whole regiment of uniformed home guards was paraded on the ball grounds, and that evening Hootie was a general at least. Late at night we could hear him passing the house shouting, "Stand in line! Fours to the front! Double time, March!" It took no imagination to see a thousand massed men behind him and curiously, knowing Hootie, those men would be white.

Even in his sober moments this hero complex had a great deal of influence in Hootie's life. He liked to refer to himself, deprecatingly, as "Old Hank Star" and speak of combats, of fisticuffs or "wrassling," in which he had come off a hard-pressed but ultimate victor. Oddly, however, all these affairs had taken place in other towns where negroes congregated or in times long past. Nor was it really necessary for him to build up his fame artificially. His imitative talent could do that in its own right. This was the one thing which was genuinely admired and on which he could always fall back when his claim to public attention seemed to be waning. He could not only imitate a hoot owl at a distance, which is easy, but he could imitate the throaty, eerie sound of the same owl near at hand. He had a marvellous imitation of a railway whistle coming through a fog; and in the old days, when the arrival of the daily train was a real event and the station platform was always crowded, Hootie would stand near a crate or box and begin to coo like a shipment of pigeons. Little by little the waiting passengers would become aware of it and would pass along, looking furtively into all the boxes to find the birds.

Reviewing these memories of colorful moments, one becomes aware of how unfortunately it is true that in the lives of notable men a single vice or a single misstep can overshadow a host of virtues. There were many moments when Hootie was not drunk, but in those moments he was retired from the public eye. He was floating in his boat among the lily pads of a placid mountain pond, he was setting his traps in winter, or was peacefully and efficiently mowing the village lawns. He was mowing our own lawn, in fact, one election-day morning, when I asked him whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. His eye lighted with surprise at the innocence of the question, then he answered quietly, "My race owes a great deal to Abraham Lincoln."

At some far date in the past Hootie had had a family. He had also had tragedies. His wife was gone and unremembered. Three of his children had disappeared out into the wide world and there now remained only one daughter, a hunchback, who lived with him in a little hut far up on the mountain and deep in the woods. Hootie himself came to town almost every day, but the daughter never. She would merely go to the point where the woodland trail met the highway and sit down and wait. I saw her there once when Hootie came up the hill. At sight of him she waved her hand, called, "Hoo-hoo—Poppa!" and the little chuckle of glee and the mirth in her eyes were a happily surprising omen of what their home life must be. The daughter died about two years before Hootie, and one day in the woods he showed me a view through the trees, saying, simply, "I always stand here for a minute or two, because the girl and I liked to stop and look off."

Hootie was about sixty when he died, but he had looked exactly the same for at least thirty years. Prohibition had made not the slightest difference in his life, as he had long since had his own taste in liquors. Jamaica ginger, essence of wintergreen, or a two-ounce bottle of lemon extract, tilted upwards and taken down at a single gulp, were *apéritifs* and cordials with which he had long been familiar. He made his fatal mistake when he went to a party in a neighboring township and someone suggested oil of birch. The name sounds harmless, but when the news came I looked it up in the dictionary and found that it is a compound used for tanning leather.

The funeral was set for Saturday, in the gray, stone chapel, and a strange thing happened. Between my wife and me, of course, there was no question. We surely must go. We wanted to go anyway, but we also looked on it in this wise: "Poor Hootie. A great many people in town are not perhaps as liberal as we are and it *would* please him to have at least one or two of his white friends present." And, amazingly, everyone else in town seemed to have figured it out the same way. The chapel was packed. There were negroes, of course, dozens of strange negroes who drove up in motor cars, and old, picturesque, patriarchal negroes with white beards and canes.

But there were also white people by the score, the village steadies and the "summer crowd," for they all knew Hootie. There were men in morning coats and there were men in knickers, there were men in white flannels, and women in Paris gowns. Frankly, it was the smartest funeral that we had ever had in town. The clergyman was a newcomer just out of the theological seminary and was apparently the only person in town who did *not* know Hootie, so he stopped me at the chapel door and asked me for any facts that I could give. I told him about Hootie's father who had been a veteran of the Civil War. I told him about the poor, crippled daughter and of how she used to wait for him on the woodland trail. I told him about Hootie's love of the woods, of his knowledge of birds and wild things, of his quaint philosophies—and I didn't tell him any more. But the clergyman made the most of it. In three minutes he had us sobbing, all over the chapel, black and white. It was one

of the few funeral services that struck me as just right. The preacher said his "Amen," a colored brother echoed with *his* "amen," and then we passed out.

And we had amongst us but a single thought. "How Hootie himself would have loved it!"

A NEW USE FOR ANNUAL REPORTS

BY EDWARD A. MUSCHAMP

UNTIL recently I have always suffered from the most extreme embarrassment whenever I have been left alone with a group of business men. Awed by their intimate familiarity with Big Finance and the Biggest Kind of Big Deals, and conscious of my own abysmal ignorance of these always (to me) more or less mysterious subjects I have, except for an occasional "Yes, sir" or "No, sir" remained virtually speechless. But a great change has come over me, for I have discovered that I, too, am a man of not merely Big Affairs but of Vast and Gigantic Operations, to say nothing of Future Tremendous Developments.

At least that is what the Board of Directors of one of "my companies" have just told me in their Annual Report. To be exact, they have told me no less than twenty-five times. In fact, that Annual Report is just one "your company" after another from beginning to end, and any board of directors that are as positive as all that about anything must know what they are talking about.

Consequently I have decided that I am no longer that completely insignificant human microcosm which has no connection whatever with the world of Big Affairs and in whom no Big Men ever repose any confidences.

In a word, all I want now is an opportunity, and the first one of my business friends that starts to give me the "low down" on some big deal that he claims to know all about is going to get the shock of his life. Because the instant he pauses for breath I am going to break in on him with:

"Why, my dear young fellow, those friends of yours are just plain pikers. Let me tell you something! In the first place, when we closed our books on December 31st how many customers do you think we were serving? Never mind, I'll tell you—exactly 998,330! Not so bad, eh? And just remember, that means a net increase of 53,937 new customers over 1925. What's more, there isn't a day passes that at least 4,000,000 telephone calls come into our various offices. Why, just to provide the necessary facilities to take care of this new business and to maintain our usual high standard of service to all our old customers we spent on plant alone during the past year $13,316,402. Yes, sir, to-day we own and occupy no less than 106 buildings, have two more in the course of construction, and in addition we use all or part of more than 350 rented buildings.

"And *confidentially* (business of lowering voice to a whisper and casting cautious glances around to make sure that there are no eavesdroppers loitering nearby) I don't mind telling *you*—but I don't want it to go any farther, that during 1926 we spent for additions to our central office equipment alone the sum of $3,534,392! What's more—and I got this straight from the Big Chief himself . . . "

At this point I shall begin quoting verbatim paragraphs from that Annual Report, and I shall keep on quoting them until my victim begins to show signs of grogginess. Then, at the psychological moment I shall deliver the Knock-out. Clapping my hand down on his shoulder, I shall say in a kindly but slightly condescending manner, "Not at all, old man, not at all. Just give me a ring any time you think I can be of any service to you. Only too glad to help you if I can."

Editor's Easy Chair

SUN SPOTS AND JUSTICE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT MAY be recalled that last winter at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which sat at Philadelphia in the holiday season, there was read a paper of Professor Tchijevsky of Moscow about the unusual sun-spot activity that would prevail this year and next year and the disturbances that might be expected to attend it. The newspapers reported what they could about this paper—it was much too long to be given in full—but the upshot of it was, as noted in this department of this magazine last March, that all great mundane disturbances followed or attended these periods of sun-spot activity. That was the burden of the Russian professor's discourse. He said these operations in the sun followed eleven-year cycles: three years of minimum excitability of human beings; two years of increasing excitability; three years of maximum excitability, and then three years of decline to the minimum that closes the cycle. This year and until 1929, we are told, the sun-spot activity now proceeding comes to its maximum, "with resulting human activity of the highest historical importance, which may again change the political chart of the world." So said the Russian professor, and he thought the prevailing excitability would be all the livelier because the present high mark of the eleven-year cycle coincides with the maxima of sixty and thirty-five years. The Russian gentleman thinks the deportment of the sun has a great deal to do with human behavior. Another scientist, an engineer of note and an expert in violet rays, holds that it has a great deal to do with the weather and that the prevailing solar disturbances are responsible for the Mississippi floods and the wet season.

There may be something in these suggestions. Certainly we have had a curious summer both as regards the weather and the excitability of the human mind. The idea that we are creatures of circumstance is no new thought, but this suggestion that humanity at large is poignantly affected by the influence of the heavenly bodies is to this generation a good deal more novel, though ancient knowledge took notice of it and made it a factor in calculation.

At any rate, the Russian scientist in declaring that the unusually agitated condition of the sun presaged corresponding agitations in the minds of men seems to have hit it pretty accurately. We have had unusual reactions of the human mind to stimulations all through the year. The Hall-Mills case, Lindbergh and the flyers, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, were all curious, and all very thorough jobs of widespread mental disturbance. The Hall-Mills case was bad. The immense enthusiasm over Lindbergh seems to have been useful. The Sacco and Vanzetti case was very remarkable indeed and had about it something that made people wonder whether there was not in it a revolutionary quality which made it comparable

to the famous case of the diamond necklace that preceded the French Revolution.

Sacco and Vanzetti have been executed, and it may be that that is the end of it. It may also be that it is not the end of it, but on the contrary a great emphasizing fact which secures the matter against being forgotten. One thing about the case may profitably be noticed. When Governor Fuller called upon Messrs. Lowell, Stratton, and Grant to examine the trial and report on it it seemed that he had solved the problem of allaying the doubts about the fairness of the trial and that the report of those committeemen, whatever conclusion they reached, would be accepted as just and conclusive and would allay the more important part of the disturbance in the public mind. The report said the trial was all right. It found no serious fault with anybody concerned with it except it said that the Judge had been indiscreet in some things he said out of court. The report did allay the disturbance of a good many minds, of some of them permanently, of others for a day or two; but when it had been duly discussed by the opposition, the objections to the trial and to the execution of the prisoners broke out as strong as ever, and the efforts to get a new trial for the convicted men or commutation of their sentence went on impetuously to the last moment of their lives. The feeling opposed to the report was that the committeemen simply represented the established order and saw everything with its eyes and reached conclusions that were foregone, not so much from the facts of the case as from the training and the habits of the minds that considered them. The committeemen believed one set of witnesses and disbelieved another. The assailants of the proceedings believed some of the witnesses whom the committeemen rejected, and the committeemen refused to rate as important facts which the assailants considered cast a shadow of doubt over the verdict. That shadow of doubt remained in many minds, and pretty good ones as minds go, undispersed by that report. At this writing the shadow is still operative and is pretty sure to inspire further examination of the facts of that case and an effort to mend the criminal procedure in Massachusetts, with results possibly affecting criminal procedure in all other states.

One cause to which is attributed the immense noise about this case, and also about Lindbergh and about the Hall-Mills case, is the unprecedented efficiency for certain purposes of the contemporary publicity machine. As a dispenser of sensations it beats any machine that we know of. A large proportion of the strongest newspapers of the country are in a competition for readers. This makes them primarily attentive to such stories as the most readers will buy and inclines them sometimes to emphasize criminal news and scandals to the partial neglect of things, like the story of the Mississippi flood, which are much more momentous. That flood tale has only been half told, and not for the reason that newspapers are not willing to print it, but that newspaper readers preferred to read about something else—the something else usually being murders, holdups, and details of crime generally. It is nothing new that there are more readers for crime than for good behavior. There always have been. What is novel about the present times is that facilities for giving readers what they want have been so enormously developed, and that the advertising business, which is the life blood of current papers, depends so considerably on circulation.

CERTAINLY some of the murders make very interesting reading, and the more wicked and the more callous they are, the more interesting readers find them. Mere death by accident or motor car attracts little attention. In this morning's papers there was a heading about six men who were killed by a current of electricity that leaked into a wire they were working on. Will

that attract attention? Scarcely any! About seven thousand people a year are killed nowadays in the United States by motor cars. That does attract some attention by the number, but the individual case goes for little in the general news unless there is an element of crime connected with it. It may be, however, that these multiplied killings by accidents, which are incidental to the high speed of our mechanical civilization, help in a subtle way to undermine the respect for human life. Certain it is that homicide is appallingly common in this country at this time.

There is another thing that is increasingly common: disrespect and disregard for authority. Both of these factors were involved in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. The Italians were tried for murder. They had about as fair a trial as Massachusetts could give them and were convicted. There was only moderate interest in the killing but eventually an enormous interest in the trial. The theory grew under careful nursing that the Italians, being Reds, were being sent to the chair by the established order in Massachusetts which did not like their politics. It may be that seven years of delay used by good lawyers and an efficient publicity bureau for the diffusion of doubt about the justice of a verdict in a murder trial would destroy public confidence in any trial that was ever held. So far as that is true, the culprit in the Sacco case was the legal procedure in Massachusetts which made the long delay possible.

Most of the complaints about the Sacco and Vanzetti matter are based on the feeling that perhaps the convicted men were not guilty and that their execution was a miscarriage of justice. That feeling is set forth with unusual vehemence in some of the Radical weeklies. As to the fact of the innocence or guilt of those parties no one in sight knows absolutely; or if he does, he won't tell. There may be some persons who do know absolutely; for if five did the killing and three got away, as appears to be understood, the three who got away and have not been recovered probably know the whole story. I talked to Silas Shacklepate about this idea that so many people have that possibly these executed men were not guilty of this crime of which they were convicted. Silas is a lawyer and possibly takes a legalistic view of such matters, though he is particularly strong about the duty of resisting some laws if we do not like them. He would have nothing to do with the suggestion that maybe the men were innocent. He had read the general literature of the case, particularly the reports of Governor Fuller and of his advisors. That was enough for him. He said that these men seemed to have had a fair trial and quite a lot of it, and there was no reason for letting them off. To let them off would amount to evasion of the laws of Massachusetts by the authorities chosen to enforce them. Silas does not believe in that. If laws are going to be violated he wants it done unofficially by volunteers who take chances in that adventure. The constituted authorities he considers under obligation to enforce the laws if they can.

He told a story of two judges, one a good deal younger than the other, walking up the street in conversation on the way to the elder judge's court room. When they reached it the younger man shook hands and said: "Good-bye! Go in now and do justice!" Whereupon the departing elder turned around: "Justice!" he said, "What has that got to do with my job?" Courts, said Silas, can't do justice, though they may happen to. It is not their job to do justice. Their job is to determine questions put up to them, according to the law as it exists or as they understand it. Eastern autocrats like Solomon might do justice, but imagine two women coming to one of our courts disputing over a child and one of our judges using Solomon's method to determine who was the real mother. It would not do at all.

No. The great function of courts is to provide order. They do it by making decisions according to law as it exists, which they interpret to the best of their ability. Silas, being satisfied that Sacco and Vanzetti had had a fair trial as trials go, adventured with their case no farther. "That is all you can do," he said. "You must not expect justice from courts. You may get it and you may not. When you come to court with a question, you get an answer. That is valuable. We could not get along without it. When a court has done its best, that is all you can ask. Take it and go."

That is a comprehensible attitude. Are you satisfied with it? Those people, not counting the Reds, who were so insistent that Sacco and Vanzetti should not be executed, were not satisfied with this point of view that Silas has. It was terrible to them to think that men should be executed about whose guilt there was a shadow of a doubt. The Eastern peoples accepted the fiats of their despots for better or worse. If they went against them, they set it down as fate. They had no newspapers to make a row in, no publicity machine; but they had to have decisions in their disputes or about their misbehaviors or the accusations made against them, and they took them as they came, and went on living if they were allowed to. That we clamor for "justice" may be a sign that we and our institutions are better than they and theirs are. I hope we are. But do the common run of us think that justice is done in court except off and on, or do we think that the man who gets it to suit him is usually the man who has the best lawyer?

Police-court justice is more like the Eastern type than that which is reached by the more elaborate proceedings in the higher courts. The police judge is more like a cadi. He takes in what is before his eyes, turns over everything in his mind, and takes action on it. But even police-court justice is liable to miscarriage. In the paper the other day there was a story of a man out of prison on probation who got a little excited with bad rum, was impressed with the fact that the streets were dirty, seized a broom from a street cleaner's kit, and began sweeping the streets. The street cleaner complained of him for stealing his broom. He was taken to a police court; some Javert in the court recognized him as a man on probation, and what happened to that unfortunate man? The papers said he was to be sent back to Clinton Prison to serve out eleven years of his sentence—and all for borrowing a broom to sweep the streets!

My gracious! Do you notice that everybody who can afford it, and who is sufficiently scared, insures nowadays against the action of the courts, particularly in accident cases? They do not dare to take chances on motor-car accidents or on accidents that may happen to people whom they employ. They think that if they do they may be ruined overnight.

No, no! Justice is hardly got by law in this world. But this order that the courts are so instrumental in keeping is extremely valuable. Life adjusts itself to what the courts do, adjusts itself particularly to the need of keeping out of them. So there is no real basis for revolution in the Sacco and Vanzetti case; there may be basis for reforms in procedure, reforms, indeed, of the laws affecting criminal cases. If we are not even getting such justice as is possible, we surely should improve our methods. The old judge of whom the tale is told above was by no means careless of doing justice. The point was that he appreciated the limitations of his power to do it.

Perhaps it is the sun spots that have made us take all these things so hard. At any rate there are proceeding in these times curious, subtle changes of mental attitude about a good many things. We have considerably lost respect for law as law, thanks quite a bit to prohibition. We know that laws do not make right and wrong, but must conform to common human judgment about those matters if they are to be any good.

Personal and Otherwise

CHURCH unity is a very pleasant thing to talk about, but is it in sober truth either possible or altogether desirable? Answering this question in the light of what happened at the Lausanne Conference, the Reverend ***Herbert Parrish,*** rector of Christ Church, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and author of many striking magazine articles, confronts the ecclesiastical world with some formidable facts and unsentimental conclusions.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's remarkable record in short fiction is familiar to most of our readers. During the past ten years he has been honored in the annual awards of the O. Henry Prize more frequently than any other writer. Recent HARPER stories of his, such as "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" (which gives its title to the newly published volume of his tales), "When Hell Froze," "Blue Murder," and "Bubbles," are vividly remembered. Not so many readers, however, are aware that Mr. Steele was an artist before he turned to writing. Born forty-one years ago at Greensboro, North Carolina, where his father, a distinguished Methodist minister, was then serving as principal of Bennett Seminary, Mr. Steele graduated from the University of Denver in 1907, came East to study at the Boston Art Museum, continued his studies in Paris and New York, and devoted, altogether, several years to art. When he began to write, it was at once apparent that he carried over into his new medium the artist's keen eye for the pictorial quality of a scene and the artist's sense of structure and emphasis. These and other gifts which his maturing years have added to his equipment have established him so firmly in the front rank of American writers that an eager welcome for his new five-part novel is assured.

The subject of honor among women is one which will enliven the deadliest dinner party and disturb the calm of the happiest home. ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley,*** a Middle-Westerner now living in New York who identified herself last month as a feminist, new style, and previously wrote for us two articles on divorce ("The Ethics of Alimony" and "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce"), has been out with her lantern and now returns to display her evidence.

Beginning his business career at sixteen in a jewelry store in a country town, ***Jesse Rainsford Sprague*** spent many years as a salesman, went into business for himself in 1900 at Newport News, and later operated a retail business in San Antonio. During the past year, having retired from active business, he has drawn upon his wide experience and wider observation and thought to write several articles for HARPER'S: "Big Business on Trial," "The Go-Getter Abroad," "Confessions of a Ford Dealer," and "Religion in Business." This month he says some things about super-salesmanship and good taste which have long needed to be said. Let us hope the seed falls on good ground.

Clarence H. Gaines, one-time member of the editorial staff of Harper & Brothers, has been for some years professor of English at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.

A Westerner himself (he was born in Utah), ***Bernard DeVoto*** studied at Harvard, served for several years as a teacher of English at Northwestern University, and has now resigned his assistant professorship there and gone East to Massachusetts to write. He is the author of two novels, *The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire;* he collaborated in *The Taming of the Frontier;* and he has written considerably for the magazines. We have published two essays of his, "College and the Exceptional Man" and "The Co-ed: The Hope of Liberal Education," as well as a story which appeared last August, "In Search of Bergamot."

Gerald W. Johnson wields for the Baltimore *Evening Sun* one of the ablest editorial pens in the country. He was for a time a professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina. Everybody who has ever been a professor has ideas for publication about American education, but few have so much to say that is both lively and worth hearing.

A new contributor, ***M. W. Mountjoy,*** of the Detroit *News*, sends us "Up Near Tawas" from the city upon which all good garage-men depend for their living.

One hardly knows what to believe about Italy these days. The careful newspaper reader is learning to look askance at almost every item of news from that country. This attitude of distrust would seem abundantly justified by the facts set forth by ***George Seldes,*** who was the Rome correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* until, as he recalls in his article, he was forced to leave Italy on account of the objection of the Fascist Government to certain of his dispatches. He is a brother of Gilbert Seldes, critic of the seven lively (and other) arts.

At this writing, ***Anna Louise Strong,*** an American newspaperwoman and a new contributor to HARPER'S, is presumably in Moscow. After observing conditions in China, she has been crossing the Gobi Desert, with Moscow as her ultimate objective.

The author of "The Great American Game," ***Rollin M. Perkins,*** is not only professor of law at the State University of Iowa, but also chairman of the Council on Wrongs of the Association of American Law Schools. For more than ten years he has made a special study of criminal law and criminal procedure. During that time his book, *Iowa Cases on Criminal Procedure*, has appeared in two editions and he has been retained by the State of Iowa to annotate the penal provisions of the Iowa Code of 1924.

Libbian Benedict, a young New York writer, makes her second appearance in HARPER'S with "The Apartment." Last February we published her story, "Engaged."

As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, ***Dr. Louis I. Dublin*** has at his elbow a wealth of facts, widely collected and accurately compiled, bearing upon the cost of medical service.

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Charles A. Bennett's usual door-mat is in New Haven, for he is associate professor of philosophy at Yale, but at the present moment he is on leave of absence in his native Ireland. ***Edward A. Muschamp,*** of Narberth, Pennsylvania, is a newcomer to the Lion's Mouth. ***Philip Curtiss,*** on the other hand, is as inveterate a contributor as Professor Bennett. Mr. Curtiss lives at Norfolk, Connecticut, in a house built by one of those Curtiss forebears with whose history Hootie was so well acquainted.

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Frank Weston Benson, whose etching, "Marsh Gunner," we reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue, had established himself firmly as a painter, had become one of the group of American artists known as "the ten," and had won innumerable prizes for his portraits and other work in oils before he turned much of his attention to etching and began the series of plates of ducks, geese, and hunting scenes with which his name is now most widely associated. Mr. Benson's deft water-colors—especially of fishing scenes in the north woods—are an additional proof of his versatility.

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The following paragraphs are copied from the proof-sheet of Freshman English material given to all first-year students at Pennsylvania State College:

> This year the student, instead of providing himself, as heretofore, with a single volume of representative English essays for supplementary reading, is required to get and read eight issues of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. . . . A special arrangement has been made with the publishers and with the athletic store by which these eight numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE may be obtained. . . . The eight issues of HARPER'S will be used by the student throughout his Freshman year. Whenever a reading assignment is announced in the Calendar, the student is required to bring with him to class his current copy of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Why is this supplementary reading assigned as a part of the course, and how is the student likely to profit by it? This is a reasonable question and deserves a brief answer.

1. The student is expected to write standard English, and yet by actual reading and study of well-written English he has not become familiar with the standards and the requirements of the written language. His knowledge of standard English is likely to be hazy, fragmentary, and imperfect. His everyday use of the vernacular is so different from the literary language that he urgently needs example as well as precept to accomplish his purpose. Wide reading and extensive practice are both essential parts of the process of learning to write well.

2. The assignment of supplementary reading in a well-edited magazine will help the student to acquire the *reading habit*, which he will find indispensable to his success as an educated man. It is foolish and futile for anyone to suppose that he can become a student in any real sense without cultivating the reading habit. Reading will do quite as much as class work in stimulating his intellectual interests.

3. Such reading will also give him a helpful acquaintance with the different literary forms, with a variety of writers, with a stock of new ideas, and with the main currents of modern thought. Only thus can he keep in touch with human progress in art, letters, science—with those subjects and interests which are vital to the nation and the world.

It is for reasons such as these that a body of interesting current reading has been prescribed. It is hoped that the student will take this requirement seriously because of its reasonableness and its helpfulness.

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A reader in Los Angeles sends us the following communication, accompanied by a newspaper picture of a judge showing "dainty Audrey Ferris" where to sign her name on a motion-picture contract:

The most recent development of what I might term judicial paternalism, such as Mr. Flynn's learned and illuminating article in the September issue discussed, has just now become operative in the California state courts. Ponce de Leon's quest of eternal youth was solved by motion picture magnates here when they obtained a legislative enactment which, conceivably, might extend nonage to, through, and beyond senility!

The Los Angeles *Times* reports that "heretofore the legal incompetence of minors to make contracts to which they may be held has been a cause of uncertainty and considerable litigation in Hollywood. Juvenile actors have been signed up for a period of years, have been made famous by promotion work, and then have renounced their agreements in order to collect higher salaries elsewhere. To meet this situation the latest Legislature enacted a law providing that a minor's contract for dramatic work shall be binding if approved by a judge of the Superior Court."

So now we are to have legalized peonage in California, sanctioned by the imposing dignity of the Superior Court, and the juvenile actor who attains his majority and finds that in his nonage he was thrown to the wolves of cinemaland to make a celluloid holiday will face jail for contempt of court if he attempts to void the contract on the grounds of the common law rights descended to him through the ages.

It is to be noted that the beginning salaries offered juvenile actors by the motion picture industry are relatively small, while the increases under the terms of the contracts are optional with the producers. I have personal knowledge of one young woman who received $150 a week under the terms of a producers' contract, and these same producers made a profit of $850 a week from her services by "farming her out" to other producers for $1,000 a week. Under this new law, she would be "stuck" for whatever period her contract happened to run. But in this particular instance, she voided the contract when she obtained her majority. And who would not?

There was an amusing interlude recently when a prize-fighter's manager attempted to place his juvenile "white hope" under contract, as provided by the new law, but withdrew hurriedly when he learned that his protégé would be limited to "dramatic performances." Personally, I can't see why he balked, for that's the only kind of prize-fighting we have in this state (or elsewhere) anyway!

I would thank you to convey to Mr. Flynn my thanks for the enjoyment I obtained in reading his masterly exposition of what I conceive to be a very serious problem. Our judicial oligarchy constitutes a serious and growing menace, and the sooner the facts are confronted the better for all concerned.

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By way of comment on an article in the August issue, Dr. Joseph Blickensderfer, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, meditates upon the honesty of deans, and proposes a delightful educational innovation:

EDITOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

Professor Boas's "Sonata Academica" is a delightful composition throughout, and also it gives one seriously to think. The andante movement was particularly interesting to me. It makes the Dean a liar, for he signs Jake Schmutz's diploma which states that Jake has satisfactorily completed the studies, and so forth. In so far as the Dean is concerned, his mendacity is his own affair; but all the fellows in the "frat," and probably many more, know what was done, and therein lies the far-reaching demoralizing influence of the crooked Dean. We all know the Dean's plea—we have heard variations aplenty on that theme; but the question that always comes up in my mind, clothed in the language of the wild West, is this: "Is Oralia a Philosophy Joint or a Bull Ring?"

I should like to suggest a remedy which I think would solve this whole problem, for it is a problem. My suggestion is this: Let there be in the University a College of Athletics. Admission thereto would be on examinations, muscular, nervous, circulatory, etc., with a very little of the three R's. The Curriculum would be almost entirely physical, with sufficient English (including Baseball English, Football English, Prize-Ring English, and other special dialects) to enable a graduate to read and understand a contract employing an instructor or professor of football, and to sign his name.

It seems to me that the advantages of this scheme are many and obvious. May I not point out one or two of them? A. The degree bestowed, say B.P.C., Bachelor of Physical Culture, would indicate quite clearly what the holder had done in college, just as another's A.B. or S.B. indicates what that other has done. Here one is tempted to indulge his imagination a little and see the students "majoring" in boxing, baseball, tennis, or what not, and then taking post-graduate work and earning Master's and Doctor's degrees, which brings us directly to— B. The salary which a young graduate of such a college could command as a coach or instructor would certainly far exceed the income of a young A.B. or S.B., and think of the students, glory, and perhaps gate-money that he could send to his beloved Alma Mater!

Is it not worth considering?

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Occasionally it is pleasant to receive a note of good cheer which has nothing whatever to do with the contents of the Magazine and greets us, not as editors, but merely as human beings. The following, for instance:

MY DEAR EDITOR:

I hope you are well and enjoying this month that is so full of plenty. Is it not sad to think of "tears, idle tears"?

MRS. CALLIE W. STIFF.

We have never had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Stiff, but we salute her. In the corner of her postcard is written "Good Fortune." The same to you, Mrs. Stiff!

❦ ❦ ❦

Our friends may be interested to know that of this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE we are printing 146,000 copies, 16,000 more than for the November issue of last year, which in turn was 10,000 more than for November, 1925.

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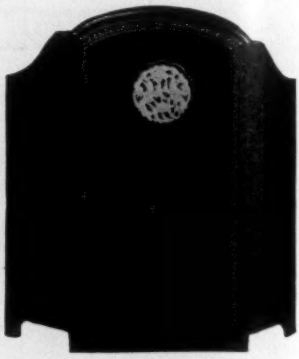
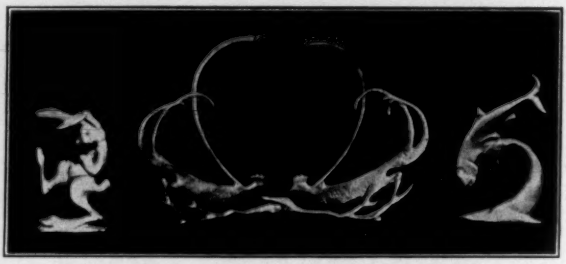
Jane Loring's Shopping Service

ONE of the quaint cast-iron English type pots forms the container for this unusual firelighter, with its long-handled torch which works in the usual way. It is rust finished and is decorative as well as useful. $5.50. Postpaid.

TELEPHONE screens are very popular, and one of hand-made leather with gold tooling and a jade inset is particularly handsome. This happens to be green, but you may order it in almost any color. 12″ high and 12½″ wide, $17.00. Express collect.

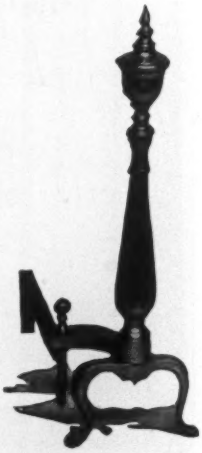




GARRETT THEW'S designs executed in brass have attracted much favorable attention recently. The folding reading rack (particularly appreciated by those with a penchant for combining newspaper and breakfast) and the book-ends are typical and delightful examples of his work. Rack in rooster design, 12¾″ long and 9″ high, $5.00. Book-ends in fish design, 7″ high, $5.00 a pair; in rabbit design, 5½″ high, $4.00 a pair. Express collect.

FIREPLACE equipment of brass in a Colonial design of lovely simplicity The cast brass andirons are 24″ high and cost $22.50 a pair. Express collect.

THE polished brass fire set complete with poker, shovel and tongs stands 31″ high and costs $16.00. Express collect.



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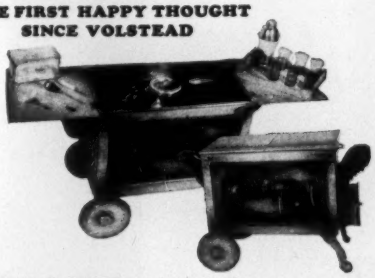

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Space for eight bottles and complete equipment of six glasses, shaker, ice bucket, fruit container, jigger, ice pick, openers, stainless knife, stirring spoon, tray, built-in board for slicing fruit, large cedar humidor drawer for 500 cigars or "extras."

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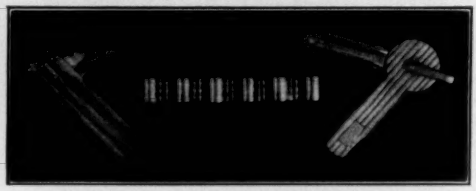
TO ORDER anything on this page or for further information about any of the articles, write JANE LORING of HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

THE golf club teaette is an unusually attractive tea ball and makes a charming gift. Sterling silver, $5.15. Postpaid.

HERE is an ideal spoon for the traveler or the invalid. It folds twice into a very flat, compact size; it has both tea- and table-sized bowls, and is very good looking. In sterling silver, $9.65. Postpaid.



I THINK any man or woman would be delighted with one of these 14-kt. gold keys. You may order either design, have it marked, and then simply have the key cut to fit. Key at left, $16.00; key at right, $24.00, including marking, but not postage.

IN THE center is a novel gift for the golfer, a most attractive solution of what to do with one's tees. A bar pin, 2½" long, to pin on one's belt or sweater, for instance, holding six "Reddy" tees. 14-kt. gold, $20.00. Please add 15 cents for insured parcel post.

THIS handy combination corkscrew and bottle opener is of sterling, and costs only $2.65. Postpaid.

THESE little sterling silver sugar tongs are a most dainty accessory to the tea-table. $3.65. Postpaid.

THIS sterling silver bottle top is cork lined, fits on a gingerale or White Rock bottle, and keeps in the fizz! The handle is an opener as well. $5.15. Postpaid.

INDIVIDUAL and unusual are these tiny pieces of hand-made silver, perfect in design and workmanship. Pepper shaker, $10.00; salt-cellar, $5.00; salt spoon, $2.00; coaster or ash tray, $3.50. Sterling, of course. Postpaid.

THIS little hand-made sterling silver cup makes a particularly nice baby present, as it is just right for orange juice or milk. $8.00. Postpaid.

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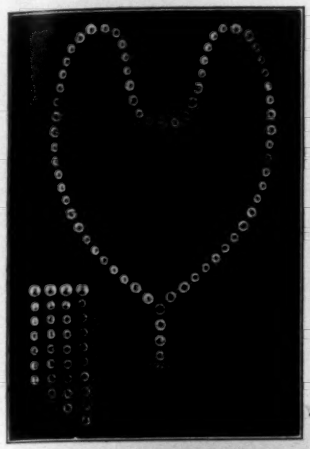
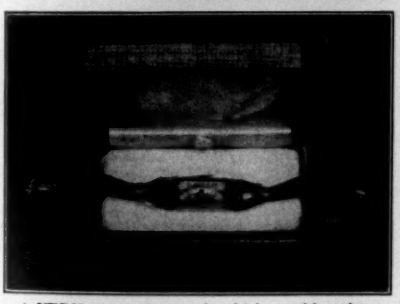
The New Note in Jewelry



THE new evening jewelry vogue sponsored by Chanel is very lovely. Large genuine imported crystals, faceted like diamonds, and entirely hand set in hand-wrought sterling silver. Pin, $28.00; necklace, $45.00. Necklace also comes in two other lengths, priced at $28.00 and $35.00.

PREMET offers a golden chain necklace and bracelet with jewel-colored stones, either dark or light blue. It is smart to wear a bracelet on each wrist. Necklace, $16.50; bracelet, $16.50.



A VERY new wrist-watch which would make a lovely gift for a young girl. The case is entirely hand-made, 14-kt. yellow gold; the movement is Swiss, 15-jewel. May be had with a strap of black silk cord, or of braided leather, in all black, black and white, black and red, all brown, or in combination with green. $59.50. Postpaid.

When daughters dream of debuts— Sherry sets the scene!

IT takes more than a debutante to make a successful debut! Sherry long since discovered this — and Sherry sets the scene as every debutante would dream of it. Whether she prefers the home affair or one held at 300 Park Avenue, the debut-planning daughter always visions "Catering by Sherry". . . . So, in hopeful anticipation, do her guests!

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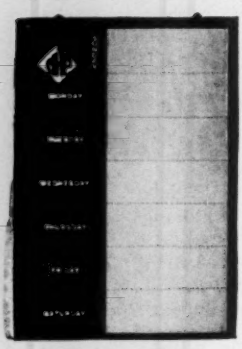
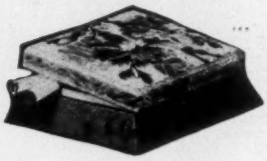
GIFTS

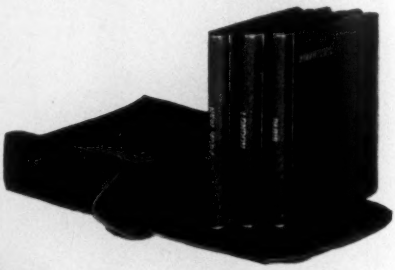


YOU may order this year's engagement pad, which is of black leather on a stout metal frame, with your monogram in any color, though the dark colors are best. 5¾″ x 8¼″. $7.50. Refills, $1.00. Please add postage.



THERE is in New York a most fascinating shop where perfectly breath-taking old brocades and tapestries are made up into amazingly beautiful practical articles such as pillows, picture frames, scrap baskets, boxes, etc. Pictured is a cigarette box with cover of seventeenth and eighteenth century brocade or velvet, bound with antique galloon, and with base of seventeenth century damask. In red, green, gold, mauve or blue brocade, $10.00; velvet, $13.50. Postpaid.

SHOP early this Xmas — and easily — by enlisting the services of JANE LORING. She will tell you where you may buy any of the things shown in this Section, or of course she will order them for you.



A REALLY de luxe gift for the traveler who makes friends in every port is this set of three address books, for London, Paris, and New York, respectively, in a silk-lined suede case. The books, which measure 5″ x 6″, are of the finest leather imaginable, in blue, rose, tan, brown, purple or green. Complete, $25.00. Express collect.

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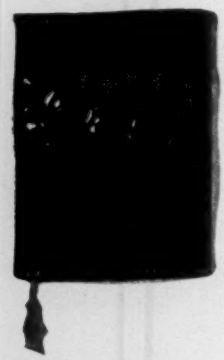
DESK pad, silk-lined, and with an extra pad included. $4.75. Postpaid.



BOOK-COVERS in two particularly lovely designs, silk-lined, and with a convenient book-mark. $5.00. Postpaid.

WRITING case, lined with silk moiré, with inner pockets for paper and envelopes, and an inner loose sheet of blotting paper. Size 10″ x 13¼″, $10.75; size 8½″ x 11¾″, $8.75. Postpaid.

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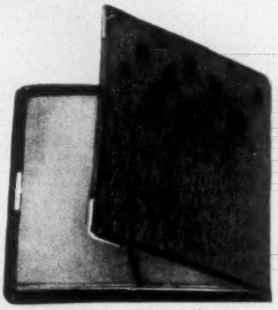
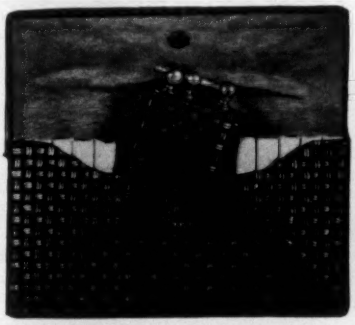
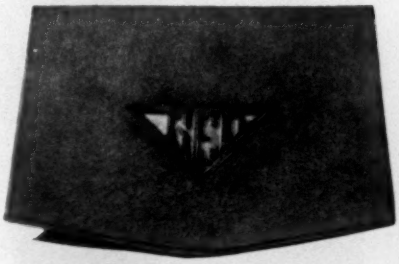
Hints to the Wise



A BILL fold of tan ostrich, with two gold corners, is very smart and costs only $5.00.



HERE is a leather cigarette case, which not only has a matching lighter for smartness, but conveniently holds the lighter as well as ten cigarettes. It is flat and compact and very good-looking. 5¼" x 3", in gold and black (pictured), blue and silver, snake, green, blue or brown. $15.00. Please add postage.



THE flat envelope purse has never been smarter, and when it is of antelope, and monogrammed, its chic is assured. It may be ordered in any color, with monogram, for $16.89; or in black only, without monogram, for $12.98. Postpaid.

A Distinctive Gift for a Man
SPECIAL AT $22.00

This handsome man's set of finest turtle ebony is of unusually good quality, having the finest bristles and wood and made with excellent workmanship. It includes a pair of military brushes full size, with extra stiff bristles, a 7 inch cloth brush, a 6¼ inch hat brush, a 7 inch comb and a shoe horn. The presentation case is well made and is attractively lined with satin. The set as pictured above is inlaid with a sterling disc on which we will engrave three initials free. It is an unusual value at $22.00 and may be had without the sterling discs for $12.00. Send us no money. Simply forward the coupon below and we will send the set to you. We give you five days' FREE examination. At the end of that time, return the set to us or send us your check for $22.00 or $12.00.

We have given much thought to the selection of distinctive gifts for men and our annual catalog, which will come off the press this month, has a number of pages so arranged that we hope they will be very "helpful" to you. Among the group of attractive gifts for men shown are dress ng cases, bill folds, traveling bags, smoking articles, cuff buttons and similar pieces of jewelry, cigarette lighters, belts with sterling buckles, keytainers as well as many other gifts which are useful, novel and in very good taste.

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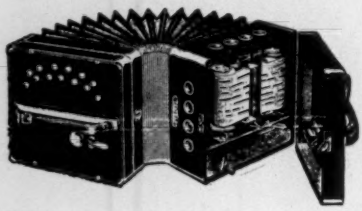
The AUTOMATIC ACCORDION

With Exchangeable Music Rolls



WHEN you are playing this wonderful instrument no one can tell that you are not actually playing a real accordion. You yourself can interpret the selection you are rendering in any manner you choose and in any desired Tempo. Ideal for Home Entertainments, Parties, Dances, Outings, etc.

With inlaid wood, perfect tone chamber and exquisite finish, this splendid accordion is the prized product of a fine violin maker.

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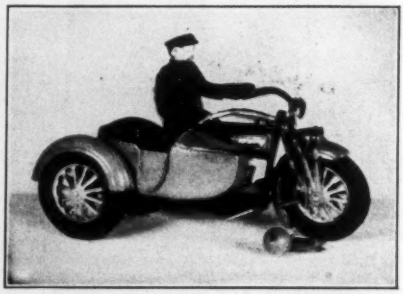

A VERY little boy would love this red motorcycle with its black rubber tires and the policeman in his jaunty black uniform. It has a cord by which to pull it, is 9½" long, and costs $2.25. Postpaid.

THIS Bye-Lo baby in her little crib is perfectly adorable. The doll is china, and is completely dressed in white organdie. The metal bed measures 8½" in length, and the bed clothes are white organdie with pink or blue ribbons. Complete, $3.75. Postpaid.

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Jane Loring—Xmas Shopping—and You

Why not let Jane Loring do your Christmas Shopping for you, *early*, this year?

The season of the year is approaching when you are supposed to be very merry indeed, but when instead you are quite apt to be exhausted from a frenzied round of last minute shopping.

Think what it would mean to have each and every person on your Christmas list (which you always mean to shorten and which seems to grow in some mysterious manner instead) receive a carefully chosen gift, without your once having to wait on a crowded corner for endless traffic, without your ever entering a thronged store or squeezing into a jammed elevator, in short with no more effort on your part than is required in writing a note to Jane Loring!

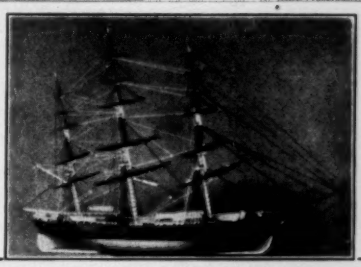
Miss Loring is ready to assume part or all of your shopping problems. She will buy anything you want, whether it be something shown in the "Where-to-Shop" Section or not, and will have it sent either to you or direct to the recipient.

She will tell you at what shops the things shown in her Section were selected, or she will suggest where you may find some particular thing you have in mind.

Also she will be glad to offer suggestions if you strike a snag on your list, or if you care to leave the choice to her she will make the selection for you.

There is no charge at all for this service, you know. Just write Jane Loring at HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, enclosing your check for the amount of your order.

Why not let Jane Loring do your Christmas Shopping for you, *early*, this year?



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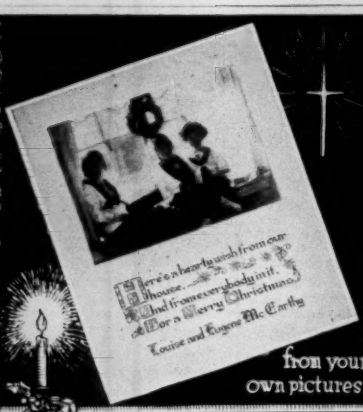
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Suggestions for the Home

AMONG the prettiest and most realistic artificial flowers we have seen are these glass tulips. They are practical, too, for they may be dusted, or even washed! In assorted colors, 13″ high, one leaf to each tulip. $7.50 a dozen. Express collect.

The metal flower arranger may be ordered in assorted colors and sizes for $1.00 to $4.00, according to size.

The four-footed bowl comes in moss, rose, jade, and yellow. Diameter 7½″, height 3″. $2.00.

PICKLE jars continue to hold their own as lamps. This is a faithful reproduction of the early American ones and has a natural tint of pale sea green. The 18″ shade of heavy book linen, with watered silk grosgrain ribbon on the bottom and silk tassels, comes in any plain color. The jar may, of course, be filled with colored water to match or contrast with the shade. Lamp, wired with two-socket fixture, with shade, $15.00; without shade, $6.50. Express collect.

THIS fan-shaped vase is a piece of Cowen pottery, graceful in design and of a rich creamy whiteness. It is lovely alone or in pairs, and lends itself beautifully to flowers. 8″ high, $5.00. Express collect.

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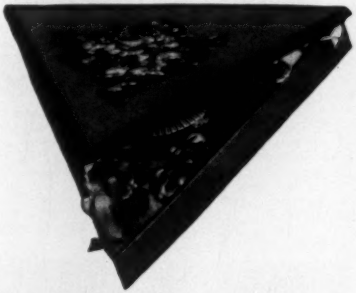
Shop in New York by Mail

through JANE LORING, who will send you anything in this Section or anything else if you will mail your check to HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

THE newest in match and cigarette holders. The one at the left is of heavy glass in amber, garnet, blue or crystal, and has a groove in the top for a cigarette, so that it serves as a holder for either matches or cigarettes. Filled with colored matches, it sells for $1.00. The tin cigarette holder is hand-painted in pale green with a medallion appliquéd to the side. Also $1.00. Alabaster match holders come in white, pink or pale green, and are most attractive. $1.50, including matches. Small metal match holder at right is hand-painted in any color with small paper stars in contrasting colors appliquéd. 75 cents each. Postpaid.



THESE tin vanity boxes, hand-painted in colors on a background of green, cream, gray, blue, black or red, are perfectly lovely. The triangular one contains powder and individual puffs and comes in two sizes, for $10.00 and $12.50. Express collect.

THE half-moon box contains all the essential aids to beauty. 8¾" x 6". $13.50. Express collect.

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A Thought *for* Xmas

Have you noticed what a wealth of suggestions this "Where-to-Shop" Section offers, what infinite possibilities for making this a really unusual Xmas it contains?

Have you thought how pleased someone on your list would be with a nice print or etching; with a piece of handmade silver or imported glassware?

Have you considered having your cards made from your own snapshots this year?

Have you scanned these pages carefully with a view to Xmas suggestions?

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Silk lined	$6.00	$5.50	$5.00	Prepaid
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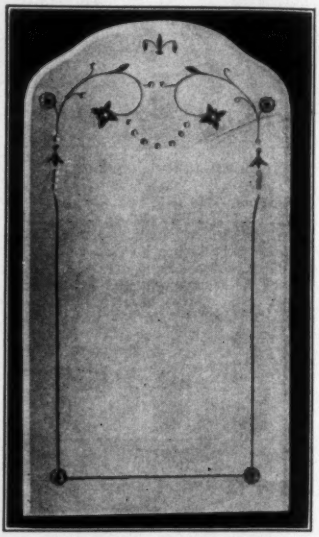
APELT ARMADILLO FARM, Comfort, Texas

JANE LORING will be glad to tell you at what shops she selected the things shown on these pages, or of course you may order them through her and save yourself lots of trouble. Just write her at HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, telling her what you want and where you want it sent, and enclosing your check or money order.



NOTHING is more important than mirrors in the decorative scheme of a room. Carefully placed, they reflect light and give an illusion of space, besides being very attractive in themselves, and a great convenience to those given to prinking. These all glass ones with hand-cut design and beveled edge seem to just fit in many places. Size 10″ x 20″, $10.00; 12″ x 24″, $12.00; 14″ x 28″, $21.00; 16″ x 30″, $25.00; 18″ x 32″, $35.00. Express collect.

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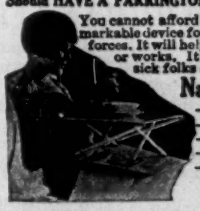

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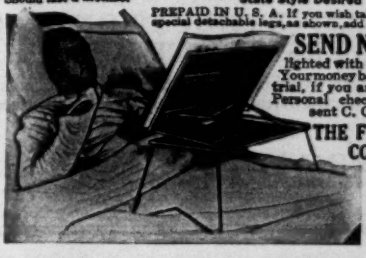

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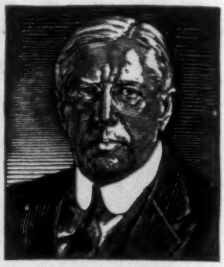
By

Mark Sullivan



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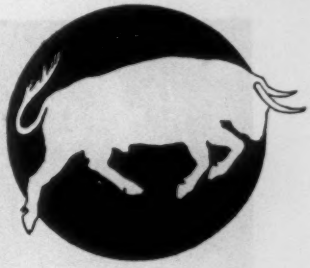

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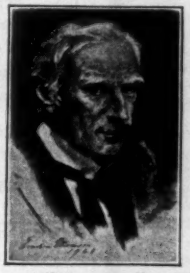

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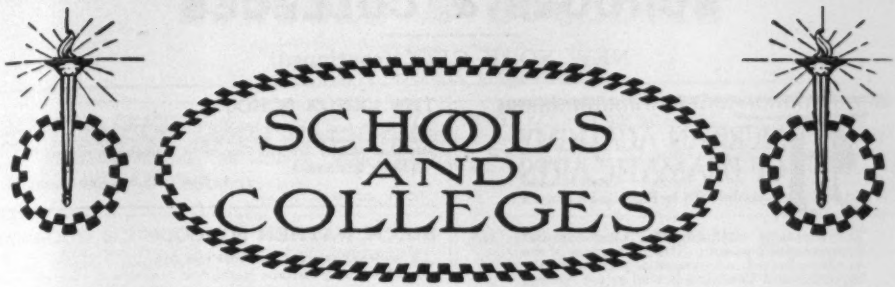

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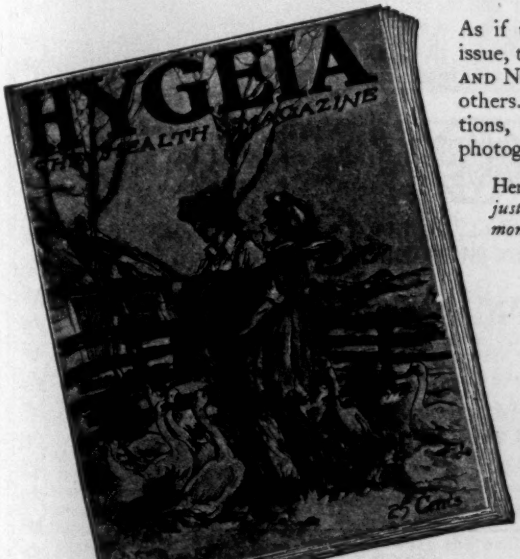

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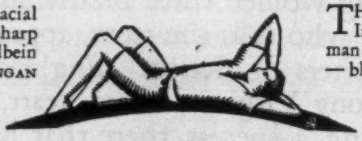

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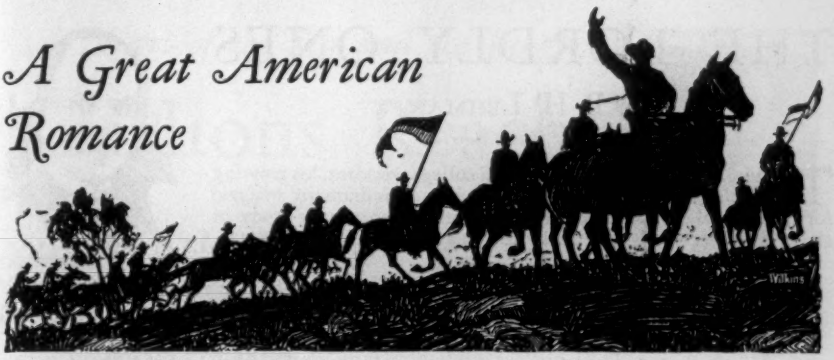

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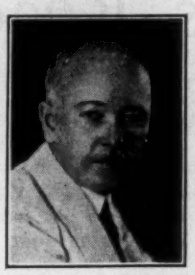

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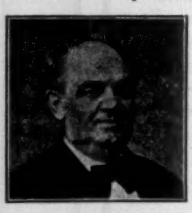

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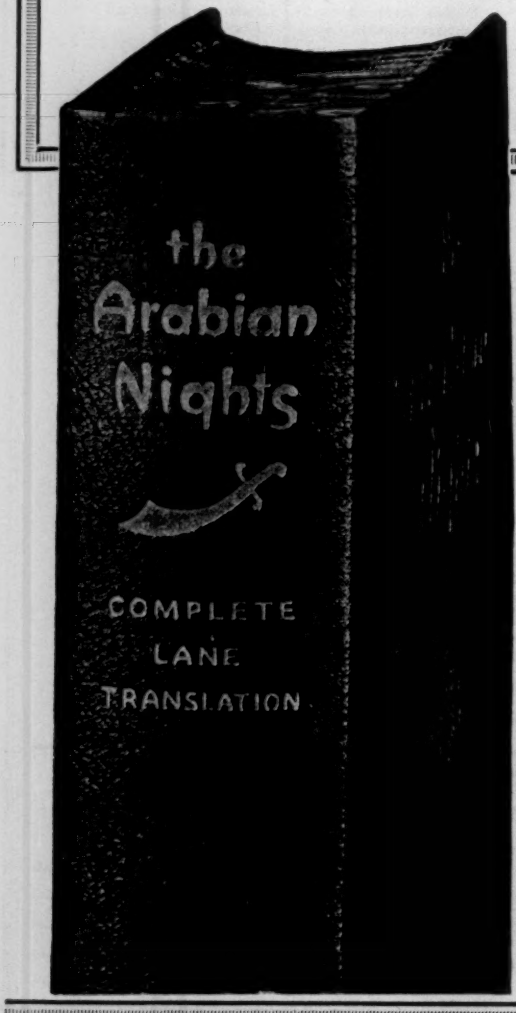

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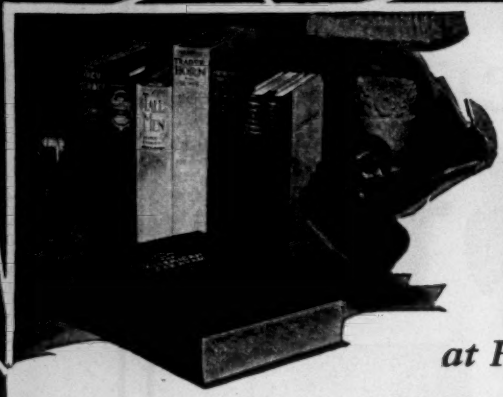

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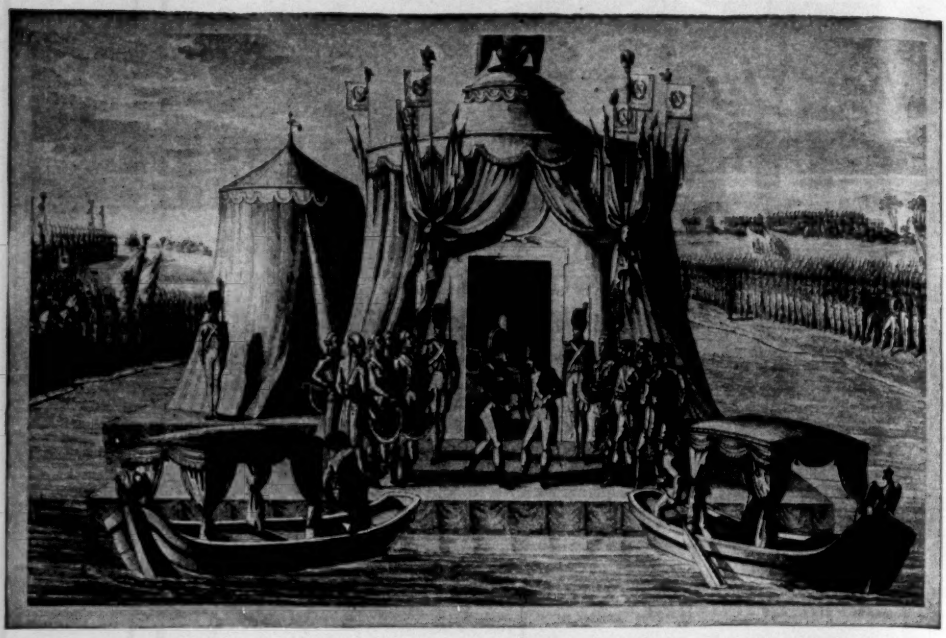

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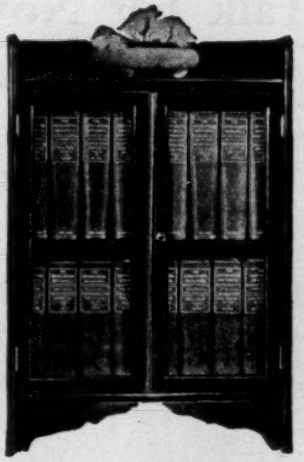

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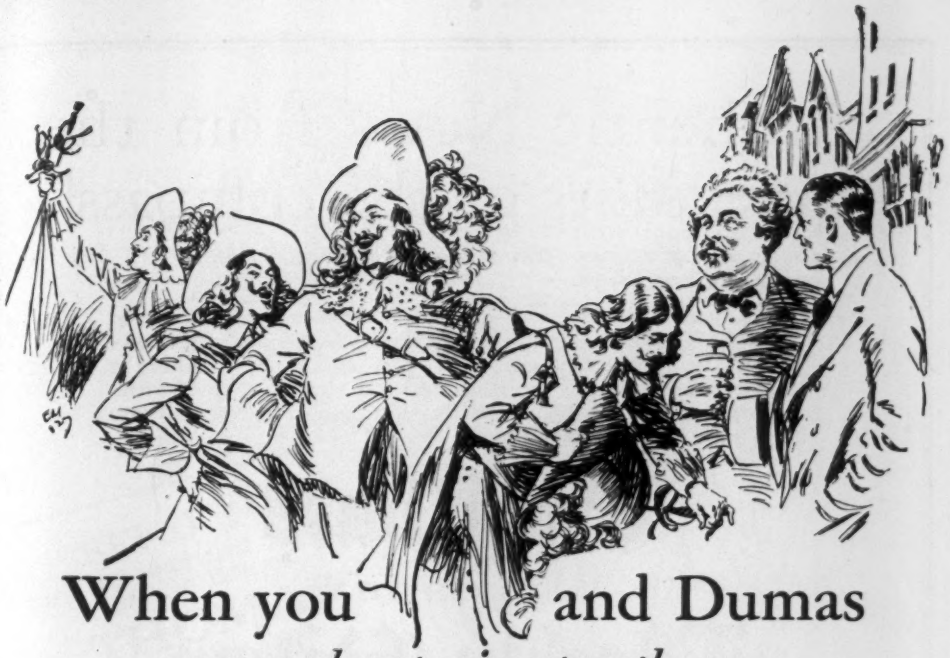

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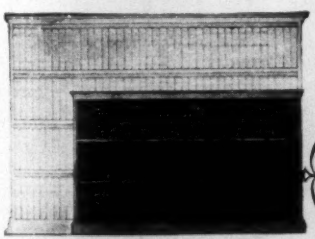

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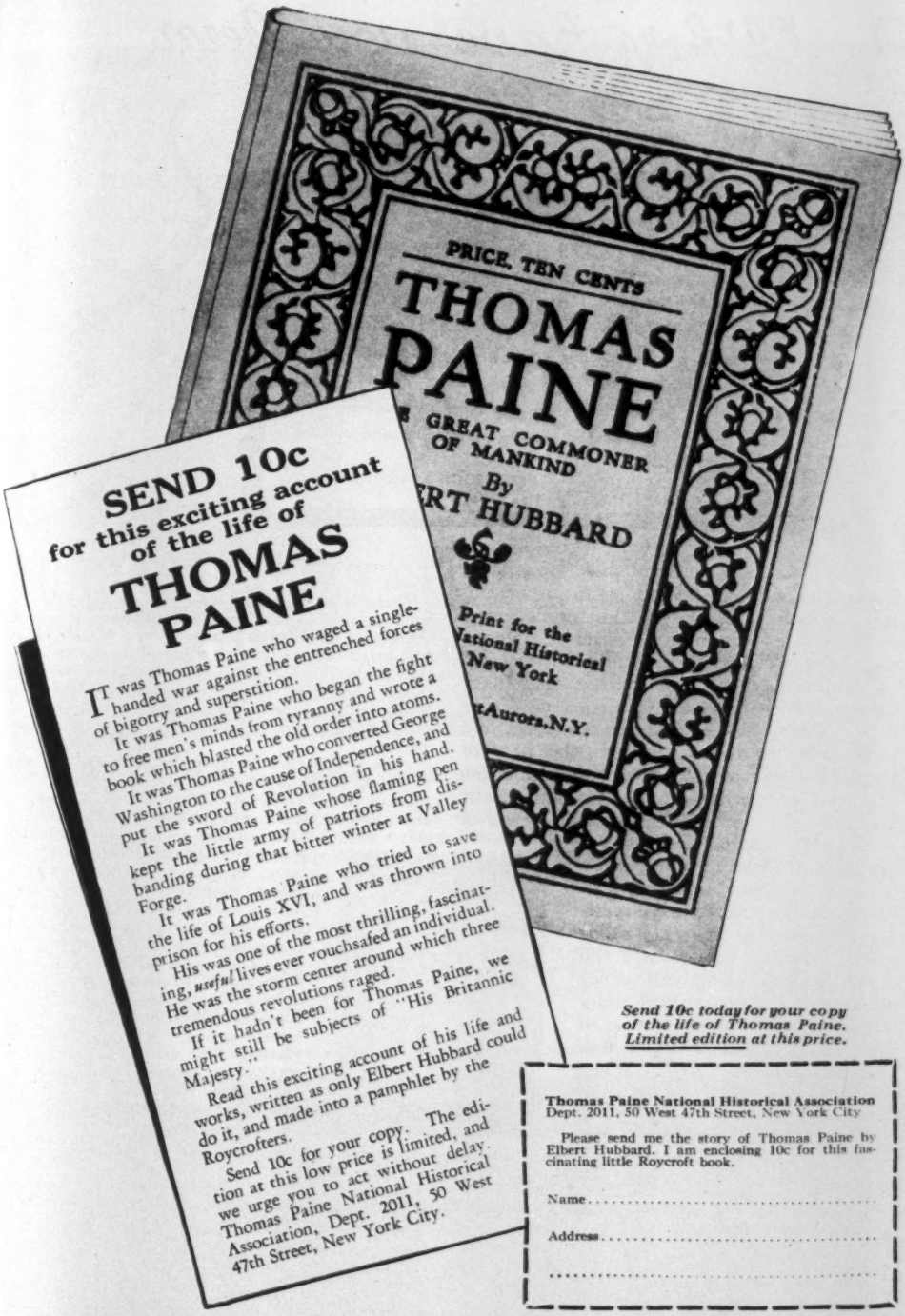

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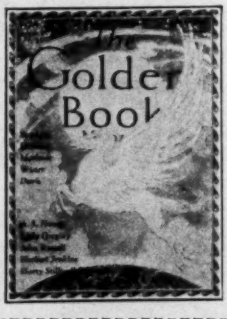

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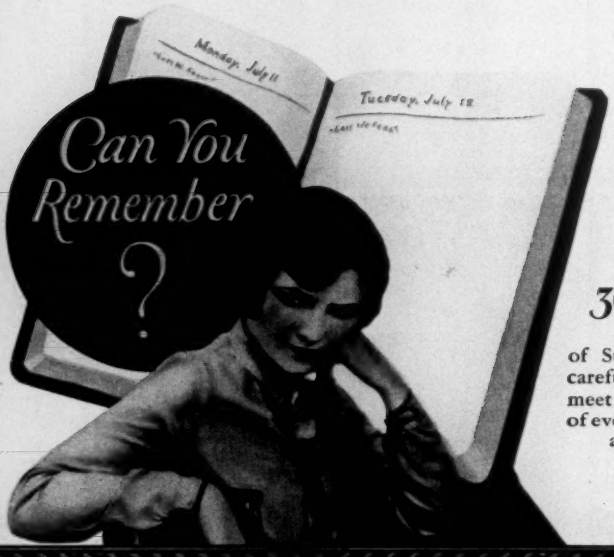

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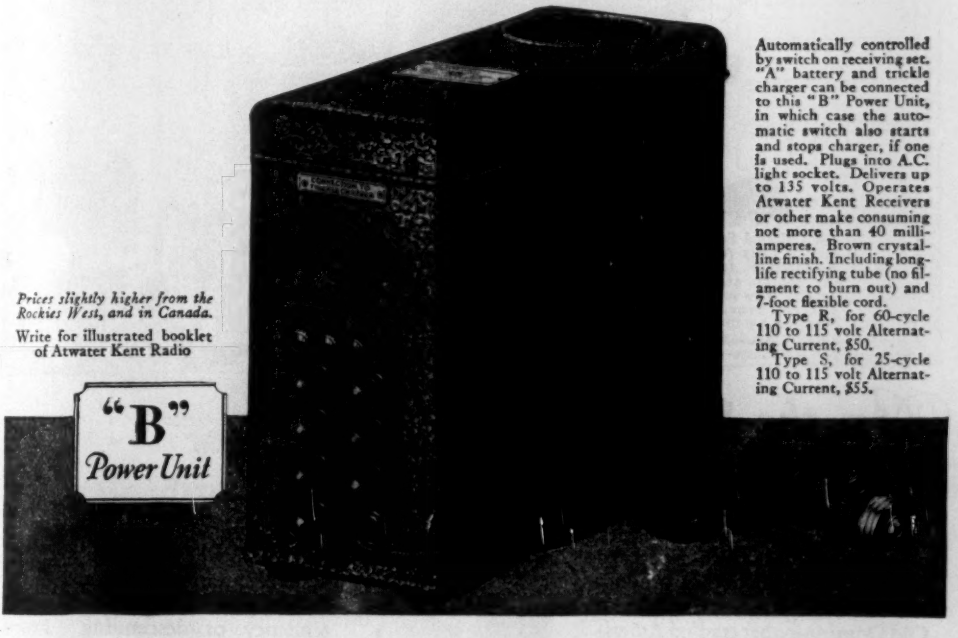

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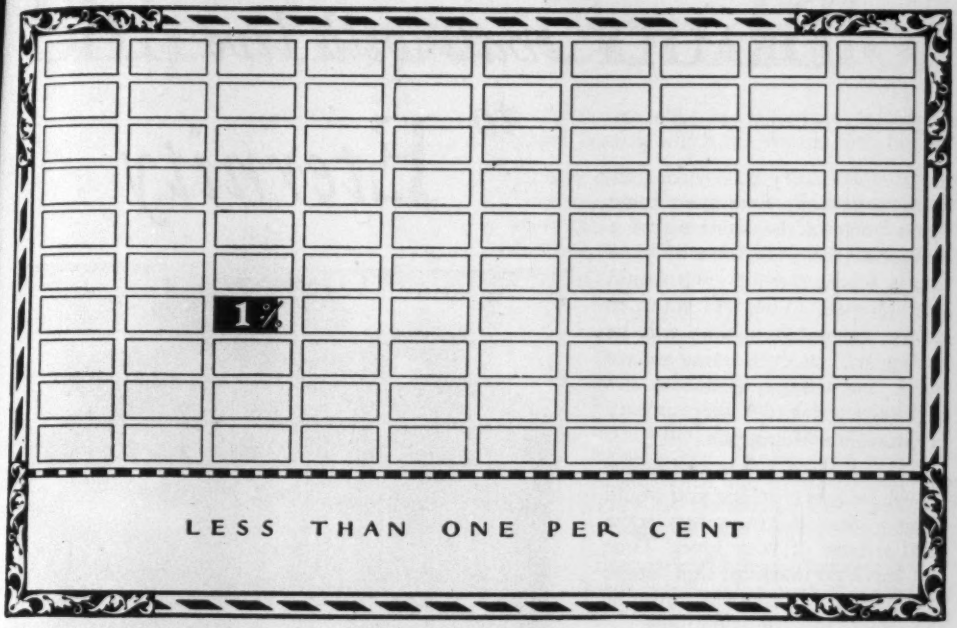

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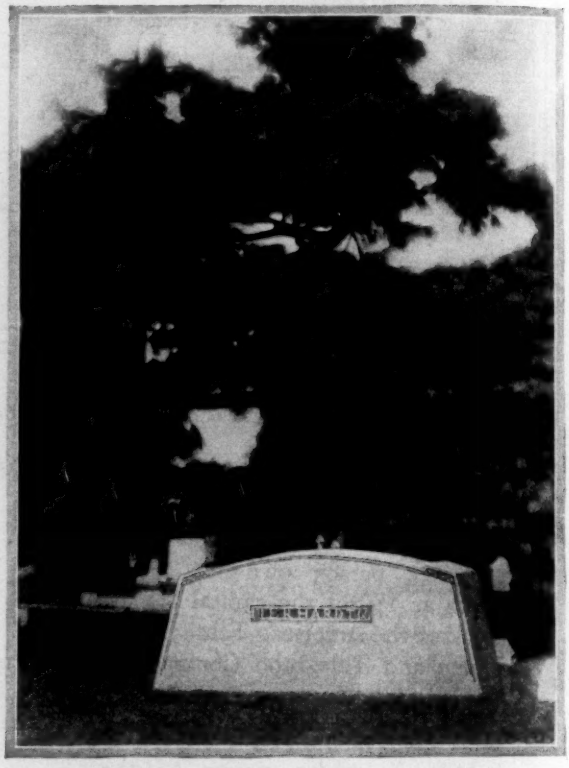

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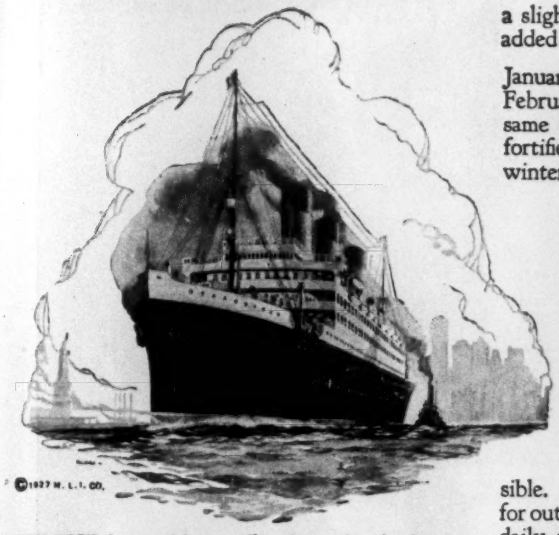

THE last cable is off—the whistle blows—and the great liner starts on another long voyage. As the shore line fades away, veteran and inexperienced travellers alike, can only guess what the future holds in store. But they know that before the ship sailed, every vital part was given painstaking inspection. All during the voyage the same watchfulness will be continued. The captain is ready to meet heavy seas, for in fair weather he has prepared for storms.

Each of us, during the autumn, bears a strange resemblance to a ship leaving port. Some, sturdy and sound, ready for what may come; others weak and unfit for a crisis; still others needing only a slight overhauling to qualify them to meet the added hazards which the winter months bring.

January claims more deaths than December, and February more than January. Year after year, the same thing occurs—because people have not fortified their bodies to meet the rigors of the winter.

Then follows March—March called the "danger month" because it is then that neglected colds suddenly change from seemingly unimportant discomforts to deadly menaces. Tired hearts and racked lungs make only a feeble fight for life. All too many people live an abnormal life in the winter time. They eat too much. They do not get enough exercise—enough fresh air.

Exercise in the open whenever it is possible. But if you have no time or opportunity for outdoor exercise you will find that intelligent daily indoor exercise in a properly ventilated room is a fine substitute—a daily tonic.

But, first of all, have a physical examination. If there are any defects which can be corrected see that they are given immediate attention.

It is a real cause for thanksgiving that this is only November and there is still plenty of time to make preparations to sail safely through the "danger month". You who are wise will fit yourselves to meet the approaching winter months in ship-shape condition.

In March, the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than four times as great as in mid-summer.

Statistical records show that in November, 1926, 8,000 persons died of Pneumonia. In December 11,400 persons died from the same cause. In January, 1927, 16,200. In February 15,000. And in March 17,000.

March is also the peak month for colds and for deaths from heart disease and tuberculosis.

More children die of measles in that month than in any other month of the year.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a series of simple exercises aimed to develop the body and keep it in sound physical condition. An exercise chart and two valuable booklets, "Commonsense in Exercise" and "The Prevention of Pneumonia" will be mailed free of charge to anyone who writes for them.

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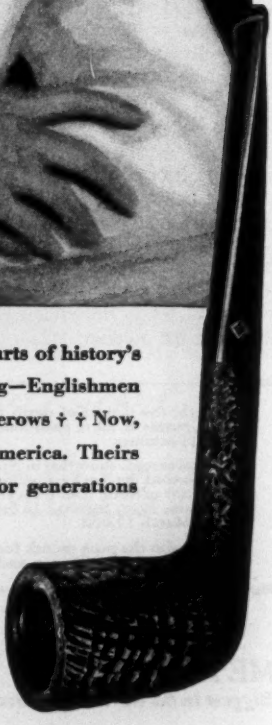

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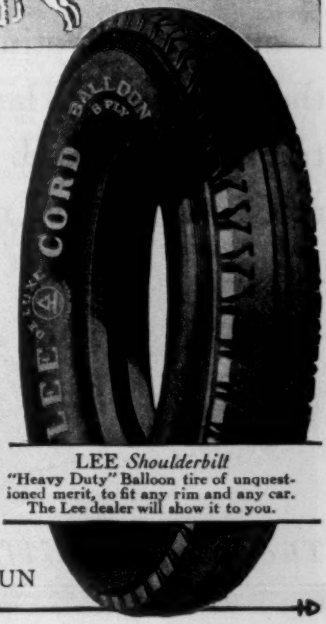

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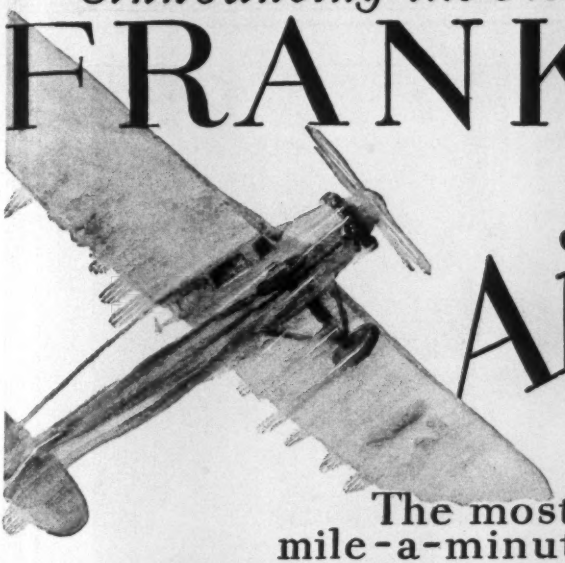

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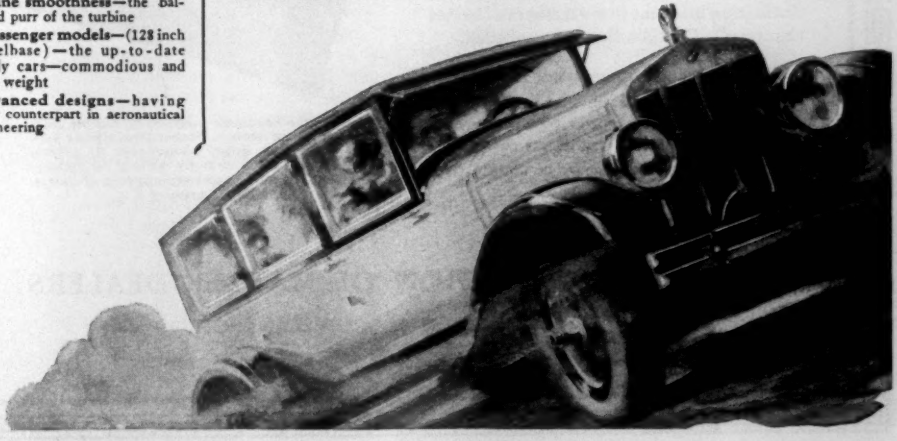

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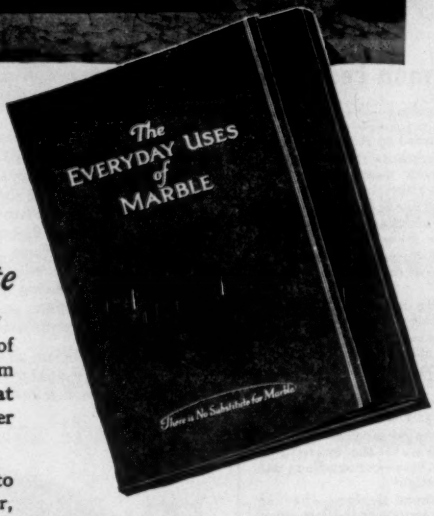

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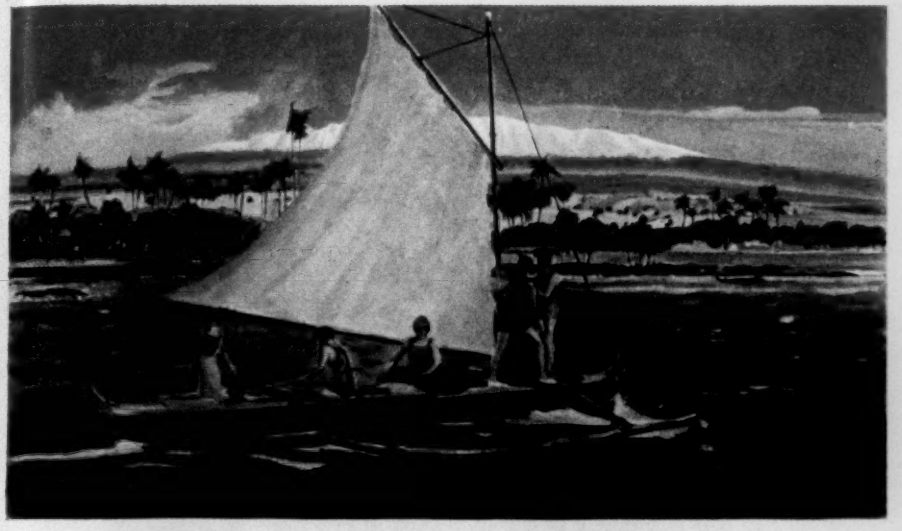

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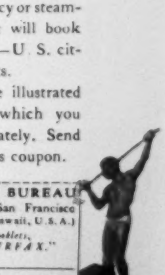

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HERE'S to Camel. How much added pleasure it brings to the world. Wherever congenial friends gather, or in the solitary hours of work or travel, Camel insures the enviable mood of enjoyment.

All of the mysterious powers to please of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown are brought to fulfillment in Camel. This is done through a smooth and mellow blend that cannot be found anywhere else. For America's largest tobacco organization concentrates its abilities in Camel. Into this one brand goes all of its power to select and buy and blend for taste satisfaction. There simply are no better cigarettes made at any price.

Camel's mildness and mellowness are the favorites of particular modern smokers. So much so that Camel's popularity is greater than any other cigarette ever had. For your enjoyment of the smoothest smoke ever made—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON - SALEM, N. C.

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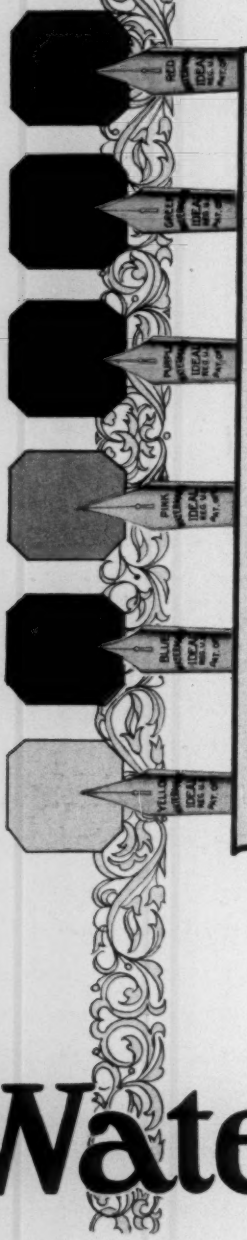
PICK YOUR PEN POINT *by* COLOR



The color band on the holder tells the story. It enables you to quickly choose a pen-point that exactly suits your writing.

Ask to See

Waterman's Number Seven

The following colors indicate the different pen-points:

Red – STANDARD – Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Green – RIGID – Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

Purple – STIFF; FINE – Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

Pink – FLEXIBLE; FINE – As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

Blue – BLUNT – An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

Yellow – ROUNDED – A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers.

Merchants who sell Waterman's will be glad to let you try all six points. Do this and select the one that suits you best.

When you buy a Waterman's you buy perpetual pen service.

Guaranteed since 1883 and until 1983—100 years of pen service

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York
Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

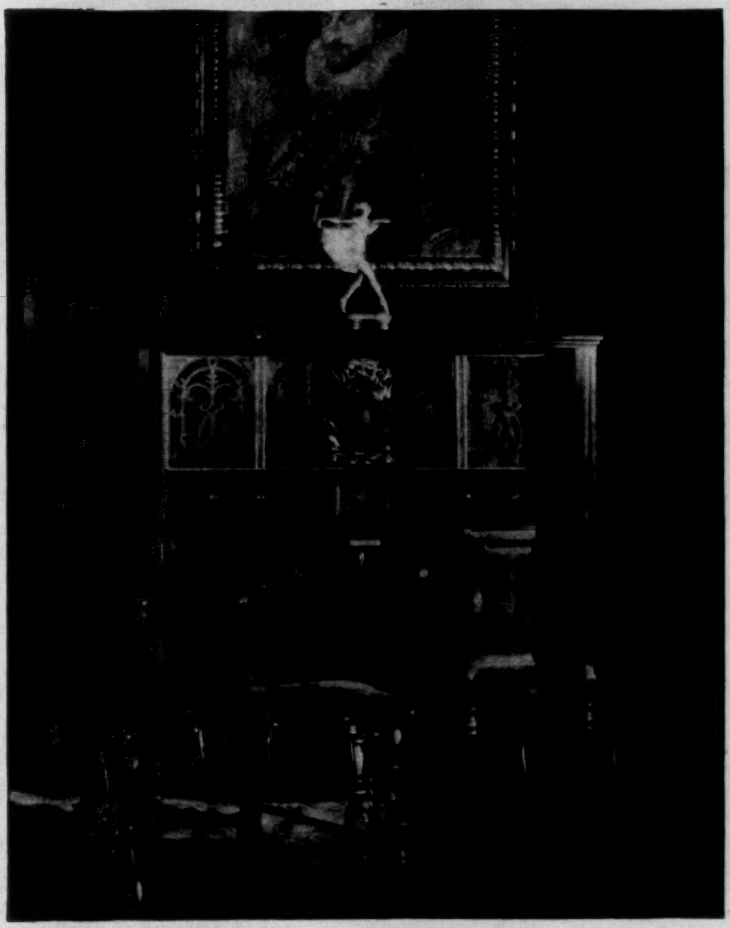
$7.00

Number Seven

Beautiful, resilient *Ripple* stainless rubber holder. Made with protective lip-guard and an unequaled patented filling device.

Waterman's

ZENITH
→LONG DISTANCE← RADIO



THE FIRST 10-TUBE ELECTRIC

The beautiful tonal quality of Zenith radio is matched by the artistry of Zenith cabinets. Here, indeed, is the fine radio that your home deserves. Zenith from the beginning has concentrated on musical instruments of the highest quality. The model shown is an authentic English 10-Tube Electric requiring no batteries—no antenna—no loop. It contains a power speaker giving fine tone quality, volume and modulation.

Western United States prices slightly higher. Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, 3612 IRON STREET, CHICAGO

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE RADIO · 16 MODELS · 3 DIFFERENT CIRCUITS
6, 8 AND 10 TUBES · · · · BATTERY OR ELECTRIC · · · · ANTENNA OR LOOP · · · · $100 TO $2500

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MUSIC AND RADIO

Record Season Ahead In Music and Entertainment

IN many ways the winter months just ahead promise to set new records in musical entertainment, private as well as public.

Greater numbers than ever before will participate in the study of music and of musical instruments. But greater still will be the increase in the multitude of appreciative listeners to the best in music as produced by others.

In connection with the latter, the radio as well as the phonograph and other reproducing instruments, will play a larger part than ever before.

There can be no question as to the service the phonograph has rendered in the past in behalf of fine music, nor of the still greater service it is rendering to-day with greatly improved tonal qualities, delighting even the most critical.

Even more pronounced has been the rapid improvement both in the broadcasting and in the reception of worth while music by radio. The first modest programs have given way to more and more elaborate ones, enlisting the finest musical talent, and delivered by powerful transmission right to the door-step of the listener-in.

This is one of the reasons why, in this nation of music-lovers, radio receivers have already been installed in more than six million homes with other millions earnestly considering purchase in the near future.

Not only have broadcasting programs and methods been greatly improved, but receiving equipment as well—improvement in tonal qualities, in ease of operation, in reliability, in attractiveness of design and appearance.

No longer is the radio an unsightly junk pile with batteries and parts exposed, but a piece of modern living-room furniture. Encasements are provided that are noteworthy specimens of the cabinet-maker's art, and that leave nothing further to be desired in the way of attractive appearance.

Receiving sets that are operated direct from the electric-light socket are making rapid progress and gaining more and more in favor. Battery-operated sets, however, still produce excellent results and continue to share in the general demand.

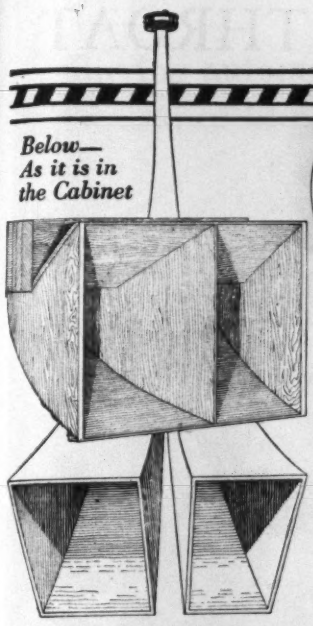
Improvements and refinements, having reached their present advanced stage, there is no longer the tendency to expect revolutionary changes in the models available, and the general public is being guided accordingly.

If the radio did no more than merely help to carry fine music into the home it would still be rendering a service of great value. For the musical taste of radio listeners today is very much higher than is commonly supposed. According to the results of a recent and widely circulated questionnaire among radio listeners, out of a total of nearly 80,000 votes for fifty composers Beethoven received the most votes, Schubert ranked second, and Victor Herbert third. The next in order were Richard Wagner, Felix Mendelssohn, Fritz Kreisler, Franz Liszt and Charles Gounod. Johann Strauss, the Vienna waltz-master, ranked fifteenth. Equally significant was the vote on favorite musical compositions and the fact, too, that for every one who voted for jazz there were more than four who voted against.

It is not surprising therefore to be assured that the music to be broadcast this season from the leading stations will fully meet the increasing demand throughout America for the very best that music has to offer.

POOLEY
RADIO CABINETS
for
ATWATER KENT
RADIO

Below—
As it is in
the Cabinet



Above—As it would look if extended in a straight line

Model 2800-R-1

Hand-carved Colonial. New built-in Pooley double horn (patented) with special Atwater Kent reproducing unit **$250**

With Atwater Kent Model 30 Receiver $320
With Atwater Kent Model 33 Receiver $330
With Atwater Kent Model 32 Receiver $360
With Atwater Kent Model 50 Receiver $400

The New POOLEY Double Horn Speaker

(Patented)

The drawings to the left picture the speaker as it is in the cabinet and as it would look if extended in a straight line. It is a true exponential horn, 60 inches long, with two amplifying chambers; one builds up the deepest bass notes, the other, the treble. Result—a volume, clarity and truth of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.

Full voiced . . .

with the POOLEY *double horn*

POOLEY tone is not an accident. It is an achievement—for the new Pooley double horn was worked out according to the laws of acoustics. The tone is rich, full, complete, lending radio a new satisfaction to musical ears. The Pooley Radio Cabinets that house the double horn are triumphs of the cabinet maker's art.

Read what Mr. Kent says:

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(*signed*) A. ATWATER KENT

Write today for special folder telling all about the new Pooley double horn and the cabinets that contain it.

THE POOLEY COMPANY, 1604 Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Prices quoted are less tubes and power equipment. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, in Inter-Mountain States and Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm & Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada.

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After the game—SORE THROAT

In the THROAT and nose more than 50 diseases
have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.
watch your throat!

Gargle when you get home

Suppose your team did win—what comfort is that, a week later when sore throat, or worse, has put you in bed?

Here's a good tip if you will take it. After any long exposure (and that includes cold bleachers) rinse the mouth and gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Immediately, it attacks the millions of bacteria waiting for the moment when body resistance is low to strike.

Often, this simple and pleasant precaution will be the means of sparing you pain and sickness. Listerine nips many a sore throat and cold.

Incidentally, after a football game it relieves that hoarseness which is so troublesome.

The wisest thing to do, of course, during cold weather months is to make a daily night-and-morning habit of using Listerine. Millions do—and are healthier for it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Sounds Logical
The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25c (for the large tube) is a popular one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

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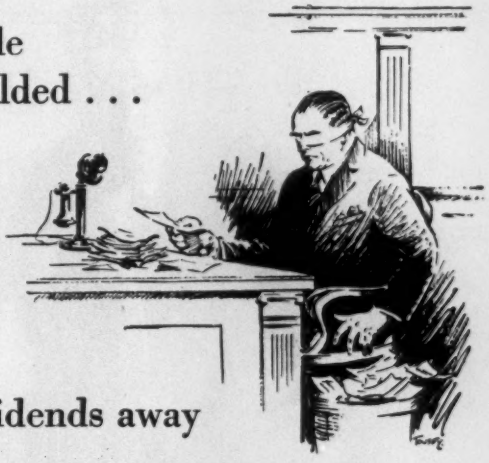

. . . he throws dividends away

IN other business matters, he was shrewd, analytical . . . buying the best at the lowest price . . . and he always studied the record of every company with which he dealt . . .

But his automobile insurance, he "turned over" to a congenial acquaintance . . . he did not know the name of the company—and they paid no dividends.

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22% is our latest dividend rate—for forty years the American Mutual has paid to policyholders dividends of never less than 20% . . . a saving sufficient to pay the insurance on at least one car in six.

The American Mutual is the oldest, largest and strongest mutual liability company in the world—investigate American Mutual service and saving . . . for further information just fill out the coupon below.

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Some bond investors demand the utmost in security—others look more to income. Some need ready marketability—others place tax-exemption first among their requirements. The National City Company always offers a wide choice of bonds of the various types, some meeting the needs of one investor, some the needs of another. Competent bond men at any National City office will gladly help you make a suitable selection. Ask for current list of recommended issues.

The National City Company

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OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

"First Be Sure You're Right"

By PAUL TOMLINSON

FOR months and months people have been saying that the price of securities has been too high, that a break was imminent, and that it would be well to wait a while before purchasing. And while they waited for the break to come prices kept on climbing. The average of security prices has kept up an almost unbroken advance, until investors and speculators, tired of waiting, have in many instances got themselves into a mental attitude which does not permit of their visualizing prices ever going in any direction but up.

THE person who has followed quotations—on the stock market at least—with any degree of care and discernment will have observed a most interesting situation. The average level of prices has risen steadily, but this fact in itself does not tell the whole story. Certainly it does not justify what has at times threatened to become a wild orgy of speculation. Brokers' loans have been the largest in history, which is merely another way of saying that more stock has been carried on margin than ever before, and the public—"the dear old public"—has been participating in speculative activities to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Yet the general level of all stock prices has not gone steadily up, as one might expect. The average has been lifted by advances in certain high-priced and extremely active specialties, which have brought the average of the whole market up, and given the impression to those who are not over-observing that any old thing is a profit maker.

IN THE majority of instances the shares which have registered the greatest advances in price are those which represent large corporations, enterprises which dominate their respective fields of activity. It is big business which is prosperous, and this prosperity is, to some extent, at the expense of little business. During recent months the stock of one of our largest corporations has gone steadily up, and at this writing the advance seems to be continuing; a smaller corporation in the same field, which for years has done well and paid regular dividends, passed its dividends last week. Exactly the same

thing has happened in another field of industry: one of the smaller corporations passed its last dividend, while stock in the largest corporation in that line is being touted as a most attractive purchase.

THIS is an age of machinery, of big business, and big production. The business which can produce at the lowest cost can undersell its competitors, and naturally secures the trade. Big aggregations of capital are everywhere squeezing the little fellows out. If anyone who reads this article will stop and think for a moment he will realize that this is true. In your own personal affairs you buy most of what you require from big corporations: you go to a drug store which is one of a chain selling the products of big corporations; chain stores supply you with many of your groceries, perhaps with much of your meat; most men probably purchase their collars and shirts from companies which are big and nationally known; at least half the motor cars are made by gigantic automobile concerns; the paint on your house is manufactured by some big corporation; your gas and electricity are supplied by some big public-utility corporation. So it goes all down the list. In increasing degree everything that one wears and eats and uses, from bread to radios, is manufactured and sold by big corporations that have either swallowed up the small concerns or forced them to the wall. From the point of view of the consumer this is not necessarily a bad thing; it means, in almost every instance, that because of this mass production he is able to buy more cheaply than he could otherwise do.

WE HAVE THE FACILITIES
and THE DESIRE

to serve you in matters of investment

We are sure we can give you or get for you important and interesting facts about any securities in which you are interested.

JOHN H. MASON, *Chairman* — E. PUSEY PASSMORE, *President*

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Established 1781

Bank of NORTH AMERICA & TRUST COMPANY
Member Federal Reserve System
PHILADELPHIA

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS TEN MILLION DOLLARS

A Man With $1,000

ABOUT 20 years ago, a man with a thousand dollars walked into the old office of S.W. STRAUS & CO.

He invested his carefully accumulated surplus in a first mortgage security, explaining that he wished to reinvest the money when the mortgage was due and build up a permanent investment fund as a guarantee against old age and in order to leave something behind him.

Today this man has more than $50,000 invested in sound first mortgage securities. He has never earned a very large income; never made a "lucky" financial stroke, but he accumulated, invested, re-invested his interest and maturing funds and added what he could from time to time. Today he is known as a substantial, successful citizen and faces the future without fear.

What this man has done, you can do too. The important thing is to start right—choose the right investment house and the right securities. Among our current offerings, yielding up to 5½–6%, in denominations of $1,000, $500, $100, carefully selected and thoroughly safeguarded, you will find bonds that will fit your needs exactly. Call or write for

BOOKLET K-1709

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ESTABLISHED IN 1882

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RAPID electric development of the 6,000 square mile territory surrounding Chicago and served by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois is indicated by last year's central station output.

In 1926 the aggressive operation of this company brought a 17.1 per cent increase in electric output over 1925. Compared with the 11.6 per cent average increase of all electric light and power companies in the country, this figure indicates a growth some 50 per cent faster than the average.

Fortified by such enterprise, securities of the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois—and of the many substantial public utility companies we represent—merit their high investment ranking.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

230 S. La Salle St.
Chicago

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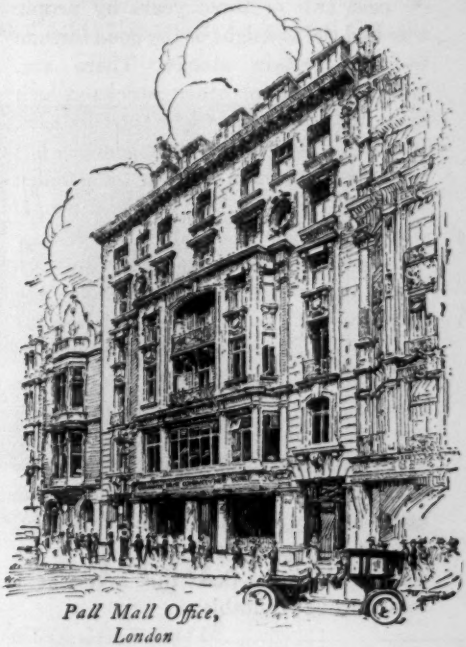
Utility Securities Corporation
111 Broadway, New York

Send for free copy of the Public Service Company Year Book.

THERE is also another, although for our purposes perhaps incidental, aspect of this situation. Many men who under conditions existing not so long ago would have been at the head of their own little businesses are now working for big corporations, perhaps as manager, as head of a department, or as vice-president. It may be that as the owner of a business a man had the opportunity of making more money than he can earn as salary from a big corporation. On the other hand, in a period of general hard times a salary from a big corporation is a surer source of income than a small business which might not be able to weather a very heavy storm.

IF STOCK prices are a criterion, it is possible at the present time to make the statement that the big corporations are making money, but that many of the small ones are having their troubles. You may not approve of big corporations or big combinations of corporations, but when you have money to invest it is not wise to ignore them, for they are the ones most likely to pay regular dividends and interest. The man with the small business may argue that if he is unable to compete with these gigantic aggregations of capital the time will presently come when he will be unable to make a living and the question of investing money will trouble him no longer. This, we trust, is a far-fetched consideration, but if there are certain corporations which are making money and others which are not, it is certainly no time to rush ahead blindly and buy any old thing that comes along. Averages are all right, but they are not for sale as investments. They tell a story, but they do not tell the whole story.

"The Most Distinctive Banking Service"



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IN a foreign exchange transaction involving $1,000,000, the facilities of the Guaranty's foreign offices, combined with our advice, saved a depositor from possible loss.

Time was the vital factor and we arranged to hold open a telephone line between our London and Paris Offices, subject to cable instructions from New York. This unusual set-up attained the necessary speed of transmission.

The depositor called it the most distinctive banking service ever rendered to him.

When you unite exceptional facilities such as this Company has with the character of service that its experienced officers render, you have a combination most desirable in your New York banking connection.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

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NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

FORTUNES have been made in the past two or three years by people who had the foresight or the good fortune to buy certain stocks. There are, however, certain other stocks which have not been so kind to their owners. It is safe to say that the most money has been made, and will continue to be made, as has always been the case, by people who bought stocks or bonds which they had some definite reason for buying. These people did not buy because the price averages have been going up, but because they knew something about the individual securities they were purchasing. In the case of bonds, they knew the value of the property pledged for their payment, the margin of earnings over interest requirements, and their marketability; in the case of stocks, present and prospective earning power convinced them that the investment would prove profitable.

IN THE past quarter-century probably more money has been made in bank stocks than in any other kind of shares. Of recent years public utilities have been very profitable—not all banks and all public utilities, however. Railroads have had their ups and downs. Some automobile companies have flourished, but some have flourished not at all, or for a short time only. Industrial concerns have come and gone. Think what the purchaser of ten thousand dollars' worth of the original U. S. Steel common stock would have made if he had held it, and its accretions, all these years; think, too, of the sad fate of some other steel company stocks. There is no greater fallacy than that of thinking that because one company makes a success all companies in the same field will do likewise. Promoters and sellers of fake and worthless securities like to have people think that this is not a fallacy,

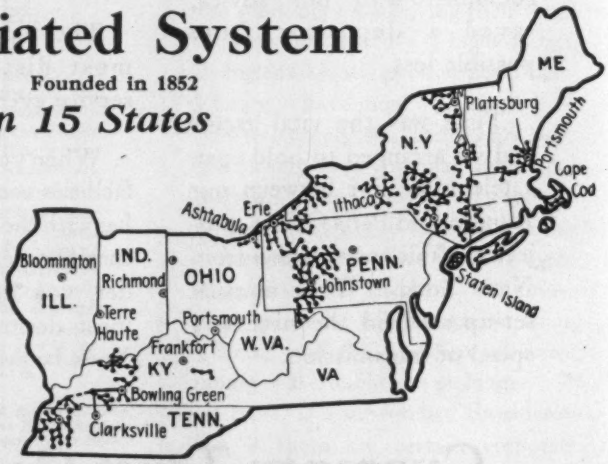
Associated System

Founded in 1852

Public Service in 15 States

From a small beginning in 1852, the Associated Gas & Electric System has grown until now it serves over 580,000 customers. Of these, 357,630 are electric customers. 77% of the net earnings of the Associated System are from the sale of electric current.

The public service activities of the Associated System extend throughout 1,000 communities having 2,700,000 population.



ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM 1852

Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906

Write for our Illustrated Year Book "H"

Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company

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NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST TRUST COMPANY

The Spirit of 1620

Full Weight and Quality

The New England Standard

WHEN John Hull, the mint master of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, gave his daughter her weight in pine-tree shillings as a dowry, he knew that each one of these coins, the first to be minted in any of the colonies, was of full weight — and exact fineness.

¶ The sterling honesty and painstaking care, so typical of Colonial New England, is still evident, and has been largely responsible for the development of modern New England — with its vast industrial manufactures, and extensive markets for goods.

¶ The Old Colony Trust Company — by close association with New England's greatest industrial projects and developments, by familiarity with New England conditions and resources — is in an unusually favorable position to furnish reliable information and to execute financial commissions promptly and economically.

We invite your correspondence

OLD COLONY
TRUST COMPANY

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and frequently one of their most potent selling arguments is what other similar companies have done. The very fact that one company has made a big success is, on the face of things, a very good argument against the possibility of another company's being able to emulate its example. Who, for instance, would entertain much hope for the success of a corporation formed to do what the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is doing, or to compete with the United States Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the General Electric Company, the Baldwin Locomotive Company, the National Lead Company, or the Du Pont interests?

STOCKS or bonds should be purchased only when there are definite reasons for purchasing them. And these reasons, of course, can best be supplied by investment experts, the investment bankers. It is said that some stocks are still cheap, but what layman knows which ones they are? If someone should mention them by name, could he tell why they are cheap? Someone may say that now is a good time to buy bonds and to sell stocks. If this is true, what layman can tell why?

ONE stock on the New York Exchange selling at over $200 a share and paying dividends of $10 is reported to be earning over $30 a share. If this is true, it looks as if it might be a cheap stock and, further, it would emphasize the fact that the price at which it may be purchased does not determine whether an investment is cheap or not. Another stock selling at about $65 and paying

OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

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Chicago Stock Exchange
Detroit Stock Exchange
Cincinnati Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade

CLEVELAND

New York — Chicago
Denver — Detroit
San Francisco — Cincinnati
Toledo — Columbus
Akron — Louisville
Canton — Massillon
Colorado Springs

THERE are five important factors of bond values which should be taken into consideration by the prospective purchaser of bonds:

1. The security behind the bond.
2. The rate of interest it yields.
3. The readiness with which it can be sold.
4. Its probable stability or increase in market price.
5. The length of time it runs.

Of these five factors the question of security or safety is, of course, the one of first importance. It is at this point that the advantage of dealing with a responsible bond house becomes most apparent. This firm owns the bonds it sells, purchasing entire issues for re-sale to its clients. It is therefore highly important that we make a study of all conditions affecting their values in order to assure ourselves that the issue is well secured and legal, and the investment a sound one.

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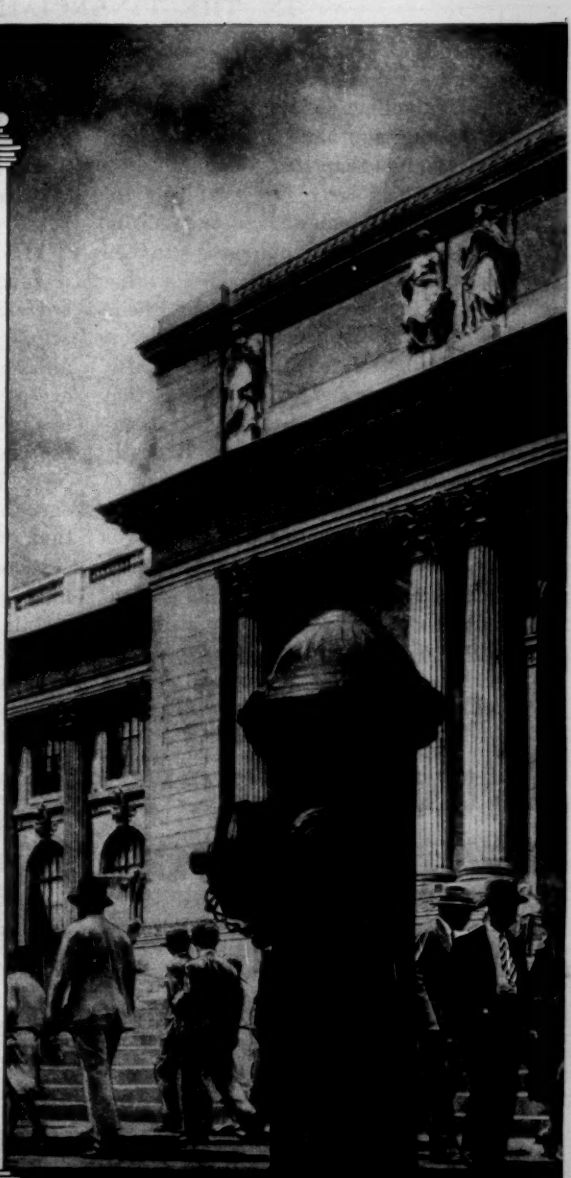
A Sentinel of Safety

THE fire hydrant, guardian of billions of dollars of property in town and city, is guardian, too, of millions of dollars invested in water company securities, for hydrant rentals form an important part of a water company's income.

Federal Water Service Corporation, with operating properties from the Atlantic to the Pacific, derives revenue from the rental of 16,911 hydrants in 181 communities. This is a stable income, but scarcely more stable than the income it receives from the homes and factories it serves.

Water company securities possess the qualities which experienced investors demand. Write today to our nearest office for a description of Federal Water Service Corporation 5½% Convertible Debentures, and for booklet

"Water—The Indispensable Utility"



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dividends of $3.50 is earning twice that amount per share. A corporation which sold fifty million dollars' worth of bonds not so long ago had earnings last year alone of more than that amount.

IT WOULD seem as if there might be good reasons for purchasing investments such as these; but, on the other hand, an investment banker might be in a position to know of reasons why it would be better to buy something else. Most people are aware, for instance, that the textile industry has not been particularly prosperous of late. Recently it was thought that with the price of cotton low there was an opportunity for it to get back onto a profitable basis once more. But just as a feeling of confidence was being restored, a government report was issued estimating the cotton crop at 5,000,000 bales less than a year ago, and the price of cotton went up like a rocket. The price has sagged since, and no one seems to know what is to be expected. In all the security markets a feeling of uncertainty persists, and for this reason it is perhaps even more important than usual that investors be sure of their ground.

BUSINESS throughout the country is, in the aggregate, in large volume; but, like the stock market, which of course reflects business, it is not evenly distributed. Industrial corporations, with exceptions, have been making generally less money than a year ago; so with the railroads. The National City Bank of New York reports that "business is encountering more strenuous competition, and the ill-equipped and less efficiently managed companies are falling more rapidly by the wayside." Automobile, iron, and steel production are lower than last year, and these industries are rather good indices of general conditions. The oil industry has not

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Banks send their most valued customers to us so that we may help them *keep* their funds safely—and *profitably*—at work.

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been prosperous, owing to over-production. Production of automobiles was lower this summer than for some time but, to quote the National City Bank once more, "low figures for the automobile industry as a whole are by no means typical of all companies." In other words, business seems to be what is known as "spotty"; the big corporations and those which are financially strong and efficiently conducted are doing well, and the others are having a rather hard time of it.

DANIEL BOONE used to have a motto: "First be sure you're right, then go ahead." Such a motto would be an excellent one for investors to adopt and put into practice at all times, but it seems particularly apt at present. Not that there are not plenty of good investments to be had, but it is scarcely a time to rush in blindly, or to pay too much attention to "averages." Most investors need sound advice and assurance that they are right before they go ahead. With conditions as they are, the advice they get should be of the best. The investment bankers, members of the Investment Bankers Association of America, are the very best source of investment advice there is. No other organization has at its disposal equal facilities for securing information which makes for wise investment decisions—and this information is available to all investors, merely for the asking.

Mr. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to eliminate the loss in investments, a safeguard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars. A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking—it is free.

The Ice Industry is by its nature a Public Utility, a Public Necessity.

Other businesses look to a particular group of people as an outlet for their product. The Ice business looks to virtually the whole population in its territory . . . and millions of homes are yet to be supplied.

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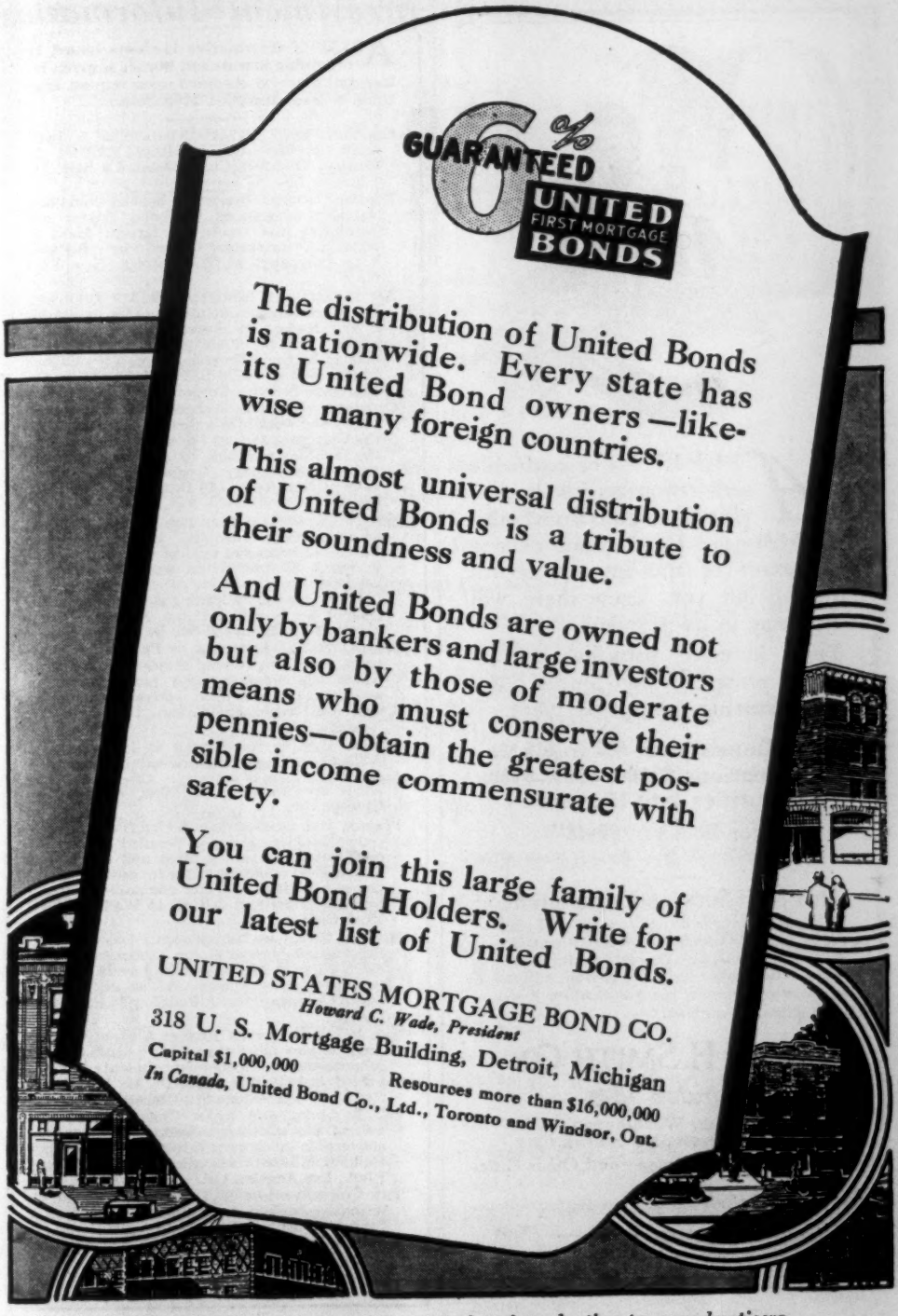
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BONDS
The distribution of United Bonds is nationwide. Every state has its United Bond owners—likewise many foreign countries.
This almost universal distribution of United Bonds is a tribute to their soundness and value.
And United Bonds are owned not only by bankers and large investors but also by those of moderate means who must conserve their pennies—obtain the greatest possible income commensurate with safety.
You can join this large family of United Bond Holders. Write for our latest list of United Bonds.
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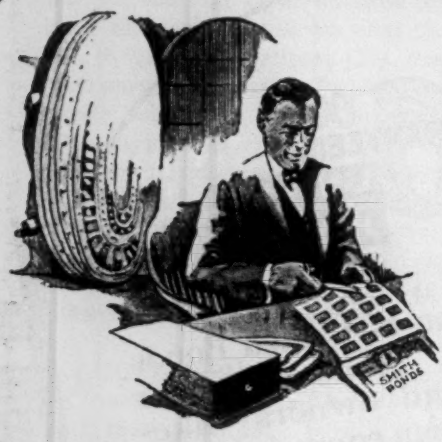
Capital $1,000,000
Resources more than $16,000,000
In Canada, United Bond Co., Ltd., Toronto and Windsor, Ont.



A FEELING of justifiable satisfaction attends the clipping of coupons from Smith First Mortgage Bonds; not only is the amount of the interest return gratifying but you know there will be no delay in its payment.

Your invested principal is adequately protected by Smith Safeguards, assuring prompt payment.

Smith Bonds yield 6% to 6½%.
Denominations $1000. $500. $100.
Maturities 2 to 15 years

Ask for Booklet "85-48"
it tells why "Confidence in Smith Bonds is World Wide"

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No matter where you may be you can avail yourself of the Mail Order Service of our Home Office in Washington, D. C. Your investments and inquiries will be given the same personal, efficient and courteous attention you would receive if you called at one of our offices.

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Kindly send Booklet and information regarding SMITH BONDS
NAME _____ "85-48"
ADDRESS _____

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

BONDS THAT PARTICIPATE IN PROFITS: A pamphlet describing a long seasoned investment which has regularly paid participations in addition to regular bond interest. Offered by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

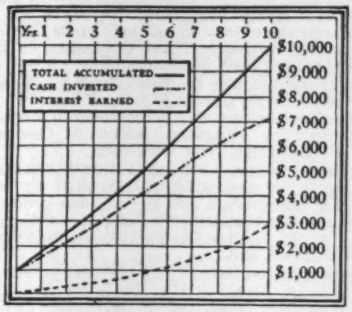
HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME (1927 Edition): A booklet giving a plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

6% BUILDING AND LOAN CERTIFICATES: Details of this state-supervised, non-fluctuating, convertible investment furnished by Guaranty Building & Loan Association, 6334 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CONSERVATION OF YOUR WEALTH: An informative booklet describing the benefits of a Living Trust, and how to create one, is offered by the Bank of North America and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued on second page following)



A Chart *for your* Financial Future

- - which shows how $1,000 invested in 6% Security Bonds may be increased to $10,000 in 10 years by adding an average of $50.10 a month.

THE above chart, based upon a table in the SECURITY BOND booklet, is an interesting example of what you can accomplish by investing and reinvesting in 6% SECURITY BONDS. Of your total accumulation of $10,000, interest alone contributes the sum of $2,988. Systematic investment of larger or smaller sums produces results in proportion.

A $40,000,000 GUARANTEE

Each dollar you invest in SECURITY BONDS has behind it more than 2½ dollars of real estate security, for the first mortgages deposited with the Maryland Trust Company, Trustee, average less than 40% of the value of *completed, fee simple* properties. Moreover, the Maryland Casualty Company, with resources of more than $40,000,000, endorses on each bond its irrevocable guarantee that principal and interest on each mortgage will be paid.

Denominations $100, $500 and $1,000. Maturities 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Any state tax up to 5 mills per annum refunded.

Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 15

6% SECURITY BONDS

J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., *Fiscal Agents*

102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Washington, D. C. Clarksburg, W. Va. Wilmington, Del. Richmond, Va.

Harrison, Smith & Co., 1515 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa. 27 Pine St., New York City

Reinholdt & Co., 727 Boatman's Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

James C. Willson & Co, 130 South 5th Street, Louisville, Ky.

Rufus E. Lee & Co., 204-210 City National Bank Building, Omaha, Neb.

American Industry always a borrower

By buying the bonds of sound American corporations, you aid business expansion and national prosperity. At the same time you earn good interest on your money, with every possible safeguard of the principal.

On request we shall be glad to send you a copy of our booklet,
"Bonds of American Industries,"
which will interest you.

Ask for AC-2454

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Philadelphia Milwaukee
Boston San Francisco Minneapolis

FIXED TRUST SHARES

An Investment That Will Stabilize Your Income

If it were possible for you to be a shareholder in every American corporation, your dividends would still fluctuate from year to year, especially in periods of depression.

The Cash Reserve Fund which safeguards FIXED TRUST SHARES equalizes income by conserving a part of surplus profits in prosperous years. This adds an important feature of strength to the inherent soundness of a diversified income derived from 30 basic American industries, such as U. S. Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad, General Electric, American Can, etc.

Holders of FIXED TRUST SHARES have the comforting knowledge that their principal is safeguarded because no substitutions can be made in the underlying stocks.

Send for descriptive Booklet
"A Fixed Investment in America's Prosperity"

AMERICAN BASIC-BUSINESS SHARES CORPORATION
67 Wall Street New York

Investment Information

(Continued from second preceding page)

BANK-SELECTED INVESTMENTS: Describes 6% Real Estate Bonds, with guaranteed first mortgage security, which conform to the standards of safety established by banks for the investment of trust and deposit funds. Offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

ICE INDUSTRY: The manufacture of ice is one of the country's fastest growing industries. Its basis for investments is discussed in a booklet offered by Hoagland, Allum & Company, 34 Pine Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS—6% AND A $40,000,000 GUARANTEE: A new, illustrated booklet on mortgage investments and the unusual protective features of SECURITY BONDS. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

RULES FOR SAFE INVESTMENT: Important factors of safety of Real Estate Bonds explained for the investor. Offered by American Bond & Mortgage Company, 345 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., and 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

INVESTMENTS OF PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANIES: A circular describing such investments, and covering bonds, preferred and common stock, is issued by Howe, Snow & Bertles, Inc., 120 Broadway, New York City.

SHARES IN AMERICA: An interesting booklet describing a form of Investment Trust based on participating ownership in 24 leading American Corporations. Offered by Throckmorton & Company, 165 Broadway, New York City.

A NEW AND IMPROVED FORM OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS: This booklet describes the eight new features of the 6% First National Bonds. Offered by The First National Company, Citizens Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

INVESTMENT IN AMERICA'S PROSPERITY: A booklet describing investment trusts in general and "Fixed Trust Shares" in particular. An interesting treatise for investors. Offered by American Basic-Business Shares Corporation, 67 Wall Street, New York City.

INTERESTING FACTS: A booklet giving information concerning facilities and Securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. For copy address, Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

The ELECTRIFICATION *of the*
New Industrial Frontier

PUBLIC utility investment companies, by establishing a flow of capital into the electric service facilities of non-metropolitan sections and by making the economies and efficiencies of group management available to them, have cleared the way in this important respect for the uninterrupted development of America's small towns—the new industrial frontier.

WHEN electricity was first applied as a motive power in industry its economical distribution was limited to short distances. This confined the power business to a territory in close proximity to the generating station and as a rule to the larger cities only. Electric service in the smaller communities was generally dusk-to-dawn service for illumination only, with plants inadequate both physically and financially to handle power business if offered. The resultant lack of power facilities was a serious restriction to the efficiency and expansion of small town industry.

Later, with the development of improved methods of electrical transmission and distribution, it was seen to be feasible to serve a large non-metropolitan area from a single economical generating station and eliminate the uneconomical and inadequate small town plants in that area. This brought to the towns and surrounding territory adequate power facilities supported advantageously by a diversity of demand for electric service that necessarily exists within a given area. Larger and consequently more efficient electric systems, formed as combinations of these smaller systems, were made to operate over broader areas and serve a larger number of small towns—a marked improvement from an operating standpoint.

BUT another element was necessary. New capital, at minimum cost and without delay, was required to establish these systems and was to be continuously necessary thereafter for expansion of facilities to satisfy a constantly growing demand—an average permanent investment of five dollars for each added dollar of annual gross income. How was this capital to be obtained and its continuance assured? Local capital was definitely limited. An electric service company operating in a limited non-metropolitan area, without wider affiliations, could not establish a wide market for its securities, as the larger metropolitan companies could. The solution was found by bringing a number of such electric service companies under the control and direction of a public utility investment company. The investment company, with its financial standing nationally established, is able to obtain capital on favorable terms by issuing its own securities and to invest that capital in its subsidiaries' common stocks, which assume the major risk. The geographical distribution of the investment company's holdings spreads this risk and thereby minimizes it. Thus soundly, economically, readily financed, and competent to meet all requirements, these electric service companies have been able to place the small community's power supply on a parity with that of the large cities, and to continue to meet increasing service requirements. This has been the accomplishment of the Middle West Utilities Company—a public utility investment company—and its subsidiary companies in hundreds of communities.

BY THIS means, to the considerable extent that power supply determines their course, industries are given greater freedom of location and small communities are given a better chance to obtain important industries. If an industry wishes to break away from a congested metropolitan center in order to realize the advantages of better living conditions for workers, lower living costs and consequently lower labor cost, closer proximity to raw materials or markets, cheaper land, lower taxes and more room for expansion—there is assurance that adequate electric power facilities are available. And there is growing evidence of industry's recognition of the advantages of location in the smaller towns.

Middle West Utilities Company

SERVING

1917 *Communities in* 19 *States*

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HOW TO BUY INVESTMENTS

THIS is a "how to" story—how to buy bonds and how to buy stocks.

Bonds and stocks are just like other merchandise. You don't buy shoes at a factory; you buy through an intermediary merchant. Investment bankers are merchants who deal in investment securities. Some bankers are also manufacturers. They are the originating houses. Hundreds of "dealers" (merchants) sell the securities for them. On the other hand, some of these merchant-dealers are brokers only. They do not carry any merchandise of their own, but pick and choose in the investment market for their customers on a commission basis.

One of the great questions is whether it is better for an investor to ally himself with a large issuing house or one of its dealers, or with several dealers, rather than with any one, or to rely on a broker who has no particular relationship to the original sources of securities. Included in this latter merchant-broker type is the newer investment counsel, who is neither a broker nor a banker. This is each investor's most important problem and he solves it as he thinks best for himself.

You need either a bond merchant or a bond broker to begin with. You locate him in the same way you find a reliable jeweler. You are going to make a considerable investment in a watch or a diamond and you want to be sure to buy from a merchant whose word means something. You don't deal with someone who just happens along. It's the same in buying bonds and stocks. One's investments are too important to risk with any house which is not well and favorably known. This is the point Judge Gary stressed in his will. The first step, then, is to select a bond house which is well and favorably known. In dealing with a merchant-salesman when he calls on you, put it up to him to establish the "well and favorably known" part in your mind. Don't hesitate to do some of the talking. How long has the house been in business? Does it belong to the Investment Bankers Association of America? After the salesman establishes his position, then you buy by the old-fashioned way of selecting your merchandise with some native intelligence and paying the price.

In buying stocks, there should be still greater vigilance and even more intelligence. Here you are becoming a partner in an enterprise. In buying a concern's bonds, they owe you money. In buying their stock, you just become a co-owner, with the chance of sharing their prosperity, if any, if and when the directors decide to disburse profits. Some have a long dividend-paying record. Ask about that. The more serious questions you ask about stocks the safer you are.

The question of from whom to buy stocks is more important than from whom to buy bonds. Your merchant in this case should be a member of the New York Stock Exchange, as well as of the Investment Bankers Association; at least, one or the other. Out of some 700 houses in the Investment Bankers Association and the 600 odd firms in the New York Stock Exchange one should always be able to find a proper and agreeable bond and stock merchant. The more there are in these two organizations the better it is for investors. Such houses are under more or less control, and that is what firms which don't "belong" are not. There are exceptions in everything, and in this case we know there are exceptions, but in general, investors cannot be too careful. Most of the time they are not "hard boiled" enough.

A study of bank and investment advertisements in this magazine will assist investors in selecting reliable sources of good securities.

No. 3 in this series will be "Selling Investments"

24 Sound Investments In One

Railroads:

Delaware & Hudson
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Public Utilities:

American Tel. & Tel.
Cons. Gas. Co. of N. Y.
Detroit Edison
North American Co.
Pacific Gas & Electric
Standard Gas & Elec.

Industrials:

Am. Car & Foundry
American Tobacco
Du Pont
Eastman Kodak
Kennecott Copper
United States Steel
Westingh'se El. & Mf.

Standard Oils:

Standard Oil (Ind.)
Standard Oil (N. J.)
Standard Oil of Cal.
Standard Oil of N. Y.
Vacuum Oil Company

Plowing Back $372,000,000

AS the plowman turns back into the ground the vegetation on the surface, thus enriching the soil, so our great corporations each year turn back into the treasury a substantial surplus remaining after dividend payments.

This modern "plowing back" enriches the stockholders, to whom all surplus earnings belong. Moreover, it makes possible increased earnings and dividends in future.

The 24 leading American corporations named above last year plowed back over $372,000,000. Year after year, the intrinsic values behind these companies' stocks have increased, for the group has never failed to earn a large surplus over dividend payments.

Holders of Diversified Trustee Shares own a full participating interest in these corporations and have a claim on accumulated surplus now amounting to over $3,600,000,000.

Write for booklet: "Shares in America"

THROCKMORTON & COMPANY
165 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Pioneers in American Investment Trusts—Representatives in Over 100 Leading Cities

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Chicago

is facilitated electrically in every possible way. This entire structure, known as the Edison Service Building, and its staff of electrical workers, is at the constant service of the customers of this company.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Service of Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 132 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for the year book. This stock listed on Chicago Stock Exchange.

Wives of Business Men

THE difference between office and household economy often causes astonishment and confusion to business men. Their wives mean well, but as for method —!

The household budget is the answer. We have sent thousands of our budget sheets to wives who have attacked this problem.

If you, sir, care about ordered and reasonable expenditure and saving — that is, the introduction of your business methods into your home — we recommend the John Hancock Home Budget Sheet.

Your local John Hancock office will be glad to send you a copy, or one can be obtained by writing to Inquiry Bureau,

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

H.M.

Make Your Money Grow
Safely and Surely
Regular interest payments, consistently reinvested quickly increases your principal. Since 1855 —due to a definite system of Safeguards the principal and interest on every Greenebaum Bond has been promptly paid when due. Write for booklet explaining this method of safety and list of current offerings.
Merely ask for Booklet 511
Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
La Salle & Madison
Chicago
Founded in 1855
Oldest Real Estate Bond House

First Mortgage Investments

Secured on Improved Real Estate in the Nation's Capital Washington, D. C.

SHANNON & LUCHS CO.

Praised by some —
Damned by others
but
Discussed everywhere

DOES PROHIBITION WORK?

A National Survey

Edited by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE

A detailed human report of American life under Prohibition — Authoritative — unbiased — fascinating

$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33d Street, New York

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National Union Mortgage Bonds

The
STANDARD
of comparison in Mortgage Bonds

EMBODYING every feature of protection which experience has suggested, including the guarantee of underlying mortgages by one of the four following Surety Companies:

U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore
Maryland Casualty Co., Baltimore
Fidelity & Deposit Co., Baltimore
National Surety Co., New York

These Bonds possess the essential requirements of an ideal investment

NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE CO.
MACKUBIN, GOODRICH & CO.
FISCAL AGENTS
111 E. REDWOOD STREET ESTABLISHED 1909 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

SEND FOR
DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT

INSURED MORTGAGE BONDS
A National Security

Issued only by
Mortgage Security Corporation of America
NORFOLK · VIRGINIA

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on investments in stocks and bonds, insurance, banking and trust company service—see list on preceding pages.

HODSON SAFE INVESTMENTS

Cut 5 Years From Your Investment Plan

Probably you are one of the many thriftily inclined persons who are investing regularly with a definite goal in sight. You know that with reinvestment of income and compounding of interest at 5% or 6% you may accumulate a tidy sum in perhaps 20 years. Why not reduce this time? Instead of having say $50,000 in 20 years, you can have the same sum in less time with equal safety and no larger investments. How, you ask? The answer is, by investing in

Participating Bonds

Send coupon for Participation Circular

Name .....

Address Q.D.-316

Clarence Hodson & Co
ESTABLISHED 1893 — INC.
SPECIALIZE IN SOUND BONDS
YIELDING ABOVE THE AVERAGE
165 Broadway New York

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MIAMI

Enjoy this Winter Under Summer Skies

KNOW the joys of a healthful, happy winter out-of-doors!

Revel in *Sunshine* --summer togs --summer sports. Golf on Miami's dozen sporty courses --Thrill to soothing daily dips in the Atlantic -- Fish for the deep sea fighters of the Gulf Stream. Tennis, polo, horseback riding, racing, yachting--every out-door pastime awaits you in Miami.

Exotic nights -- golden moon --dancing under waving palms: theatres, concerts, opera!

Rendezvous for Young America --Haven of rest and recuperation for tired bodies and shattered nerves.

Miami is prepared this year to accommodate hundreds of thousands of visitors, comfortably and economically. Hotel rates and rentals have been revised, reduced and standardized. Transportation facilities better than ever before. ***Fast, through deluxe Pullmans from all Metropolitan cities: Palatial liners from Eastern ports; or, if you wish, motor down in a few days over the new Federal Highway.***

You may make reservations for hotel or apartment accommodations or furnished cottages through official northern booking offices maintained for your convenience.

NEW YORK CITY
Waldorf Astoria Hotel

CHICAGO
104 South Clark Street

For free literature address CHAMBER of COMMERCE
MIAMI FLORIDA

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY, CITY OF MIAMI, FLORIDA

World's Greatest Winter Resort

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS NEW YORK TRADE MARK

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

Choose a Piano With This Action

QUALITY in the piano action means quality in the piano. For the piano action is the very heart of the instrument! Manufacturers who build worthy pianos are fully aware of the importance of using a fine piano action to match the quality of their instruments. For this reason, leading American makers have used the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action for upward of half a century.

Because it is the world's highest-priced piano action, the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action is naturally found in the better-grade instruments. Music lovers everywhere, realizing the significance of these facts, are insisting upon the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano— Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

A Merrier Xmas for You

Does the gift problem take the edge off your Xmas joy?

Are you appalled at the thought of what to give, and even more bewildered as to where and how?

Do you shudder at the prospect of holiday traffic and crowds?

Do you realize that your favorite magazine offers a solution to all this?

If you will turn to the Where-to-Shop Section in the front advertising pages of this magazine, scan it carefully — both editorial pages and advertisements — for suggestions and information about Jane Loring's Shopping Service, you may consider your Xmas problems solved.

There is absolutely no charge for this service; all you have to do is write

Jane Loring of HARPERS MAGAZINE,

49 East 33rd Street, New York City, and then sit back and await the merriest Xmas you have ever had.

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-Even a child can pick the best way to go to/ California

The Santa Fe is the luxurious double-track way to winterless California. In splendid comfort you speed through the Southwest.

The Chief—extra fast, extra fine, extra fare—slips smoothly over half a continent in two business days—Chicago to Los Angeles.

The Santa Fe operates four other fine transcontinental trains daily—the California Limited, Navajo, Scout and Missionary.

Fred Harvey dining-car and station dining-room meals set the standard.

Santa Fe

mail coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr. Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1013 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name_____

Address_____

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Established 1906

Featured every month in seven publications

THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, THE GOLDEN BOOK and WORLD'S WORK, also in COUNTRY LIFE

Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel, etc. For space and rates in our departments write to

THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

California

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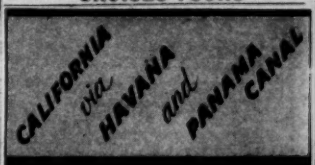

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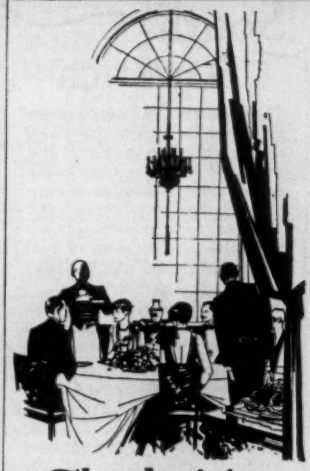

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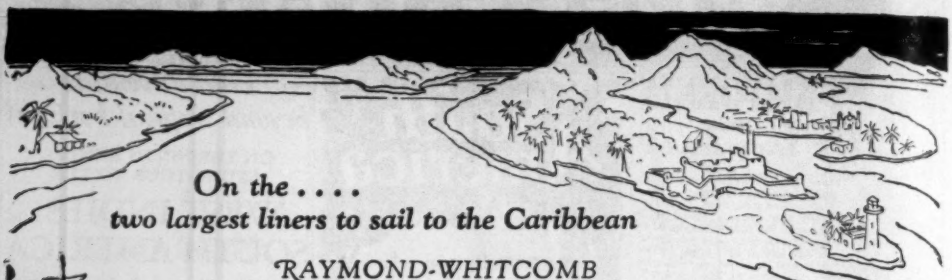

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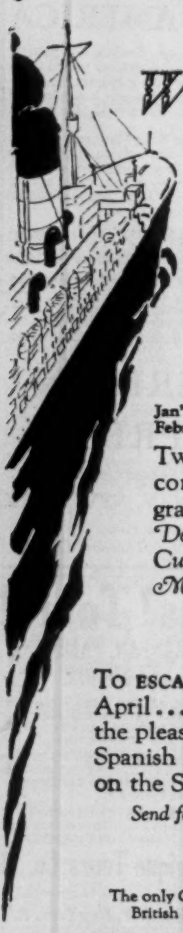

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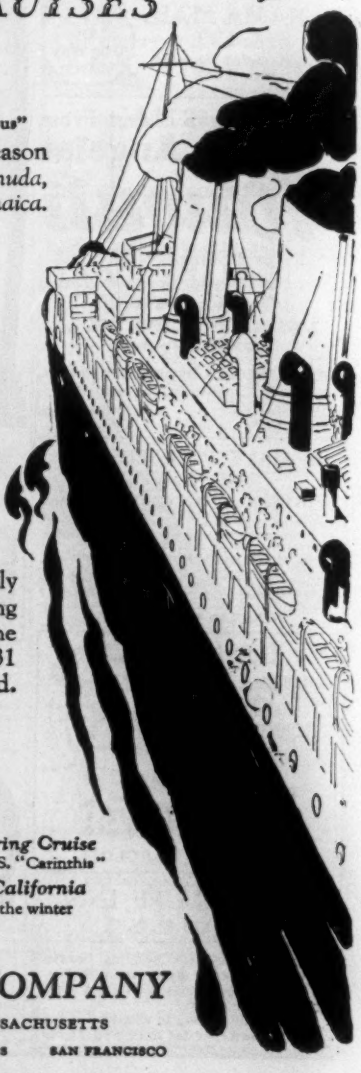

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CALEDONIA	Nov. 5
TRANSYLVANIA	Nov. 12

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N. Y. to Cherbourg and London

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MINNETONKA	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
MINNEKAHDA	Nov. 12	Dec. 10
MINNEWASKA	Nov. 19	Dec. 10

Canadian Pacific — Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.
Montreal to Liverpool

*MINNEDOSA	Oct. 28
*MONTCLARE	Nov. 4
*MONTROSE	Nov. 11
*MONTCALM	Nov. 18

Quebec-Cherbourg-Southampton-Antwerp

*MONTROYAL	Nov. 2	‡Jan. 22
*MONTNAIRN	Nov. 16	†Dec. 14

†Does not stop at Antwerp
‡To New York Only
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EMPRESS OF FRANCE	†Nov. 9
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA	‡Nov. 23
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND	†Oct. 26

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*MELITA	Nov. 10	Dec. 22
*METAGAMA	Oct. 27	Nov. 24

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PRESIDENTE WILSON	Oct. 28	Dec. 8
MARTHA WASHINGTON		Nov. 29

Cunard Line — 25 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

BERENGARIA	Nov. 2
MAURETANIA	Nov. 9
AQUITANIA	Nov. 16

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Liverpool

LACONIA	Oct. 29
SCYTHIA	Nov. 19
SAMARIA	Nov. 12

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*TUSCANIA	Nov. 5
*CARONIA	Oct. 29
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*LANCASTRIA	Nov. 18

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PARIS	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
ILE DE FRANCE	Nov. 19	Dec. 10
FRANCE		Oct. 29

N. Y. to Havre-Paris

*ROCHAMBEAU		Nov. 30
*SUFFREN		Nov. 2
*DE GRASSE		Nov. 16

N. Y. to Vigo (Spain)-Bordeaux

*ROUSSILLON	Oct. 27	Dec. 10
*LA BOURDONNAIS	Nov. 17	Dec. 29
CHICAGO		Dec. 1

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ALBERT BALLIN	Nov. 10	Dec. 22
NEW YORK	Nov. 17	Dec. 29
DEUTSCHLAND	Nov. 24	Jan. 5
RELIANCE		Nov. 8
HAMBURG	Oct. 27	Dec. 10

N. Y. and Boston to Cobh (Queenstown), Hamburg

*WESTPHALIA	Nov. 3	Dec. 15
*THURINGIA	Nov. 15	Dec. 27
*CLEVELAND	Dec. 6	Jan. 12

Holland America Line — 24 State St., N. Y.
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VEENDAM	Nov. 3	Dec. 10
NEW AMSTERDAM	Jan. 19	Feb. 18
ROTTERDAM		Nov. 19
VOLENDAM	Nov. 5	Dec. 3

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — 1 State St., N. Y.
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*COLOMBO	Nov. 3
ROMA	Nov. 10
DUILIO	Nov. 26

Lloyd Sabaudo Line — 3 State St., N. Y.
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CONTE BIANCAMANO	Nov. 23
CONTE ROSSO	Nov. 1

Lamport & Holt Line — 26 Broadway, N. Y.
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VESTRIS	†Nov. 26	Feb. 4
VOLTAIRE		Dec. 10
VAUBAN	†Oct. 29	Jan. 7
VANDYCK	†Nov. 12	Jan. 21

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COLUMBUS	Oct. 26	Nov. 23
*BREMEN		Nov. 17
BERLIN		Nov. 12
*DRESDEN		Oct. 29
*MUENCHEN		Nov. 5
*LUETZOW		Nov. 11

Norwegian-America Line, 22 W'hall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

*STAVANGERFJORD	Nov. 15
*BERGENSFJORD	Dec. 6

Pacific Line — 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Havana, Panama, Callao, Valparaiso
Regular Sailings ..... Every Four Weeks

Panama Mail S. S. Co. — 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
New York to California via Panama

VENEZUELA	Nov. 12	Jan. 21
ECUADOR	Dec. 3	Feb. 11
COLOMBIA	Dec. 31	Mar. 10

Panama-Pacific Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.
New York to California via Panama
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Red Star Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

ARABIC	Oct. 29	Nov. 26
PENNLAND	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
LAPLAND	Nov. 12	Jan. 7

*One class cabin steamers

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Continued)

Swedish-American Line — 21 State St., N. Y.

N. Y. to Sweden-Norway-Denmark Finland and Baltic States

*STOCKHOLM	Nov. 3	Dec. 3
GRIPSHOLM	Nov. 9	Dec. 9
*DROTTNINGHOLM	Nov. 26	Dec. 31

United States Lines — 45 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	Nov. 12	Dec. 7

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*REPUBLIC	†Dec. 10	
*PRES. ROOSEVELT	Nov. 19	
*PRES. HARDING	†Nov. 2	Nov. 30

†Calls at Cobh (Queenstown)

White Star Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

OLYMPIC	Oct. 29	Nov. 19
MAJESTIC	Nov. 5	Nov. 26
HOMERIC	Nov. 12	Dec. 3

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) and Liverpool

ADRIATIC	Oct. 29	Nov. 26
CELTIC	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
BALTIC	Nov. 12	Dec. 10
CEDRIC	Nov. 19	

American Mail Line

Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

PRES. MADISON	Nov. 8	
PRES. JACKSON	Nov. 22	

Matson Line

San Francisco to Hawaii, South Seas, Australia

San Francisco to Honolulu

MANOA	Nov. 2	
WILHELMINA	Nov. 16	Dec. 14
SONOMA	†Nov. 17	†Jan. 19
MALOLO	Nov. 16	Dec. 3

†Leaves San Francisco for Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji and Australia

Seattle to Honolulu

LURLINE	Nov. 19	

Canadian-Australasian Line

Vancouver and Victoria to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney

AORANGI	Nov. 16	Jan. 11
NIAGARA	Dec. 14	Feb. 8

Canadian Pacific

Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMPRESS OF ASIA	Dec. 10	Feb. 25
EMPRESS OF CANADA	†Nov. 3	†Dec. 31
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Nov. 19	Feb. 4

†Omits Nagasaki

Dollar Steamship Line

San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World

PRES. CLEVELAND	Oct. 29	
PRES. ADAMS	Nov. 5	

Los Angeles S. S. Co.

Los Angeles to Honolulu

CITY OF LOS ANGELES	Nov. 5	Dec. 3
CITY OF HONOLOLU	Nov. 19	Dec. 17
CALAWAII	Oct. 29	Nov. 26

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)

Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Shanghai

SHIDZUOKA MARU	Nov. 5	
KAGA MARU	Dec. 13	
YOKOHAMA MARU	Nov. 18	

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

SIBERIA MARU	Nov. 8	
TAIYO MARU	Nov. 22	
TENYO MARU	Dec. 6	
KOREA MARU	Dec. 20	

Union S. S. Co. of N. Z.

San Francisco to Papeete, Rarotonga, Wellington and Sydney

MAKURA	Nov. 2	Dec. 28
TAHITI	Nov. 30	Jan. 25

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Doric — Feb. 8, 1928

Canadian Pacific
S.S. Empress of Scotland — Feb. 4, 1928

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Transylvania — Jan. 25, 1928

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. Carinthia — Dec. 3, 1927
S.S. Homeric — Jan. 21, 1928

Cunard Line
S.S. Mauretania — Feb. 21, 1928

Frank Tourist Co.
S.S. Scythia — Jan. 25, 1928

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance — Apr. 18, 1928

Holland America Line
S.S. Rotterdam — Feb. 2, 1928

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia — Jan. 21, 1928

White Star Line
S.S. Adriatic — Jan. 7 and Feb. 25, 1928
S.S. Laurentic — Jan. 17 and Mar. 6, 1928

Africa

Canadian Pacific
S.S. Empress of France — Jan. 24, 1928

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. Volendam — Feb. 4, 1928

Holland America Line
S.S. Volendam — Feb. 4, 1928

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Laconia — Jan. 14, 1928

Red Star Line
S.S. Lapland — Jan. 16, 1928

Round the World

Canadian Pacific
S.S. Empress of Australia — Dec. 2, 1927

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Caledonia — Jan. 16, 1928

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. Franconia — Jan. 7, 1928

Dollar Steamship Line
Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Resolute — Jan. 7, 1928

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Samaria — Jan. 18, 1928

Red Star Line
S.S. Belgenland — Dec. 14, 1927

West Indies

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Megantic — Jan. 17 and Feb. 11, 1928

Canadian Pacific
S.S. Montroyal — Jan. 26 and Feb. 29, 1928

Cunard Line
S.S. Franconia — Dec. 20, 1927
S.S. California — Jan. 21 and Feb. 25, 1928

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance — Dec. 17, 1927, Jan. 7, Jan. 25, Feb. 25 and Mar. 28, 1928

Holland America Line
S.S. Veendam — Jan. 28, Feb. 15 and Mar. 17, 1928

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Columbus — Feb. 9, 1928

White Star Line
S.S. Calgaric — Feb. 4 and Mar. 3, 1928

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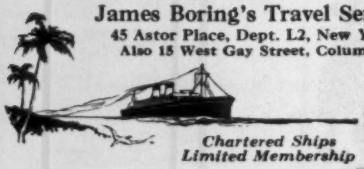

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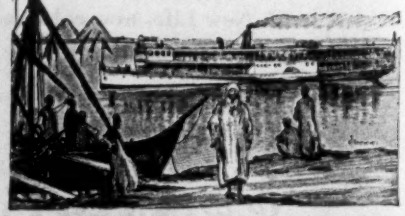

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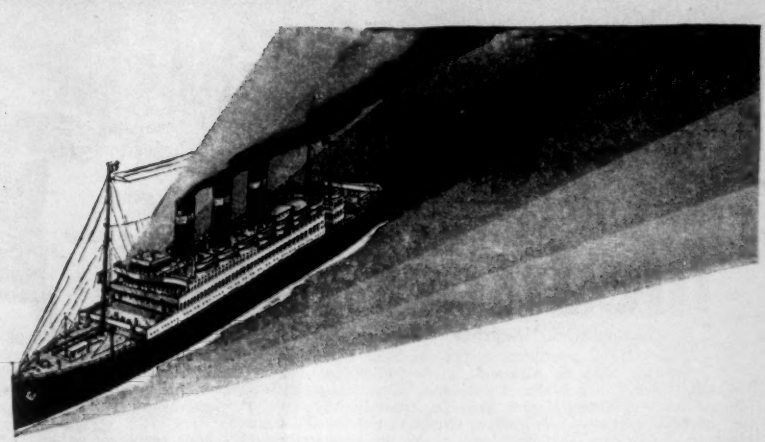

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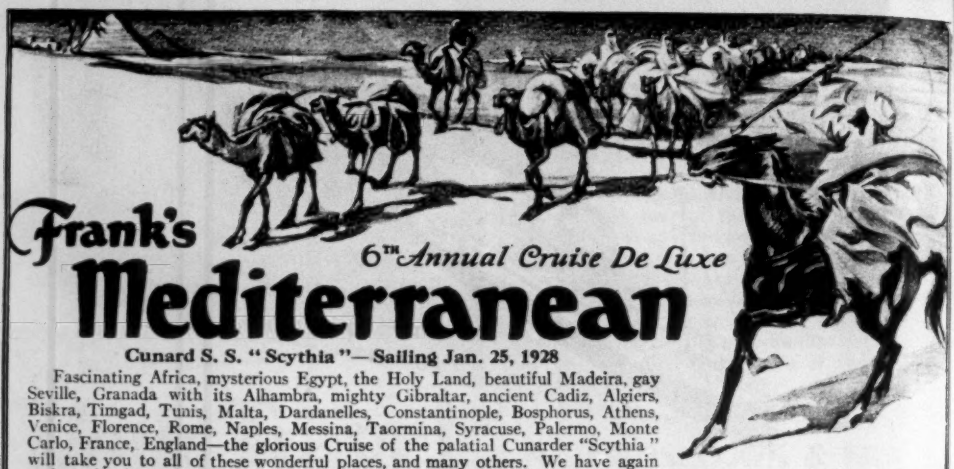

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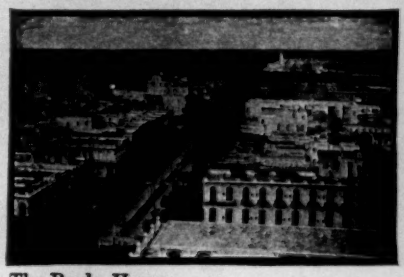

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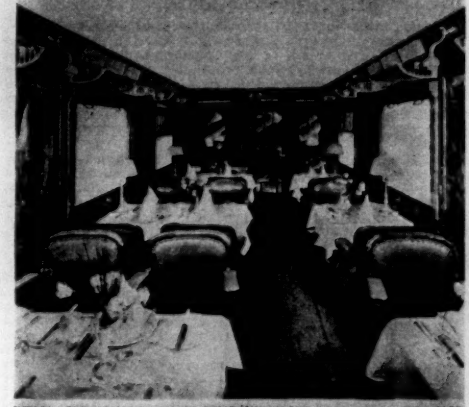

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Route of The Oriental Limited providing direct service from Chicago via St. Paul (also through service from St. Louis and Kansas City via Billings) to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and other Northwestern points, passing Glacier National Park.

BURLINGTON — NORTHERN PACIFIC

Route of the famous North Coast Limited, first of the northern transcontinentals through the North Dakota Bad Lands across the Montana Rockies with direct service to Yellowstone Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Canadian Northwest and California.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC — SUNSET

From New York to New Orleans by direct steamships or rail connections, thence by the Sunset Route to the Pacific Coast. Scenic attractions are Houston, San Antonio, Apache Trail and Roosevelt Dam, Tucson, El Paso and the Carriso Gorge optional route. All Coast and Valley points of California are intersected and connection is made with the Shasta Route to or from the Pacific Northwest.

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Operates through train service from New England, Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states to Florida, Cuba, and the South. Nineteen through Pullman trains daily during Winter season, serve principal southern resorts.

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The Rock Island Route not only provides direct service between Chicago, Kansas City and the Denver-Colorado Rocky Mountain regions, but operates through trains to the Pacific Coast over the Rock Island System to Tucumcari, thence to California via the Southern Pacific System with the Apache Trail and the Roosevelt Dam as a side trip, and Carriso Gorge Route an option.

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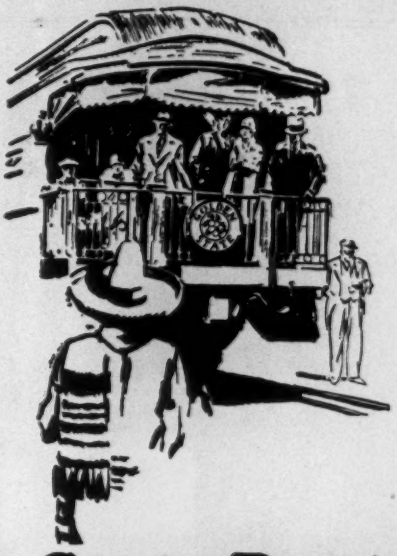

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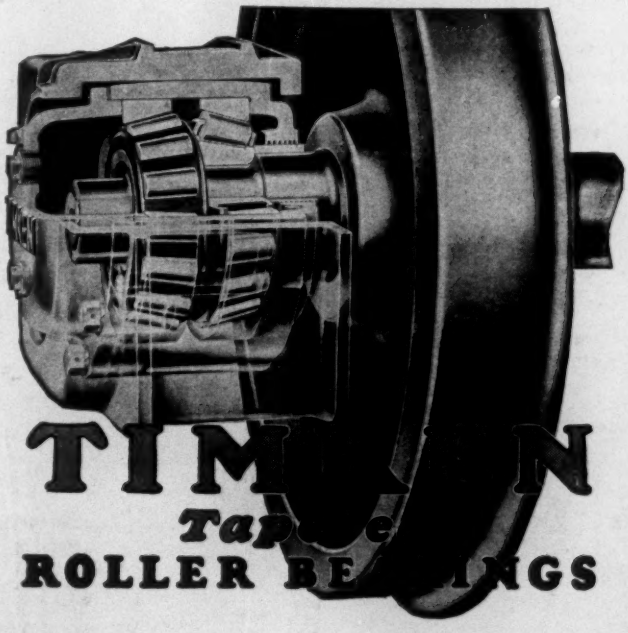

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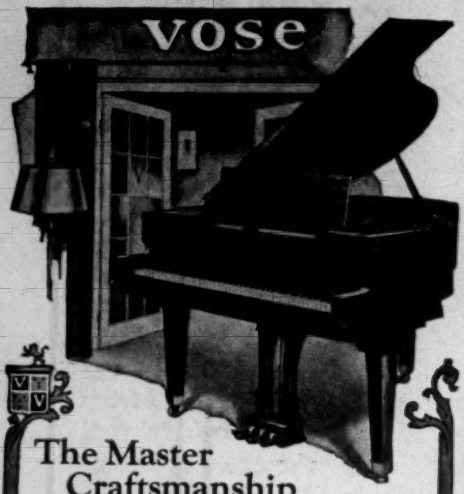

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